

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

N. S. EDITION.

MARCH

1907



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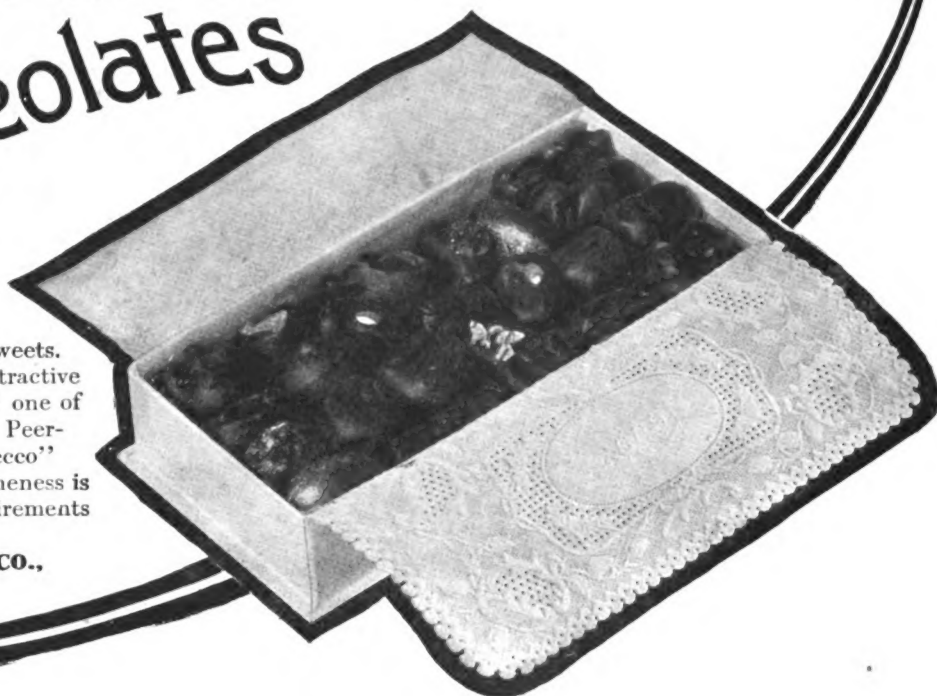
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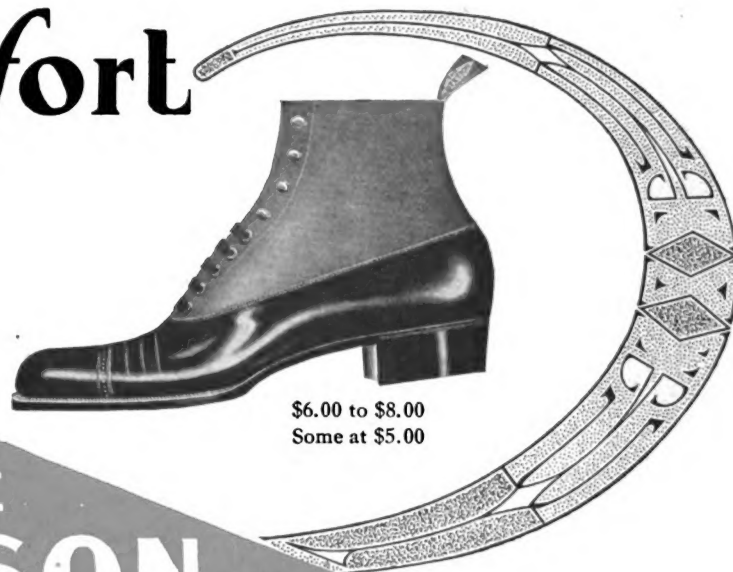
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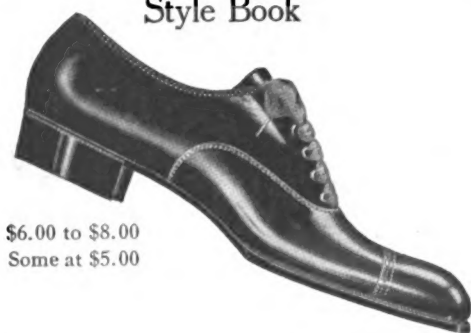
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ORISON SWETT MARDEN,
Editor and Founder

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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Associate Editor

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

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Success Magazine

A Periodical of American Life

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Publishers.

EDWARD E. HIGGINS, Prest. O. S. MARDEN, V-Prest.
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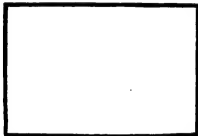
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SUCCESS MAGAZINE is on sale at book stores and on newsstands throughout the United States and Canada. If your newsdealer does not carry it, write to us and we will see that he is supplied.

Expirations and Renewals

If you find a blue pencil cross in the space below, your subscription expires with this (March) issue; if a red pencil cross, it expires with the next (April) issue.



Subscriptions to commence with this issue should be received by March 10th. Subscriptions to commence with the April issue should be received by April 10th. The regular editions of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are usually exhausted within ten days after publication.

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Our Advertisements

We do not admit to our columns medical, liquor, cigarette, or other advertisements objectionable in the home. We exclude all advertisements offering stocks, bonds, real estate, mining properties, etc., when we have the slightest suspicion that the vendors are not reputable business men and are not acting in good faith, and we investigate all advertisements of this character offered to us most carefully, with a view to protecting our readers against "schemers." The many risks of loss incurred even in the most conservative of business enterprises and investments make it impossible, however, for us to guarantee, recommend, or specifically approve investment properties of any kind, even those whose advertisements we accept, and our readers are required to judge for themselves, after the most careful investigation possible, the merits of any enterprise which seeks their money.

With the exception of investment advertisements, we guarantee our readers against loss due to serious misrepresentation in any advertisement appearing in this issue. This guarantee does not cover ordinary "trade talk," nor does it involve the settling of minor claims or disputes between advertiser and reader. Claims for losses must be made within ninety days of the appearance of the advertisement complained of. The honest bankruptcy of an advertiser occurring after the printing of an advertisement by us entitles the reader only to our best services in endeavoring to secure the return of his money.

Our Agents

We are rapidly extending our organization of local and traveling representatives to cover every city, town, and village in the United States. We are engaging for this purpose young men and women of the highest character, including college and high-school students and others who are earnestly striving for an education or for some special and worthy object. We are paying them liberally for their services, and are giving them our hearty and unremitting support in all their efforts.

We ask for our representatives a kind and courteous reception and the generous patronage of the public. New or renewal subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be filled by us as promptly when given to our representatives as if sent direct to us.

Each authorized representative of SUCCESS MAGAZINE carries a card empowering him to accept subscriptions for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. These cards should be asked for by intending patrons, in order to prevent imposition by fraudulent or unauthorized canvassers. The publishers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE do not hold themselves responsible for orders given to parties not bearing these regular cards.

The Editors' Outlook

JOSIAH FLYNT (Willard) has passed from this life. He has found the end of the rainbow—the peace of death. The misunderstood and misguided boy—the vagabond, college student, philosopher, and author that that boy grew up to be—roamed the world, impelled by the *Wanderlust*, in search of experience and happiness. He has left to his fellow men a valuable legacy in the story of his life, now running as a serial in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and this story—now, alas, so pitifully ended in what should have been the very prime of his life—is worthy the most careful reading of every parent.

THE problem of the boy lies at the foundation of our social and civic life. The boy is the future citizen—the mold of our laws, the arbiter of our destinies. How to reach his heart, how wisely to direct his budding genius, how to protect him against the temptations that meet him on every side—this is, indeed, the boy problem. The saddest part of Josiah Flynt's story is that portion which tells of his boyhood, and of a father who became to the boy the incarnation of Punishment. That a child should know his father only as an ogre, living to execute vengeance upon him for his childish escapades, is truly a terrible and unnatural thing. What wonder that such a child develops the *Wanderlust*, and seeks to run away from that home which is embittered by injustice and unkindness! What wonder that a long chain of mischievous and happiness destroying consequences follows such a sad and unfortunate beginning to the young and hopeful life!

JOSIAH FLYNT ran away. Without money or close friends, he became, first a vagabond, then a beggar, then a petty thief, then a jailbird. Escaping from his imprisonment, he drifted west, south, north, and east—thence became an international tramp, shipping as a stoker on an Atlantic liner to Berlin, and roving over various parts of Europe and Asia. He became a student at Berlin, forming the acquaintance of Tolstoi, Ibsen, and other prominent men, finally came back to America, and deliberately cast his lot with the criminal classes of the large cities for the purpose of studying close at hand that wonderful underworld of which so few have any knowledge.

IT was not easy to obtain Mr. Willard's consent to write his autobiography. How many of us would care to expose such a life before the world in the public prints? As a frank confession of human frailty there is, perhaps, no parallel to this story in the English language. We know that it was Mr. Willard's deliberate purpose to write this life that others might read from it lessons to the greater uplifting of themselves and their fellow men, and that he felt that this autobiography—his confession—was to be his last and greatest life-work. Every reader of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, old or young, should not fail to follow closely this wonderful story of Josiah Flynt, now developing in these pages.

WHILE we have the boy problem in mind, we must add just a word about the writings of Patterson Du Bois, which appear often in our pages. Rarely has there been a father more in

real sympathy with his children than is Mr. Du Bois, and to the fathers and mothers such books as "Beckonings from Little Hands," and other articles which Mr. Du Bois is writing for us, are, and will be, a revelation and an uplift.

NEARLY all of our readers have heard of Isabel Gordon Curtis, and most of you have read her keen, strong, practical hints on housewifery and home life. We esteem ourselves especially fortunate in persuading Mrs. Curtis to cast her lot with SUCCESS MAGAZINE as an associate editor on our staff, and we feel that, under her wise and intelligent supervision, our departments on various phases of domestic life will be of greatly increasing value.

MRS. CURTIS is herself a practical housewife, mother, and leader in social activities. She has a faculty for originating and developing ideas and of transmitting them to others. She was born in the little Scottish town of Huntley, and as "Isabel Gordon" she had long experience as a newspaper writer before her marriage to Francis Curtis. For three years she has been associate editor of "Good Housekeeping," and her book, "The Making of a Housewife," has had a wide sale.

RARELY, or never, we believe, has a magazine feature attained such sudden and wide popularity as has been the case with our "Editor's Cabinet" and its question and answer expert work. This work has shown such an astonishing increase that a large force of correspondents and stenographers is made necessary for taking care of the hundreds of questions which reach us on every working day of the month, and, while almost all of the questions have to be answered by private letter instead of through the columns of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, we are nevertheless glad to give to our readers the benefit of the expert advice, on a wide variety of matters, which has been secured for the "Cabinet" purposes.

IN the Investor's Department especially is it true, we believe, that thousands of dollars have been saved to our readers by the answers to inquiries which they have sent to us. If our readers knew the care which is given to every phase of their inquiries before an answer is rendered, they would somewhat appreciate what a service of this character costs us, and would be glad indeed that such a machinery has been created for the purpose of giving unbiased and trustworthy advice.

IN the April SUCCESS MAGAZINE Mr. Fayant will take up the case of the wireless telegraph frauds; Mr. Gardner will give his attention to the railroad lobby and its machinations to influence and control legislation; there will be a sketch of the great Polish pianist, Paderewski, telling of his home life and methods of work, and how his spare moments are occupied; and there will be short stories by Jack London, William Hamilton Osborne, Zona Gale, and others. Mrs. Curtis will commence her work in the April SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and the "Editor's Cabinet" will present unusually interesting material in the different departments.

ARE you aware that the use of opium did not originate with the Chinese? Do you know that opium was introduced—in fact *forced*—into China by the British against the earnest and repeated protests of the Chinese government, finally ending in an appeal to Christian nations for protection against the traders' greed? Do you know that the Empress of China has now issued a decree that its use must cease in the Empire within ten years? How does this concern you? Let us see.

As one of the human race, and undoubtedly of the higher plane of intellectuality, you are always interested in the furtherance of civilization, to the end that the moral and physical development of the race may be improved. You are especially solicitous for the welfare of the growing generation who will reap the harvest of the seeds we are now sowing. The habit of using opium is growing to alarming dimensions among us, and, if it is not checked, there is a real danger that the whole foundation of society may be undermined and its structure destroyed.

It was the Chinese who introduced the opium habit into this country, but it was the English who taught the use of opium to the Chinese. Here lies the root of the antagonism of the Chinese race for the English-speaking people; an antagonism that has, as you know, caused serious conflicts and is going to bring on greater trouble before we shall have finished with the Eastern Question and the so-called "Yellow Peril." Hence, the ruling of the Empress of China has brought to light a condition that needs the attention of the civilized world, for, underlying it all, there is one of the most iniquitous attempts to ruin a nation that has ever been known.

It is our purpose to get at the facts and present them to the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. In order to do so, we have commissioned Samuel Merwin to unearth the details of the case. He is now on his way to the Orient, and within a few months we shall begin to publish the series of articles he will write, explaining how one great country has seriously demoralized another. British agents actually traveled about China teaching natives how to smoke opium, in order to build up the trade. It is now estimated that forty or fifty million Chinese are victims of the opium habit, and the vice threatens to sap the strength of the whole race. Opium is grown in India under strict government regulations, making it amount, in effect, to a government monopoly. The value of the trade to the British government in 1905 was over \$30,000,000. The Chinese government has never ceased to protest against the traffic, and has suffered two wars with England because of it, but is still trying to bring the British to a realization of what it means to the Chinese race. It is the shame of England, today. Beside it, the Congo atrocities, which have created so much furor, seem almost

trivial. Gladstone, before he died, denounced it as a crime.

WHILE Mr. Merwin is in the Orient, he will also make a complete investigation for this magazine of the Japanese grievances, anent the alleged treatment of the Japanese children in the public schools of San Francisco. He will also journey to the Philippines. There is much to be written about these possessions of Uncle Sam, especially so since the Japanese have established banks there and are already laying plans to acquire them.

ANOTHER article to appear in May and June will be by Henry Beach Needham, describing the great and enthusiastic interest in baseball—our national game. The writer will tell how the big clubs are formed, the players selected,

studies, "The Coyote," and "The Chipmunk," by Ernest Thompson Seton. Mr. Seton will illustrate his stories in his unequalled style.

THE artistic side of the magazine will not be overlooked in the rounding of its general make-up and character. If you have examined carefully the illustrations that have appeared in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, you have learned that they rank with the best produced, because we employ none but the foremost artists, believing the old, time-worn maxim, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The Covers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE have always been especially notable for their originality and beauty of design and coloring. The Covers of the coming months will be even handsomer than any we have produced heretofore. There will not be one that will be unworthy of a frame and a conspicuous place on your wall.

AN organization which has, practically within a quarter of a century, established some six hundred churches, some of which have cost over a million dollars each; an organization which numbers hundreds of thousands of intelligent adherents, and which has gained a firm footing among the best classes of people in America, in England and several other foreign countries, must be of great interest to every intelligent American regardless of his own religious faith. No other religious organization within the life of its founder has ever made such a remarkable advance among the English-speaking people of the entire world as has the Christian Science Church. The entire absence of ceremonial or liturgical forms of worship in the Science faith, the simplicity of its teachings, which are based on truth and love, have given it a peculiar hold upon multitudes of people who had never before affiliated with any of the existing forms of worship. It is the religion of optimism, of cheerfulness, of helpfulness, of brotherly love. Its essence is in the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount. We have had so many demands for the real truth about Christian Science

that we are having prepared two articles by the best living writers upon this subject, showing what Christian Science really is, and for what it stands. We have been given access to interesting material about Mrs. Eddy never before available, and we can promise our readers that these articles will be classics, and will form the best presentation of Christian Science that has ever appeared in any periodical. We shall publish the first article in April or May.

JUST one more word. You, our readers, are, finally, the great judges of what shall or shall not be published in our magazine. If you don't like what we give you, be frank, write, and tell us *why*. We want our readers' opinions, and we are not afraid of good, honest criticism. If there is any department, series, story, or poem, which you think had better be omitted, write and tell us *why* you think so.

Drawn by Louis Fleming



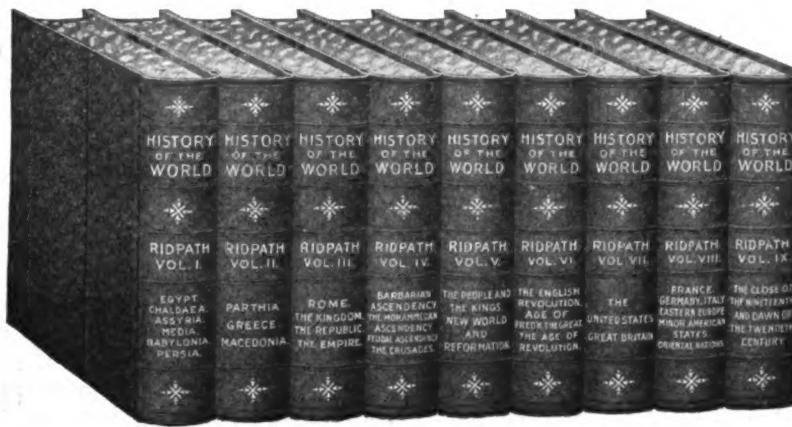
JOSIAH FLYNT WILLARD

This portrait of Josiah Flynt was drawn from a photograph given to the artist for the purpose of reproduction. Curiously enough—almost accidentally, in fact—it is a better portrait than the original photograph, or than any photograph which Mr. Willard has had taken in recent years. It shows almost to perfection the individual characteristics of his face.

and a great player is made. He will picture the enthusiasm of the crowds, and will relate incidents, humorous and otherwise, that have helped to make baseball history. This article will be illustrated with portraits of some of the country's great players and pictures of a number of the big baseball gatherings worthy of special notice. Mr. Needham is one of the keenest baseball enthusiasts in the country, and he knows more about the game, perhaps, than any other writer.

WE have arranged for a good deal of humorous material for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. George Ade has promised us some short stories on "Success and Failure." Charles Battell Loomis and Ellis Parker Butler are at work on new humorous stories for us. Wallace Irwin is going to write a sequel to his "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." We will have two new stories by Jack London, and two nature

"The New York Independent," said: It will be a great addition to any library. In the variety and arrangement of its materials it is encyclopedic and its illustrations have been taken from the highest sources.



Professor Long, Supt. Public Schools, St. Louis, said: I unhesitatingly commend Dr. Ridpath's "History of the World," as the ablest work on that subject which I have ever examined. The engravings, maps and charts are alone worth the entire cost of the work.

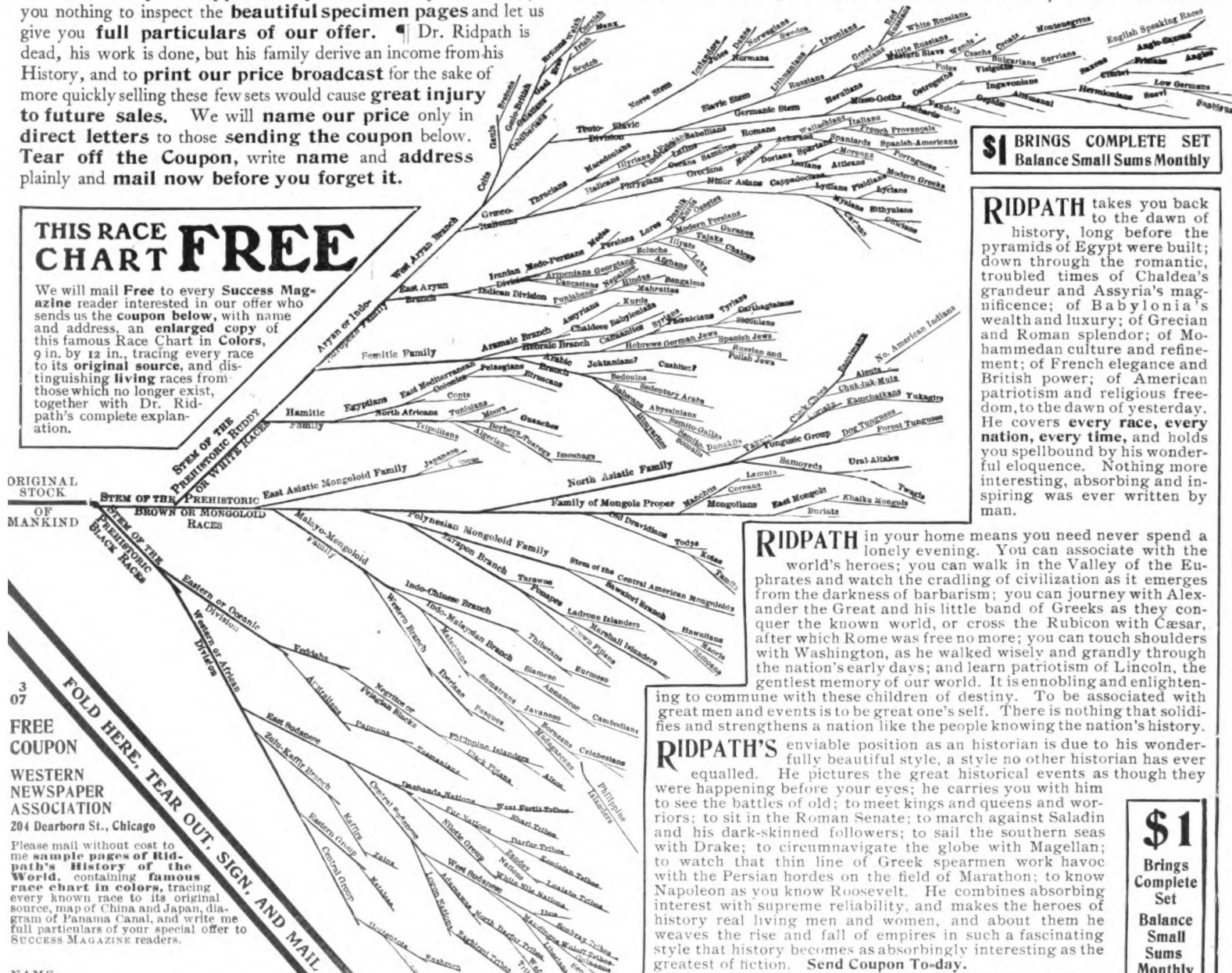
Ridpath's History of the World

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RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Grecian and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; of American patriotism and religious freedom, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers **every race, every nation, every time**, and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written by man.

RIDPATH in your home means you need never spend a lonely evening. You can associate with the world's heroes; you can walk in the Valley of the Euphrates and watch the cradling of civilization as it emerges from the darkness of barbarism; you can journey with Alexander the Great and his little band of Greeks as they conquer the known world, or cross the Rubicon with Caesar, after which Rome was free no more; you can touch shoulders with Washington, as he walked wisely and grandly through the nation's early days; and learn patriotism of Lincoln, the

ing to commune with these children of destiny. To be associated with great men and events is to be great one's self. There is nothing that solidifies and strengthens a nation like the people knowing the nation's history.

RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equaled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction. **Send Coupon To-day.**

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOLUME X NEW YORK, MARCH, 1907 NUMBER 154



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

PAINTING BY PRINCE TROUBETZKOY

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN PORTRAITURE BY GRACE WHITWORTH

PORTRAITURE is much in favor with Americans, to-day. But, although more portraits are being painted, just now, than ever before, there is not an equivalent appreciation, on the part of many Americans, as to what constitutes good portrait painting.

Doubtless this lack of understanding the best in art is, in part, due to the increasing number of foreign artists who, every year, come to our shores. Most of them are far from being men of artistic ability, and many are without professional standing in their own countries. They come, not to receive art recognition, but for the purpose of securing as many American dollars as possible. In many cases, they are induced to come by American agents, who,

wishing to receive large commissions, advance the price of the foreigners' portrait work far beyond merit. Many men and women of wealth, delighting in the sound of a foreign name, and relying solely upon the business agents for artistic judgment, are easily induced to patronize these artists. They often pay as high as ten or twelve thousand dollars for a single painting, when they could secure better likenesses and more artistic portraits for less, if they selected one of our own leading portrait men.

Among America's portrait painters are J. W. Alexander, John S. Sargent, William Chase, Irving R. Wiles, J. Alden Weir, Robert Henri, Cecelia Beaux, Gari Melchers, Ellen Emmett, Frank W.



MRS. C. LEDYARD BLAIR

PAINTING BY J. W. ALEXANDER

Copyright, 1905, by De Witt M. Lockman



PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY (AMÉLIE RIVES)

PAINTING BY PRINCE TROUBETZKOY



MRS. NED TINKER

PAINTING BY DE WITT M. LOCKMAN

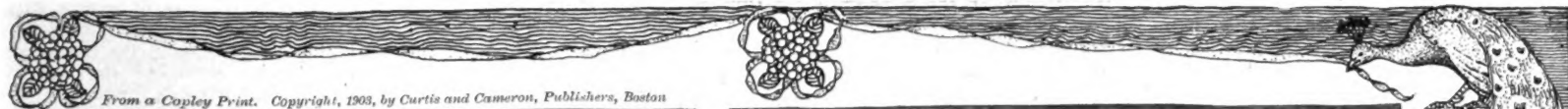


MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY

PAINTING BY J. W. ALEXANDER

MRS. E. R. THOMAS

PAINTING BY MRS. AMALIA KÜSSNER COUDERT



From a Copley Print. Copyright, 1903, by Curtis and Cameron, Publishers, Boston



MRS. J. W. ALEXANDER
PAINTING BY J. W. ALEXANDER



THE COUNTESS DE ROUGEMONT
(FORMERLY MISS EDITH DEVEREUX CLAPP)
PAINTING BY WILLIAM THORNE



MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEEW
PAINTING BY A. MILLER URY



MRS. W. O. PARTRIDGE
PAINTING BY THOMAS R. MANLEY

MRS. GERARD LOWTHER
PAINTING BY MRS. AMALIA KÜSSNER COUDERT



Benson, George De Forest Brush, and several younger men, who in the future will doubtless develop into strong painters. The miniature list includes William J. Baer, Laura Coombs Hills, Alice Biddington, and Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller.

Most artists, whether American or foreign, are quite agreed that the American woman is the most delightful type to paint. Although so many are being painted nowadays, the grouping of a dozen representative American women, painted by the best artists, is for various reasons not easily accomplished.

J. W. Alexander's wonderfully artistic portrait work is widely known. The painting of Mrs. Clarence Mackay reproduced herewith is a striking example of his work. Mrs. Mackay is one of America's most beautiful women, and this portrait of her is one of the few likenesses that the world in general is privileged to see; for rarely, if ever, has she permitted a photograph of herself to be reproduced. The crystal globe which she holds in her hand has so often called forth the query, "What does it signify?" that Mr. Alexander says he must have been asked it not less than five hundred times. He further admits that it is a question he has never answered. Doubtless what it typifies is so characteristic of Mrs. Mackay that to her friends its significance is quite understandable, and to those who know her not—an explanation would be quite as enigmatical.

Another interesting painting by Mr. Alexander is that of Mrs. C. Ledyard Blair, the wife of the well-known New York banker. Mrs.



MRS. OSCAR LIVINGSTON AND MRS. JAMES SULLIVAN
FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

Blair is the vivacious type of woman, with bright eyes and fresh color. Every stroke of the artist's brush in painting the full sweep of Mrs. Blair's gown betokens the vivacity with which she delights her friends.

The portrait of Mrs. Alexander, painted by her husband, is at once an excellent likeness and a charming picture. Mrs. Alexander, whose short stories have often appeared in magazines, has a face full of intellectual beauty. She is a woman possessing, also, a wonderful appreciation of everything artistic, which is of infinite help to her husband in his painting.

An example of William Chase's strong portrait work is shown in the painting of the two sisters Mrs. Oscar Livingston, of New York, and Mrs. James Sullivan, of Philadelphia. The painting is delightfully composed and charming in color—the two sisters, who are very much alike, being gowned in blue and in white.

Miniatures are usually executed in such delicate colors, that they are with difficulty reproduced. Two of those shown, herewith, were painted by Mrs. Amalia Küssner Coudert, well known as a miniature painter. One of her best miniatures is of Mrs. Gerard Lowther, wife of the English minister at Tangier, Morocco, who was formerly Secretary of the British Embassy at Washington. Before her marriage, Mrs. Lowther was Miss Alice Blight, one of the three daughters of Mr. Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia—all of whom are famous for their beauty.

[Concluded on page 215]

Fools and Their Money

THE STORY of the one hundred and fifty public companies that offered their stock to the people through the Sunday financial advertising columns of the New York "Herald" during fourteen months of the promotion boom of 1901-02 is completed in this article. When I undertook to dig out the records of the companies floated in the last big boom, I believed that I should find many companies that had proved profitable investments for the stockholders—not bonanzas as promised, but ordinary successes. But in all this list, I have not found one that even the enthusiastic promoters could declare a success from the view-point of the stockholders. All of these companies put money into the pockets of the newspaper owners who accepted their advertisements; many of them put money into the pockets of the promoters, making some of them moderately rich men; but not one, so far as I have been able to learn, after six months of careful investigation, has decently profited the investors in their stocks. One mining company, in all the list of one hundred and fifty promotions, has paid a dividend, and I have recently learned that this company may prove a success in spite of the men behind it. And now that the promoters of this mining company have an idea that perhaps they really have a mine, they are trying to get it away from the investors to whom they sold its stock.

The Public Soon Forgets

The letters that are coming to me every day from investors all over the country, making inquiries regarding companies that are being floated in the present unprecedented boom, seem to prove conclusively that the public has forgotten the lesson learned in the last boom. Many of the parasite promoters of 1901-02 are again in the business of manufacturing mining, oil, and industrial stocks to sell to a credulous public. Some of the most notorious of these financial parasites are again telling wonderful

In this article we divulge more about the "monthly dividend" form of bait, Pike and the California "oil boom,"—and, incidentally, some of the big names that were used as "pullers in"

By Frank Fayant

Illustrated by CLARE V. DWIGGINS



Juggling for reorganization

stories about bonanza ventures in the new silver fields of Canada, the golden hills of the Nevada desert, the mountains of Old Mexico, and far away lands where rich treasures spring up at the touch of magicians' wands. The parasites, knowing by long experience in gathering gold from the credulous, that a new crop of fools is raised every year, are just as bold to-day as they were five years ago, and, strange as it may seem, are again reaping a rich harvest. More worthless stocks are now being sold in this country than ever before. And the flood of letters coming to me from the readers of these articles seems to show that the public is as childish in its small investments now as it was in 1901, or in the days of the South Sea Bubble. Honest promoters of legitimate enterprises have great difficulty in raising funds through conservative appeals to investors; but the parasites are enriching themselves in the same old way, by making extravagant claims in big black type in the newspapers of the country.

Two rival promoting crowds rose to fame in the oil boom in the spring of 1901. The ringleader in one crowd was Lafayette E. Pike, of Hartford, Connecticut, whose exploits in wireless telegraphy were related in a previous article in this series; the members of the other crowd came from Wheeling, West

Virginia. It was stated in the article in the January Number that \$500 worth of Pike's wireless stock of 1901, that was to advance in price by "leaps and bounds," had this winter a market value of

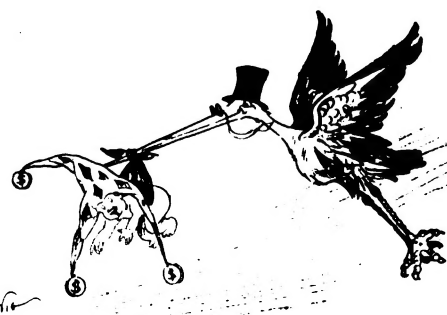
\$7. The asked price of this stock has since declined to \$3, although appeals are still being made to investors to pay \$70 for it. Mr. Pike has sent word to

SUCCESS MAGAZINE that he has been greatly misrepresented by the statements I have made regarding his ventures. I am sorry for Mr. Pike. But I have more to say about him.

Standing on His "Record"

Mr. Pike has recently come out of his hiding place in Hartford, and is again selling bonanza stocks to the credulous on the strength of his "seventeen years' record." "When you wish to know about your investment," Pike is now telling his victims, "you will know where to find me." But letters addressed to Pike's old haunts in lower Broadway are returned by the post office marked, "Not Found." Pike is directing his present New York campaign from the safe retreat of Madison Square. He has not ventured again below the Fulton Street "dead line." But he has nerve. In his advertising, these days, he presents a portrait of himself, and his circus-poster advertisements carry his facsimile signature.

In the oil boom of 1901, the Pike crowd sold California oil stock; the Wheeling crowd exploited oil fields in West Virginia and Ohio. Pike began his oil campaign in a small way with the Diamond Star Oil Company, capital \$250,000. He found "investors" so ready to swallow the Diamond Star, that he followed it at once with the Central Star, capital \$600,000. The public swallowed this "Star" as easily as the first one. Pike evidently concluded that it was a waste of money to form a little oil com-



There's one born every minute

pany every few weeks, for his third company, the Eastern Star, was capitalized at \$2,000,000. The public swallowed millions as easily as it had thousands. The \$2,000,000 of Eastern Star stock was soon gone. The public appetite for "dividend-paying" oil securities seemed insatiable. Pike sent an order to his printers for \$5,000,000 more oil stock. This he called the Eastern Consolidated.

It was not until Pike had given this last order to his printers that the Wheeling crowd came into the market place with the Sand Fork Petroleum Company, capital \$1,000,000. As soon as the Wheeling promoters had sold this, they printed \$1,500,000 more, and labeled it the Sand Fork Extension Oil. Those who were responsible for the Sand Fork companies may dislike to have their promotions mentioned in the same breath with Pike's, but the advertising campaigns conducted by these two promoting crowds, as well as the net results to the investors in their stocks, were so much alike that I have thought it well to treat them together. They were all put out through broadcast newspaper advertising; they all paid large monthly dividends while stock was being sold; and they all proved dismal failures in the end.

"Monthly dividends" was the bait thrown out to sell these oil stocks. Pike recommended Central Star in this way: "Central Star can pay the present monthly dividend of two per cent. for years to come, and if it never adds another well to those already driven; its financial standing is vouched for by the strongest financial institutions in the country." The public swallowed this ridiculous statement. It was enough for the credulous to know that Pike was paying two per cent. a month. It was the Franklin Syndicate over again. The victims of the Brooklyn swindle saw that the syndicate was paying ten per cent. a week, and they did not ask where the money came from. Pike recommended the Eastern Star as "the greatest, richest, and most productive oil company offering its stock to the public." His advertising ran for ten weeks, and each week became more extravagant.

Pike's Useful "Guinea Pigs"

The regular Pike dividend of two per cent. a month was paid from the day the stock was first offered, and the cheerful optimist from Hartford again declared that "dividends could be paid for years to come without drilling another well." He appealed to savings bank depositors, as parasites of this stamp always do. "Can you afford to accept a meager pittance of four per cent. a year, when your money will earn you twenty-four per cent. in the same time?" And this twenty-four per cent. was only a beginning. "You can't lose your money," said Pike; "we are going to pay five per cent. a month.



When the string breaks

This is a solid, substantial guaranteed investment; the stock will soon advance many times in price; the Eastern Star is acknowledged to be the grandest and brightest star ever known in the history of the oil industry."

At the end of the tenth week Pike announced that the Eastern Star was "\$50,000 oversubscribed." But Pike had more stock to sell, for he was already advertising his \$5,000,000 East-

ern Consolidated Oil. This was so pretentious an affair that Pike needed some "guinea pigs" as figureheads. His president was Hon. Daniel N. Morgan, former Treasurer of the United States. One of the curious facts about wild-cat company promoting is that the appearance of a former Treasurer of the United States in a company board at once raises question as to the honesty of the promotion. The vice president was the Hon. Ernest Cady, former Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut. Here is another curious thing. The names of lieutenant-governors in directorates ordinarily arouse suspicion. Other directors were Miles B. Preston, former Mayor of Hartford; L. A. Corbin, of Lakeville, Connecticut; and Hon. Charles J. Noyes, former Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Pike paraded his "good names." This is an idea borrowed from England, where bubble companies are floated by the use of the names of impecunious earls and dukes. Over in London they call them "guinea pigs," because of the guinea fees they receive for attending board meetings. But these fees are the smallest part of the bribe paid to "guinea pigs." They also receive fat blocks of stock in return for the use of their names.

The Eastern Consolidated began in April, 1901, selling its dollar stock at twenty-five cents, paying the usual two per cent. monthly dividends. Pike, of course, expected to "increase the dividend to five per cent." This five million dollar company was a "mine" for Pike. He ran his big advertisements week after week and month after month, and even as late as the fall of 1902, he was still paying monthly dividends, and, of course, selling stock. In September, 1902, he advertised: "A modest investment now in this company insures a competence for life; the Eastern Consolidated Oil can make more than one per cent. a day net profit." This was more than three hundred per cent. a year, not counting Sundays. This marvelous money maker out in California, so Pike said, was "following closely in the footsteps of the greatest oil company in the world—the Standard Oil Company." Pike's advertising, at this time, was handled by a Boston agency, that took entire charge of his mail.



Cheer up! Marriage is only a lottery

The flood of letters from "investors" became so great that the advertising agency, toward the end of the campaign, kept a squad of clerks busy opening the letters and dumping into the wastebasket all those that did not contain money.

Pike might have continued selling oil stock and paying dividends out of the proceeds until the end of his days, but for the collapse of the promotion boom. The bull campaign in the New York stock market ended, the public suddenly woke up to the fact that it had been raising a crop of millionaires by giving up real money for promoters' stock certificates, and the promoters, good, bad, and indifferent, withdrew, until the public should digest the mass of stocks it had swallowed. Pike stopped advertising Eastern Consolidated. He also stopped paying dividends. The source of his dividends was cut off when the public stopped buying stock. Since then, Pike has been busily engaged in keeping the lime light off the Eastern Consolidated and its predecessors. The Eastern Con-



Catching the pikers

solidated keeps up an existence with Pike in charge of the company's books. The old "guinea pig" directors have been cast off. Some of them became too inquisitive. Some of the stockholders still have an idea that they own some tangible property, and they have been trying to put the company in the hands of a receiver. For the purpose of fighting this receivership, Pike recently tried to assess the stockholders \$2 a hundred shares. This is about the price for which the stock can be bought from those hopeful victims of Pike who think they own something. The Pike of Eastern Consolidated Oil and Federal Wireless Telegraph is the same Pike who is now telling the new crop of fools that in all his "seventeen years' career of stock selling" he has "never had a dissatisfied customer."

Started Out to be Honest

It was Pike's success in exchanging the product of the stock printers for the coin of the realm that attracted the Sand Fork crowd to New York. The promoters of the two Sand Fork companies started out in a modest way. Their early intention was to be honest, and they would indignantly deny, even at this late day, that they were ever dishonest in selling Sand Fork shares to the public. Let us see what happened. The Sand Fork Petroleum Company was first advertised in the newspapers in a mod-

est two-inch notice. The stock was offered at twenty cents a share, and one per cent. monthly dividends were being paid. The Wheeling crowd got in touch with a New York promoter, who showed them how much more money they could make, if they would raise the price of their stock and spend the difference in "publicity." The oil men turned their campaign over to the New Yorker, who immediately raised the price of the stock to thirty-five cents and began advertising it in a big way. Oil was high then, and the Sand Fork wells were actually making some money. The dividends were doubled, and later trebled. It was predicted that the thirty-five cent stock would "sell for \$5 or \$6 a share in the open market, and that it might go to \$20 a share."

A Frost in Europe

When some inquiring ones wanted to know why the price of thirty-five cents a share was not raised, with the doubling and trebling of the dividend, the New York promoter told them that he had control of all the treasury stock and he wanted the public to get the full benefit of his contract with the oil men. Other inquiring investors wanted to know where the large dividends were coming from, and the president of the company hastened to make an affidavit that the dividends were being paid out of earnings.

When the Sand Fork stock had all been sold, the New York promoter, his bank account enriched by the fat commissions he had received, told the Wheeling men to bring on another company with a bigger capital. Pike was still selling Eastern Consolidated by the ream, and the New York promoter wanted his share of the harvest. So it was that the Sand Fork Extension Oil, capital \$1,500,000, immediately began offering its one-per-cent.-a-month fifty-cent shares. The management of the Extension was "in the same safe, conservative hands as the original Sand Fork Petroleum," and attention was directed to the "marvelous success of that company." The money rolled in in big volume. The most profitable piece of advertising in the Sand Fork Extension campaign was the reproduction in facsimile of a letter received by the promoters from a Catholic priest in Clarion County, Pennsylvania. This is what he wrote: "Through the advice of Mr. Joseph Seep, purchasing agent of the Standard Oil Company, who is a particular friend of mine, I am desirous of purchasing two hundred shares. Inclosed please find herewith check for \$100, as remittance for two hundred shares in the Sand Fork Extension Oil Company." It mattered not that the Standard Oil agent indignantly denied ever having advised Father Keegan to buy Sand Fork stock. The advertisement did its work; within a week 50,000 shares were sold on the strength of it, and the promoters asserted that the stock was being bought by "the most conservative people in the United States."

"If we can do this here," the New Yorker told his Wheeling associates, "why not try it abroad?" And to Europe they went. First in London, then in Paris, and later in Amsterdam, foreign investors, just awakening to the wonderful commercial possibilities in America, learned through glaring poster advertisements in the staid Old World newspapers of this wonderful opportunity to follow in the footsteps of the marvelous Rockefellers. The American promoters "guaranteed" the rich monthly dividends. But the foreigners finally woke up to the fact that the Wheeling oil boomers were not intimately related to the

Rockefellers. They ceased putting their money into the Sand Fork bonanza, and the American promoters came back home. American "investors" also ceased buying Sand Fork stock, as they had ceased buying other shares in the boom that had collapsed, and the Sand Fork companies, on a lower oil market, were soon hard put to find enough money to pay any dividends at all.

When Wall Street men, who practice "high finance," find that their overcapitalized companies are getting in a bad way, they reorganize them and juggle the securities. The little fellows sometimes do the same thing. This was what was done with the Sand Fork companies. The Wheeling crowd organized the \$10,000,000 National Consolidated Oil Company, and took over the Sand Fork companies, along with a bunch of other struggling oil concerns. Not long after, the \$10,000,000 capital was reduced to \$1,000,000, but, even on this decimated capitalization, the National Consolidated has been barely able to keep its head above water. The wells were bonded for \$165,000, and as this very largely covered the entire value of the property put in the \$10,000,000

company, the shares, both common and preferred, are very nearly worthless. The Sand Fork shares, that were "going to sell at \$5 or \$6," making a total expected valuation of some \$15,000,000, have been nearly wiped out.

Rockefeller's Lost Chance

Two other companies in our list of one hundred and fifty were fathered by Pike. One was the United States Marble Company, of Spokane, Washington, recommended as a "gilt-edged four per cent. annual dividend proposition." This was a very conservative promise for Pike to make in those days, but the company went the usual way of Pike companies. The promoters of its successor wrote me that the company was not successful under its first organization, "owing to improper quarry methods, that damaged the material." The other Pike company was the United States Sumatra Tobacco Growing Company, exploiting a 160-acre plantation at Windsor Locks, Connecticut. The stock was offered at \$100 a share, and the president figured out that the company could "easily pay stockholders forty per cent. on their investment the first year, and sixty per cent. the second year." This opportunity to get a forty per cent. industrial stock at par ought to have tempted the Rockefellers to sell their Standard Oil and buy Sumatra Tobacco. If this bonanza is still in existence, Pike refuses to divulge its whereabouts.

Peter Whitney, who is still peddling stocks from 100 Broadway, New York, and who is just now devoting his energies to Cobalt mines, was responsible for five companies in our list. Whitney believes in giving the public what it wants. Six years ago it wanted oil stocks. Whitney's shelves were loaded up with these wares to meet the popular demand. He offered the New York

Oil Development Company, capital \$200,000; the Ohio Oil Company, capital \$400,000; and the Consolidated Oil Companies of California, capital \$1,000,000. The New York stock paid four per cent. a month "guaranteed dividends" from the profits of "fourteen flowing wells." For a time, Daugherty and Albers, of Mine La Motte fame, were selling this forty-eight per cent. stock, but Whitney got it away from them. The Ohio company was "permanently fixed on a dividend paying basis of twenty-four per cent. a year." The million dollar company paid only one per cent. a month, but Whitney, imitating Pike, promised that the company would "pay dividends at this rate, or a much larger rate, every month and every year to come." These companies were "permanent" for several months. Later on in the boom, the public fancy turned from oil wells to industrials. Whitney cleaned the oil stocks off his shelves, and put in coal and nickel stocks.

A Long List of Failures

His Lake Superior Nickel Company, modestly capitalized at \$6,000,000, was "in a position to begin operations immediately," which would "enable the payment of nine per cent. quarterly dividends." The net earnings for the first three years would "more than equal the entire capitalization." For some reason that Mr. Whitney does not think necessary to explain, no visible part of this eighteen million dollars of profits came to light, and the company disappeared. The most "permanent" investment offered by Whitney was the Black Diamond Anthracite Coal Company, that was going to pay thirty to forty-five per cent. I am told that half a million dollars of this stock was sold. When the company was wound up, the other day, diligent search revealed \$30 in the treasury.

A few more oil companies are left to be accounted for. A. L. Wisner and Company, one of the New York firms operating on the exchange-what-you-don't-want-for-what-you-do system, promoted the Thirty-Three Consolidated Oil Company, in the Kern River District, California, with the promise that large dividends would be paid at an early date. Mr. Wisner tells me that the company did not result satisfactorily, and that he took back the stock, and gave in exchange for it stock in the California and New York Oil Companies, "the stock of which is worth forty cents a share, and pays regular monthly dividends of one per cent. on that valuation." The stock was

quoted by New York brokers at the time Mr. Wisner wrote me at twenty cents bid, twenty-two cents asked. The New York and Marietta Oil Company, capital \$500,000, recommended its stock as "a safe fifteen per cent. investment." The former president writes me: "The company failed to get enough money in to pay for its leases, and consequently these leases lapsed, leaving

no wells from which to pump oil. I should say that the price of the stock would correspond to the current quotations for waste paper; at any rate you may have mine at that price." The Inter-State Petroleum Company announced in its advertising that it had sold 590,631 shares, at twenty-five cents, and had more to sell. At last accounts, so I am informed by trustworthy authority, the company was "head over heels in debt." The Phoenix Oil and Fuel Company, with "3,000 acres of oil lands in California," was going to pay three hundred per cent., but it forfeited its charter. The Pacific Oil Company, Ltd., with wells in the Los Angeles field, offered

[Concluded on pages 197 and 198]



He never takes a chance



Arms and the fool

Mr. Fayant is anxious to secure from our readers all the information possible regarding fake mining and oil schemes,—in short, any facts that concern wild-cat investments. Write him about your experience, and send him any circulars you may have.

SERENA'S HOMESICKNESS

By Ralph Henry Barbour

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. POTTER

IT WAS during our third year at Cloverdale that Serena came to us. We had not yet passed the period of acquisitiveness which follows invariably upon the return to Nature. To be sure, our return to Nature was somewhat limited; that is to say, Cloverdale is not exactly country. It has a Carnegie Library, a six-story business block, a car line which connects us leisurely with the Big City, and it refers with modest pride to its thirty-six hundred population. It is a town of broad, well-macadamized streets, rotund maple trees, and well-kept lawns and gardens. When we purchased "The Hedges" the property stood on the outskirts of the town, literally on the last ruffle. You are not to understand that we had since moved

"The Hedges;" merely that during the first three years of our residence there the town let out a few tucks and we found ourselves instead of on the edge well up toward the gathering. Nowadays our acre and a half is bounded on the north by the Harry Morses, on the east by the Phil Brownes, on the south by the Martindales, and on the west by the Ffoulkes and Winthrop Crescent. In brief, we have been absorbed in the march of civilization.

Of late we have begun to discuss tentatively a second return to Nature, for, since they have paved Middle Street, it is difficult to delude ourselves into thinking that we are country dwellers. In fact, I believe we would be seriously entertaining the idea of removal were it not for Clarice. Clarice is now almost eighteen, and, although her mother and I still cling pathetically to the remnants of the authority which was once ours, we know well enough, away down deep in our inner consciousness, that it is Clarice who makes the laws. Clarice talks sentimentally of "the old home" and points out that it would be criminal to move as long as Buster is alive. Buster is the oldest and most respected member of the canine section of our family, and we are forced to agree with Clarice that he would not be likely to survive the breaking of home ties. That argument usually closes for the time all discussion of moving. Buster is now eleven years of age, has lost the use of one eye and most of his teeth and, like many elderly persons, has become somewhat tyrannical. But, at the same time, he shows no immediate signs of dissolution, and The Boy says he has read somewhere of a dog which lived to be eighteen and retained full control of its faculties. Eleven from eighteen leaves seven; so it may be that our address will remain Cloverdale for many years to come. There are doubtless those who will scoff at the idea of our sacrificing our inclinations to the welfare of a brindle bulldog; those who know us well experience no surprise.

I wish I could credit Clarice with the noble sentiments suggested by her feeling allusions to Buster, but since noticing the growing interest which young Bert Ffoulke takes in our side veranda I am forced to the conclusion that Clarice

has selfish motives for desiring to remain in Cloverdale.

But I started out to write of Serena, and here I am as far from my subject as I was at the beginning. I really believe that I have striven to impress you with my rusticity by indulging in the leisurely discursiveness which has doubtless tried your patience.

The acquisitiveness to which I have already alluded took possession of us soon after moving into "The Hedges." During the first year of residence we acquired a conservatory, a new stable, a riding horse for The Boy, a roadster for myself, a pony for Clarice, four dogs, three cats, some chickens, much shrubbery, and a new set of gates for the driveway. The next year came a series of hotbeds, a pergola, a fish-pond, more shrubbery and trees, another dog, several cats—many of them in the most natural way possible—a goat for The Boy, a lamb for Clarice, a workshop for myself, an addition to the dining room, a strawberry bed, a rose garden, a summer house in the grove, and a parrot. There were other things, doubtless, but I do not now recall them. The third year we acquired a cob for Clarice. (It had been our intention to part with the pony in exchange, but when the moment came our courage failed us, and Tubby is still with us, eating his head off and, like Buster, tyrannizing over us monstrously.) That third year also brought us a new chicken house, an enlargement of the fish-pond, a Japanese rock garden, several new vehicles, four kittens, a setter puppy, and Serena.

It was all due to the delinquencies of the milkman. In winter he sometimes failed to reach our back doorstep until after dinner. (We had dinner in the middle of the day then; it seemed proper in the country. Now, however, since Cloverdale has grown and let down her skirts, and there are afternoon teas and literary societies, and the Cloverdale "Register" refers to the town as "our thriving young city," we have gone back to the urban fashion of seven o'clock repasts with six courses, and I have touches of indigestion again, just as I had before we returned to Nature.) When the milkman failed us we either

dispatched The Boy to Turner's with a quart pitcher or levied on the supply of what The Boy facetiously called the "Tin Cow." On an occasion of this sort in late winter Marcia fired the first shot. It was destined to become, when well under way, the shot heard, not around the world, but pretty well all over Cloverdale.

"Why," asked Marcia, when she had returned to her place at table after tying up the cook's finger where she had cut it while opening a tin of condensed milk, "Why should n't we have milk of our own?"

At first I did n't understand, and Marcia elucidated.

"Why not keep a cow?" she asked. "I'm sure there's plenty of room in the stable—"

"We could build a cow house," I interpolated.

"And John could milk her every day—"

"Twice a day," I amended.

"And we could make our own butter—"

"And buttermilk!" cried Clarice.

"And not be dependent on that tiresome milkman," concluded my wife unruffledly. She is used to interruptions from the other members of the family. We all are.

The more we discussed the idea the more luminous it appeared. We made fun of ourselves for not having thought of it before, and with the aid of an old envelope and a pencil I demonstrated that we could have saved something like two hundred and seven dollars had we acquired a cow on our arrival at Cloverdale. After that we talked cow at every meal, and when the milk did n't come on time we accepted the deprivation cheerfully and smiled amongst ourselves. We knew what we knew!

In April I set about the planning of the cow house. I went at it leisurely and carefully. Even if one kept but one cow the accommodations should be of the best. I studied the agricultural journals, of which I had subscribed to many, and bought a book of stable and barn plans. I even wrote to the editor of the "American Suburbanite," and asked his advice. By the last of the month the plan was drawn and I called the carpenter into consultation. He is an unimaginative sort of chap and at first failed to secure the right point of view. All the cow houses he had built, he told me, had been quite different. I informed him that this was to be a model cow house, a cow house that simply could n't be beaten. I pointed out the conveniences and sanitary features to him and at last he began to understand.

"Just the same," he demurred, "I never seen a bay window on a cow house before in all my born days."

"The bay window," I explained patiently, "is a new feature of my own inception. It faces the south, you see, and admits plenty of sunlight. Sunlight and fresh air are essentials to the health of the cow. Observe—"

"Well, you don't want the cow to have a sunstroke, do you?" he drawled. "Why don't you put a plain window in there?"

"Because," I replied, "an ordinary window would not supply sufficient sunlight. As for a



"She absolutely demanded attention"



"She was tying up the cook's finger"

struct a model building of its kind. When it is finished I shall have photographs taken of it and I shall write a descriptive article to go with them. I think I shall offer it to the 'Scientific American;' or possibly to the 'American Suburbanite.'"

"Well," Marcia replied, 'if it's going to make the cow any happier to have a stationary bowl and a bath tub in the house, why let her have them.'

I explained that the stationary bowl was for the use of the stable man and that what she called a bath tub was merely a cooling trough for the milk. Then I went back and conferred with Rogers. I broached the subject of expense and Rogers looked pained. It seemed

that lumber had just gone up another ten dollars the thousand and labor was getting higher and scarcer all the time. I did n't doubt it for an instant; lumber and labor had been going up ever since our arrival at Cloverdale. They usually went up just before I decided to build something.

"But if you want to cut down on the expense, Mr. Warner," said the carpenter, "why don't you make it smaller? You say you're only going to keep one cow, and you've got four stalls."

I replied that while one cow was at present the limit of our ambition we wished to be provided with accommodations for others in case our ambition developed. He scratched his head and suggested lopping off the bay window. That bay window annoyed him; I could see that. But I was fighting for a principle now and I held

sunstroke, there is no danger of that as I shall have shades inside which can be lowered or raised as occasion demands."

He rolled the plan up in a puzzled, discouraged manner and took it home with him. A week later he came back. The estimate was larger than I had expected. Marcia agreed with me that at first sight eleven hundred dollars seemed excessive for a cow house.

"It's going to make our milk cost a good deal, is n't it?" she asked.

I acknowledged that it was.

"But," I continued, "after all, what I have planned here is not merely a shelter for our cow; it is something more; I have endeavored to con-

to the bay window. In the end Rogers reduced the estimate to ten hundred and sixty and I instructed him to go ahead.

Meanwhile I had opened up correspondence with numerous breeders of cows advertised in the farm journals. I was offered some remarkable bargains in pedigreed and registered animals of all breeds. That question of breed vexed us a good deal for awhile. Clarice favored Jerseys, because they were so gentle and beautiful. The Boy wanted a Hereford Red, because it was "a bit sporty," as he put it, "and a fellow might have some fun." Marcia had heard that Holsteins were good milkers and excellent for butter. Personally, I favored the Shorthorn, having been greatly taken with a half-tone picture of Cumberland Countess III., in a recent copy of the "Farmer's Firm Friend." Naturally, when it was discovered that the Hereford Red was not an ideal cow for dairy purposes we dropped him from further consideration, The Boy transferring his affections to the Devon. The unfortunate result of the controversy was that each member of the family took to studying up on domesticated cattle, Marcia becoming almost enthusiastic on the subject of Holsteins, Clarice defending the Jersey at the drop of the handkerchief. The Boy bombarding us with anecdotes showing the intelligence, amiability, and general desirability of the Devon, and I quietly furthering the cause of the Shorthorn. The crisis came when Clarice discovered—or thought she discovered; the question has never been settled to my satisfaction—that the Shorthorn and the Durham were the same breed. No one ate any supper that night.

By the time the cow house was nearing completion at the unhurried hands of Mr. Rogers we had effected a compromise. We would consult some local authority and follow his advice in the matter of the choice of breed. We ended by purchasing a fifteen-sixteenths Jersey. What the other sixteenth was I do not know. I always intended to ask, but regularly forgot to.

We bought her from a farmer of the name of Tobias Fayerweather. We all four drove out in the cut-under to make a selection, it having been agreed by Farmer Fayerweather that for the sum of thirty-five dollars we might select any cow in his large assortment. Mr. Fayerweather proved to be a tall man with a thin, pessimistic countenance adorned by a ragged yellow beard. We reached his farm at five o'clock and found the herd in the barnyard. There seemed to be at first glance about two-hundred of them, for they were all moving around and in and out in a highly involved March of-the-Amazons effect. Mr. Fayerweather assured us, however, that there were only twenty-eight cows present, and after our eyes had become accustomed to the scene we acknowledged that perhaps he was right.

Clarice and her mother did their selecting from outside the bars, while The Boy and I mingled with the populace, so to speak, but not, I freely own, without, on my part, at least, some misgivings. I had never before noticed how stern and majestic a cow can look.

It is not an easy task to select the best cow from a herd of twenty-eight, especially when every member of the herd insists on moving around continuously. Add to that that our acquaintance with cows was slight and that each member of our family was judging from a different standard and you will understand our difficulty. Clarice was frankly looking for beauty, Marcia quite as frankly for utility, The Boy for what he called "sportiness," and I—well, I had the model cow house in mind and was seeking a worthy inmate for it, a cow at once patrician and companionable, noble and kind-hearted, a cow, in short, that would appreciate the benefits conferred upon her and repay us with a life-long devotion and rich harvests.

Clarice was the first to announce a decision. She pointed out her choice to us with enthusiasm, a small cream-colored animal with a mild,

almost sentimental brown eye. Before the rest of us had time to consider Clarice's choice, however, the farmer settled the matter for us by announcing mournfully and succinctly:

"Young bull."

Marcia tried next and indicated a dark-red cow with apparently unlimited possibilities in the matter of milk. She was not a handsome cow, but from a strictly utilitarian point of view she was not to be despised. I could see that. But the farmer again disapproved. It seemed that that particular cow was very fierce and he really could not recommend her. We all agreed then that she certainly did have a wicked gleam in her eyes. The Boy tried his hand, but a cow that spends most of the time trying to butt down the fence rails does not commend herself to a quiet man like me. Then I selected one I thought would grace the cow house, only to have Farmer Fayerweather again upset calculations. This time the choice was found wanting in the matter of milk. Two subsequent selections were likewise discountenanced, and finally in desperation I asked him to make a choice himself. He consented sadly and looked the herd over with a coldly critical eye.

At last he indicated a rather thin cow variously marked with brown and red and white, a cow with a somewhat melancholy face and a subdued manner. She was what Rogers would have called a high-studded cow, and was rather over-adorned with peaks and dormers. But her visible milk supply pleased Marcia, Clarice declared that she had a lovely head, The Boy thought she might show up well in amateur bullfights and I could find nothing seriously objectionable. Mr. Fayerweather assured us that for an all-round, general utility cow for a family place she was the best of the herd, and after walking gingerly around her and viewing her angles from every side we agreed to take her.

It developed then that we had unwittingly stumbled upon the only cow not included in the thirty-five dollar offer. The cow's price was forty dollars. It seemed that she was a recent acquisition to the herd and had been mentally omitted from the proposition made to us. I balked for a while, pointing out to Marcia that after sinking nearly eleven hundred dollars in a cow house it behooved us to practice economy in the matter of the cow. In the end, however, the farmer and I reached a compromise price of thirty-eight dollars. We had bought a cow.

"Want to take her with you?" asked the farmer.

Clarice screamed and I looked somewhat startled myself. The mental vision of driving into Cloverdale with a high-studded cow in the back seat was disconcerting. But it developed that the proper method of forcibly removing cows from home was to tie them to the rear axle of a wagon or carriage and drive slowly. Marcia, however, did not take to the idea. She feared that when we stopped at the railroad crossing the cow might climb in over the back of the carriage. So it was agreed that Farmer Fayerweather was to deliver the cow to us on the morrow, in consideration of two dollars, and we drove home very well pleased with the afternoon's achievement. At supper table we named the new member of the family, or rather Clarice did. Clarice did most of the naming. The name she selected was Serena. She gave her reasons, very excellent ones, doubtless, but I have forgotten what they were.

The next morning Marcia informed the milkman that hereafter we would not need his services. We were to have our own milk supply. Marcia is not vindictive, but I think she found positive pleasure in discharging the milkman; and, recollecting the many occasions when I had diluted my morning coffee with the contents of a tin can, I could not find it in my heart to censure her.

Serena arrived at noon, in the middle of dinner. We left the table in a body and went out to welcome her. John, the stableman and gen-

eral factotum, joined us, as did the cook, the second girl, all five of the dogs, and several of the cats. I have no doubt Serena was duly impressed with her reception.

She arrived unwillingly. That was most evident. As Farmer Fayerweather rolled around to the stable and future domicile of the new guest I feared for the conveyance's rear axle. Serena yielded every foot of the roadway grudgingly, and, lest we might mistake her sentiments, she mooed at quarter-minute intervals. Her feelings were plainly outraged. The first critical utterance came from John. He pushed his cap to the back of his head and took his chin in one hand.

"She's dom skinny, sir, ain't she?" he asked.

I coughed. She certainly was a bit attenuated.

"She'll soon fill out," said the farmer. "In a month you won't know her. She's a cow that needs kindness and attention. Some high-strung, she is; not just an ordinary sort of cow."



"I had never before noticed how stern and majestic a cow can look"

He untied the rope from the wagon and, escorted by the entire family, Serena was led to her new home. We had difficulty in inducing her to enter. I think the shining whiteness of the set bowl alarmed her at first. As for Farmer Fayerweather, it was at once evident that he was mightily impressed.

"Are you goin' to keep her in here?" he asked.

I assured him that we were, and pointed out a few of the features of the building. He listened attentively, and when I lowered the shades at the bay window so as to regulate the supply of sunlight he actually smiled. That was the only time I ever knew him to do such a thing. But no, I did see a smile on his features on one other

occasion: but I have not reached that yet. He was still smiling when he tucked the money in his leather bag, climbed to the seat of his wagon, and rattled away toward home. His pleasure was a high compliment to the new cow house.

During the afternoon we went frequently to see Serena. The fact is, she absolutely demanded attention. From the time she arrived she never once paused in her mooing. John piled hay in front of her, and we fed her carrots, corn, sugar beets, rock salt, and bran. She accepted all, but her feelings could not be suppressed. Toward evening her utterances seemed to our sympathetic ears to take on an added sadness. We decided that possibly she needed milking, and so John set to work at it a little after four. We all gathered around to watch and assist, and offered all sorts of suggestions, most of them, I fear, far from practical. John, who had milked cows many years before and had

not forgotten the science, seemed somewhat impatient that evening. For a few minutes the milking process appeared to soothe Serena. She forgot to moo and chewed her cud with half-closed eyes in apparent content. We heaved sighs of relief. As a matter of fact, her continued outcry had begun to affect us. But our satisfaction was short lived. Soon Serena was once more sobbing out her heart.

"Shut up, yer noisy baste!" commanded John. Clarice reprimanded him at once, pointing out that Serena was doubtless homesick and that only kindness could reconcile her to the change.

"You must never speak impatiently to her,

[Concluded on pages 205 to 207]

THE THIRD HOUSE

By Gilson Gardner



In this opening article Mr. Gardner has only begun to light up the Third House. There are just a couple of candles in one room. There are some other rooms in this House, where some mighty interesting things are happening. Next month he will tell about the railway lobby at Washington. When the people's anti-railway laws are drawn in the offices of one of the biggest railways in the country, and by the general counsel for that railway, it is time that the facts and names be told. There will be something too about the "brain peddlers" of the Nation's capital

—the intellectual Hessians who hire out to fight the battles of monopoly against the common people, and the use to which these people are put. And, before we get through, Mr. Gardner will tell about the publicity manipulators, the disseminators of misinformation, and the "educators of public sentiment." And then there will be some examples of the new school of lobbying in which laws are lobbied through without any personal contact of lobbyist and legislators. We believe that there is a liberal education in public affairs in this series.—*The Editors.*

THE Third House, as the Lobby is sometimes called, is the legislative annex of the Special Interests. It is the House of Special Representatives, and its membership is a curious study in the widely different.

Its meeting place is the lobby and committee rooms of the Nation's capitol, the hotel rotunda, the lawyer's office, the street, the banquet room, the little back room, the bar, the roadhouse, the home, the brothel—anywhere the legislator may be found and personally approached. That is

the object of a lobby—personal contact with the people's representatives—and the influence upon legislation worked thereby.

If legislators were perfect there would be no lobby. If they were perfectly wise there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires "to inform" them; if perfectly honest there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires to "make it worth while"; if perfectly patriotic there would be no occasion for the lobbyist who desires for himself "a little personal favor"—

at the people's expense. The existence of a lobby is premised on human frailty. It is present to prey on human weakness; to warp the action of the legislative body by appeal to vanity, ignorance, cupidity, or fear.

"There is no such thing as a lobby!" was the petulant rejoinder of a Chicago Congressman when he was asked by the writer for the name of a certain lobbyist who had done business with the Congressman's committee. "That's all a newspaper yarn, a popular fallacy, a fiction—one of those things that the public hears about that is not so!"

"Then who represented the blended whiskey interests in the negotiations which you had with them in the last session of Congress?" the Congressman was asked.

He scratched his head.

"Oh, that was a member of the House," he finally replied. "I thought you meant outside people."

This recalls the experience of a former employee of the United States Senate, bearing on the same point. The employee had resigned and gone into the practice of law, and, being frankly desirous of adding to his revenues by a little "legitimate lobbying," he went to a firm in New York, which he knew had Washington interests, and solicited their trade.

"Young man," said the head of the firm, patting him benignly on the shoulder, "I will be frank with you. We would be most happy to avail ourselves of your services, but—and of course this is just between ourselves—we have too many good friends on the inside."



Former United States Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, who has become very prominent among the Washington lobby lawyers. He is an excellent example of the class of men from which the "Third House" is recruited—largely from the other two. "Hospitality" is a considerable feature of his business.



A piece of hand-painted furniture ornamented with a photographic likeness of Representative Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio. This is a feature of the suites of rooms set aside for Congressmen in the Dewey Hotel, Washington, D. C., built by the late "Nat" McKay, who was known in Washington as the "King of the Lobby." Shortly before his death McKay built the Dewey and consecrated several suites to favored members. This shows a bit of detail on a dresser.

That is a point to be borne always in mind in any study of the Lobby. The special interests are represented "on the inside" as well as on the outside. The Chicago Congressman intended to be frank. The idea in his mind was that the "inside representatives" were the only ones whom he considered worthy of attention. Some of the biggest special interests are so well represented on the inside as to need no outside help. It will be recalled that in January, 1903, when President Roosevelt was making his first beginnings in legislation against the trusts, about twelve members of the United States Senate received telegrams from Mr. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Trust, instructing them to oppose the bill for the creation of a Bureau of Corporations. That was a case of orders going direct to the representatives "on the inside." There was no go-between. There was no agent or attorney pacing the tiles of the Senate marble room! There was no occasion in that instance to appeal to a member of the Third House. Those telegrams were orders; and they went direct.

There is no member of the Third House representing Standard Oil, nor Amalgamated Copper, nor the New York Central Railroad, nor United States Steel, nor the United States Express Company. These are too well represented on the inside. Why pay a man to beg your servant to obey your orders?

So there are many vacant seats in the Third House. As a body it is incomplete. In fact, its study suggests the condition of those skeletons of prehistoric animals in which many important bones are missing, and must be sought elsewhere, or supplied by a process of deductive reasoning, slowly assuming shape, piece by piece.

But, with all its lost bones, or vacant seats, the Lobby is a real and interesting thing. How real, and how important it has become, it is the purpose of these articles to tell.

The lobbyist is generally pictured as a man who buys expensive food for legislators, and takes his profits in illicit legislation. And that is what the typical lobbyist is. The late Nathaniel McKay was such. He appealed to members of the House and Senate through their gastronomic systems, and grew rich on "claims." To "Nat," as he was always called, the origin of a claim was not important. It might in the beginning have been a just claim, or it might not; the essential thing about it was the fact that it was several generations old, and the legitimate beneficiaries dead. Such a claim is good for fifty per cent. for the lobbyist who gets it through. Where the other fifty goes may be left to the imagination.

But "Nat" furnished bed as well as board. As the crowning feature of his long and successful career as an influencer of legislation, he built a small hotel, the Dewey, in which suites were furnished for a number of his more favored congressmen. On these suites he spent his money

and his taste, with the result that the furniture was hand-painted and embellished with photographic portraits of his guests. From the back of a chair, for example, the intelligent countenance of the venerable Charles H. Grosvenor looks out, a subtle tribute to the Ohio solon's wisdom in matters legislative. Another suite was thus consecrated to the right honorable George W. Steel of Marion, Indiana, (now politically defunct;) another to the honorable Julius Caesar Burrows, Senator for Michigan; and other members high in the people's trust, and the affections of the winning "Nat," were similarly honored. "Nat" himself is gone; but the contest over his estate survives, as do the portraits on the furniture, and some of those who are portrayed there.

And the memory survives of "Nat's" dinners. One in particular will go down in history as "the banquet of the tablecloth." At this repast, where all things were in proportion, the damask on which the wine and food were spread, cost, as "Nat" informed his guests, \$2,500. At the plate of each guest—all chosen from the "Congressional Directory"—was embroidered the coat-of-arms of the guest's native State. At the end of the feast a pair of shears was passed, and the guest scissored his section of the cloth to take home as a souvenir of the occasion.

No worthy successor has yet arisen to the genial and convivial "Nat" McKay, though his footsteps have been trod with some fidelity by John M. Thurston, sometime Senator from Nebraska. The latter is one of the many recruits which the Third House has re-

ceived from the other two. The former Senator does not confine himself to claims. Anything that has to do with Congress is water on his wheel, from the defense of Judge Swayne, when the latter was the object of an impeachment trial before the Senate, to furnishing information and advice to some man who thinks he wants to be a consul.

Ex-senator Thurston is a lawyer. No doubt he is a good one. He served the railways of his State before he went to Congress, and it was because the people thought he continued to serve them rather too exclusively while in the Senate, that he was provided with a successor. As a lobbyist Thurston's methods are in large part gastronomic. The bachelor dinner with unlimited wine warms the congressional heart, and loosens

the congressional tongue. It is said to have been from one of Thurston's dinners that the late Senator Mitchell went when he wandered into a strange house and insisted on going to sleep in the front hall, to the terror of the inmates who chanced to be unprotected women. John M. Thurston is a lobbyist who seems to prosper at the trade.

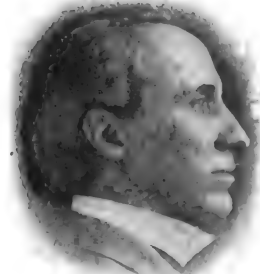
Possibly some day he, too, will build a hostelry and furnish it with hand-painted chairs with the portraits of his solon friends in *repoussé* on leather seats. Why not?

But there are many sorts of lobbyists, and they are not all bad. Theodore Roosevelt is something of a lobbyist himself. William H. Taft has been seen often in the Senate corridors, and even on the floor, personally soliciting members of that body to vote for army or Philippine legislation. There are lobbyists who do not buy wine, and lobbyists who do not solicit members, or ever interview them in person. There are lobbyists who work in the open, and have no secrets as to their methods or objects. And there are lobbyists who skulk and sneak and deny their owners. There are lobbyists who spend themselves with a generous zeal for the object of their desire; and there are others who spend other people's money in pretending to promote affairs as much beyond their reach as the move-



Charles J. Faulkner, head lobbyist of the organized railway interests of the United States, a vigorous opponent of the Rate Bill. He was formerly Senator from West Virginia.

Harvey A. Steing, Washington.



United States Senator Charles Dick, of Ohio, who has run a law office on the side ever since he first went to Washington as a Congressman.



Former United States Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, who has settled in Washington as a lobbyist, making a specialty of oil companies and Indian legislation.



Former United States Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, now of the Third House. Butler was a Populist agitator in 1902. Now he is a corporation attorney and lobbyist.

Photo by St. Louis, St. Louis.



Warwick M. Hough, national lobbyist for the blended whiskey interests. He is a well-known lawyer of St. Louis, and took a prominent part in trying to defeat the Pure Food Bill last winter.



This is a glimpse into one of the congressional suites of "the lobbyists' heaven," otherwise known as the Dewey Hotel, built by "Nat" McKay, who grew rich in passing "dead claims." This is a look-in on one of the rooms fitted up for Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio. Observe his portrait on the chair backs.

ments of the planets. There are lobbyists for the farmer, lobbyists for the sailor, and lobbyists for the church. There are lobbyists for labor, and lobbyists for capital. There are lobbyists for railroads, for publishers, for government employees—and finally there is a lobby for the people. It has come late—an afterthought, as it were.

No. Not all lobbyists are bad.

Former Senator Thurston is a good example of a numerous class of lobbyists who are to be found in Washington, as, indeed, in the vicinity of any important legislative body, made up of attorneys engaged in the general practice of the law, and in special practice before the Governmental Departments and Congress. They reside at the capital the year around, and are enabled by their familiarity with governmental or legislative methods to do with comparative ease what the man who does not know, or who is not acquainted would find it hard to do. Much of their business is perfectly legitimate. Some of it is high-class work. And, on the other hand, much of it is of such a questionable character that it is regarded as "extremely confidential."

The General Lobby Lawyers

This class of permanent all-the-year-around lobby-lawyers is recruited constantly from the Senate and the House of Representatives—members who, from time to time, are dropped outside the breastworks, and, having learned to love the capital and its easy ways, open an office and take to this method of earning a living.

Marion Butler, once Populist Senator from North Carolina, is of this class. His long hair is shorn, his fiery zeal for the common people is cooled, his threadbare coat has made way for broadcloth of freshest nap, his unkempt beard is trimmed to a stylish point, and all this beauty is crowned by a silk tile whose nap is one smooth prosperous sheen. Ex-senator Butler no longer shudders at the approach of a corporation. On the contrary he is something of a corporation himself, and only last winter appeared before the committees of the House and Senate, having to do with the District of Columbia legislation, representing the Great Falls and Old Dominion Electric Railway, which was asking a franchise for a cross-town line through the city streets. This is a line in which Senator Stephen B. Elkins and John R. McLean, proprietor of the Washington "Post," and of Washington's gas monopoly, are interested, and it is not surprising to find that the Senate Committee assented to the bill which, however, was held up afterwards in the House. It is freely charged that the stocks of Washington's street railway and gas companies, both of which are very prosperous monopolies, are considerably held by members of Congress. The people of the city have no vote. The methods and motives which control the grant of franchises may therefore be inferred from what is known of boodling in other large cities in the United States.

Another firm which does a general practice of law is that of Bryan and Dick, Colorado Building, Washington, D. C., (Charles Dick, United States Senator from Ohio.) The firm used to include a third partner, and then carried Dick's name first. When Dick was promoted from the House of Representatives to the Senate, he dropped his name to a more modest part of the door. It is not uncommon for a Representative or Senator to have his name represented in some law or other business in the city or town from which he comes; but it is believed that this is the only instance in which a Senator thus openly holds himself out to the world as bidding for general legal practice. Just how finely the firm discriminates in rejecting business which might interfere with a conscientious performance of the public duties of one member of the firm, only a free access to the private correspondence of the office could demonstrate with any degree of finality. On the other hand it must occur to the

casual observer that a special interest like the Tobacco Trust, having, as it has, a great desire to defeat Philippine tariff legislation, would be overlooking a fine bet if it failed to retain the firm in the Colorado Building, as Senator Dick is a member of the Senate Committee on the Philippines, and only last winter was able to cast the deciding vote by which that legislation was defeated. Presuming that the office work of Bryan and Dick is sharply divided, Mr. Frederick C. Bryan would certainly be the best man in Washington to furnish information to interested parties as to what Mr. Dick was most likely to do.

The firm of Dudley and Michener does a general lobby practice. Colonel W. W. Dudley is a political refugee from Indiana. It was about seventeen years ago that his name became known to fame in connection with the "blocks-of-five" scandal. A close election was on, and the voters were to be delivered "in blocks of five." It was charged that they were to be paid for similarly. A letter was published. There were denials and refutations. Whatever was the true inwardness of the affair Colonel Dudley decided that it was better to emigrate, and he has been in Washington since. His business still savors of the political. For example, whenever Charles Warren Fairbanks contemplates any move such as launching his boom for the presidency, he takes his firm into the conspiracy. They are to "help to create public sentiment," and to "line up" the boys. The firm does office brokerage, appears before congressional committees, and makes a specialty of election contests.

Former Senator James K. Jones of Arkansas, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and manager of two Bryan campaigns, settled in Washington after his failure to be reelected a couple of years ago, and is also doing a departmental and lobby practice.

Special Legislative Representatives

His friends say that he is conscientious and tries to keep his business on a high plane. Yet his name came up in connection with charges against Senator Bailey of Texas, and, in a denial, he was found to be in the same position as the Senator from Texas, namely, attorney for an oil company which he believed innocent of any connection with the Standard Oil. Much of James K. Jones's practice has to do with the affairs of the Indian Territory, and the members of the Five Civilized Tribes, which, as wards of the nation, are directly governed by the Interior Department and the Congressional Committees on Indian Affairs. Mr. Jones was ranking member of this committee when in the Senate, and might be regarded as an expert in securing legislation, or departmental action, on such matters. Of this general subject of Indian legislation, more will be said later.

Other active lobby-lawyers in Washington are Clarence W. DeKnight, Pennebaker and Jones, Thompson and Slater, and Charles J. Faulkner. The latter is also an ex-member of the United States Senate, and will be treated more fully later.

It is time now to take a look at another kind of lobbyist, and to tell about what he does. Instead of being, like those mentioned above, a general lobbyist with a special commission, this new kind is a special lobbyist with a general commission. He is the special representative of a special interest. He does not necessarily reside at Washington. He goes where he is needed. He may have a State Legislature on his hands six months in the year, and spend the other six "looking after Congress." He has one purpose—to serve his firm, the people who pay his salary, and furnish his expense money—by preventing legislation likely to reduce their profits, or securing legislation likely to increase their profits.

Of this class of lobbyists is Warwick M. Hough, of Klein and Hough, attorneys, St. Louis, Mo., for ten years or more representative of the rectified and blended whiskey interests of America.

It should be explained, before proceeding farther, that most whiskey sold to the trade is not really whiskey at all. More than half of it, according to Government reports, is about sixty-five per cent. raw spirits of corn alcohol; and sometimes the percentage is even higher than this.

There is nothing in the label to disclose this fact, and therefore the whiskey business, representing as it does many millions of dollars, is founded in large measure on fraud. This being the case the whiskey interests are opposed to pure food and drink legislation, whether passed by State or National Legislature. Being so opposed, they are associated together, and contribute to a common fund devoted to opposing laws of this character.

Anybody who doubts the existence of a Lobby, or doubts that such a Lobby is opposed to the general interests of the people, is hereby invited to give attention to the activities of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of America, with headquarters in the Arrott Building, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, which boasts openly that the association has prevented and does prevent good legislation passing Congress. Note this from a letter written by its secretary to W. H. Thomas and Sons, of Louisville, Kentucky, urging them to join and contribute to the association's lobby pool:

"With inimical State and National legislation threatening the trade and constant annoyances from other quarters, the necessity for organized effort is self-evident. The hostile measures we successfully prevented passing Congress at the last session will again be brought up this winter. We must continue our active opposition and we need your support. *Don't hold back.* Your adhesion means more power to us and added protection to you. Need we say that it is to your interest to sign the inclosed application blank and send it to us at once?"

This was no idle boast by the secretary of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of America. The rectified and imitation whiskey interests have fought pure food bills for sixteen years; and for sixteen years they have been able to prevent such bills becoming laws. On a number of occasions—as in the Fifty-eighth Congress—the Pure Food Bill was put through the House, only to run against the corrupt opposition of special interests represented in the Senate, and there to be done to death by the indirections of legislative chicanery of which some Senators are past masters. It was not necessary to indulge in the formality of a vote. That would have put individual members on record. The representatives of the spurious whiskey interests "on the inside" attended to it that the murder was done with neatness and dispatch.

Legislation "Fair to All Interests"

But that was before there was a letting in of light, and a quickening of the public conscience. Different conditions faced the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association in the Fifty-ninth Congress. It became evident that the old methods would not work. Under the stress of public sentiment some kind of a pure food bill was sure to pass; the only hope of the special interest was to get in the "joker." This is where the lobby proper—the outside representative of the special interest—is brought into use. The interest must *appear*. There must be some plausible expert, thoroughly familiar with the technique of the trade, to come before the committees of Congress and assist Congress in the passage of legislation which "will be fair to all interests."

Mr. Hough came before the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House with three "jokers" and an argument that the proposed bill was unconstitutional. The "jokers" were amendments which he said were designed to perfect the legislation. Mr. Hough talked plausibly. He has not been in his line of work for ten years to no purpose. And as a result of his

[Concluded on page 208]



The Dreyfus Affair

*The Granting
of a New Trial*

By Vance Thompson

Headpiece by R. Emmett Owen. Illustrations by H. G. Williamson

*Third
Article*

You have seen Henry's dark end—"found dead" in that little room in the fortress of Mont Valérien, alone with a shut-up razor. This was very mysterious. In this record of the Dreyfus case we shall follow the plain way of facts. The moment we go beyond the fact itself—the moment we attempt to read the motives and ambitions hidden behind the fact—the case becomes one of thick obscurity; and we find ourselves wandering in the crypts of contemporary history—in the subcellars and underground corridors of Latin life, where crime elbows crime: there, too, are bones and rusty weapons and moldy gold. So we shall follow the plain way of facts.

The news of Henry's death caused an almost universal demand for revision; it was hailed as the only solution of the affair, the only way of ending the agitation which was dragging France down into anarchy. One notable event added to the urgency of the cry for revision. That was the flight of Esterhazy. He had been driven out of the army. He fled to London. An outcast, a homeless and masterless man, he prowled round organized society as a wolf goes hungrily round a sheepfold; he sold himself to the English friends of Dreyfus and re-sold himself to the anti-Dreyfusards; always he showed a dangerous knowledge of the plot which had been woven round the "traitor." In the face of this general movement for a revision of the Dreyfus court-martial, Cavaignac resigned from the ministry of war; it had been his sad fortune to trust the forger, Henry. He was succeeded by General Zurlinden, another "old soldier;"—outside of military matters his intelligence was that of a hen. The rogues and fanatics of the War Office had no trouble in proving to him that Dreyfus was the "author of the *bordereau*."

Publicly and pompously he announced—he was the fourth Minister of War to declare it—the certain guilt of the "traitor." Immediately public opinion changed. Once more an anti-Dreyfus tempest swept over France. The nation argued that all these statesmen and soldiers—who were inside the government and knew—could not be deceived.

In the meantime, Piquart's case had come up again; he had been cashiered from the army for

"a grave fault against discipline;" he had fought a duel with Henry and refused to fight with Esterhazy; the civil courts held him on Esterhazy's charges of libel; but the old generals had no intention of having him tried in the open; Gonse and De Pellieux intervened and handed him over, accused of forgery, to military justice. He was locked up once more in the prison of the Cherche-Midi. He had tried to save Dreyfus and had been himself broken. Stripped of his rank, in the hands of his enemies, he had everything to fear.

The President Opposes

That day when the civil power gave him over to military tyranny, he stood up in court, white, calm, master of himself, and spoke tragic and memorable words. What he said was: "Probably this is the last time I shall be able to speak in public, and I want everyone to know that, if either the razor of Henry or the rope of Lemer-cier-Picard is found in my cell, murder will have been done—I am not the man to kill myself."

Was it a prophecy or a warning?

In either case you may see how dense a cloud of crime had settled over France.

One man in the government was not blind to these significant events—Henry's death, the flight of Esterhazy. This was the old and melancholy Brisson, then Prime Minister. He declared for revision. A majority of the council followed him. President Faure, who had been shooting at Rambouillet—it was late in September—hurried back to Paris and threw the weight of his authority against Brisson. Then first it was that France took sides in a broad way. With Dreyfus were the socialists, the labor leaders, the people; Jaurès came into camp, Pelletan and many another

politician who foresaw the trend of victory. Against Dreyfus were the royalists, the Bonapartists, all the hidebound patriots and reactionaries who saw in the army something sacred—something greater than justice, higher than humanity. And this warfare went down into the streets. Mobs howled and fought round the name of Dreyfus. England chose this hour to threaten war over the little village of Fashoda on the Nile, where Colonel Marchand, a French explorer, had raised the tricolor; and France—her army and navy dislocated by this anarchic strife—made herself little and humble and relinquished (without a protest) her territories on the Nile. This added to the fury of the old patriots and fanatics; and they laid the burden of it all upon that sad man far off on his leprous island in the sea—this soldier who loved his country!

Civil disorder was in the streets; in the political world there was chaos. The Minister of War, General Zurlinden, resigned; and Chanoine, the fifth anti-Dreyfus Minister of War, his successor, gave up his office in open parliament rather than hand over to the courts the secret documents upon which Dreyfus had been condemned.

A Final Effort

Brisson's effort to secure a new trial had failed; mournfully the old politician retired from power. Dupuy took his place, a strong man, cynical, courageous, with a fund of common sense. He determined to have done, once for all, with this menacing "Affaire," which had brought the country to the edge of civil war. He chose for Minister of War a civilian. This was Freycinet, an old, adroit politician. Blinded by the forged and revamped documents in the War Office, he



Esterhazy, the Traitor

"Since you want the truth, here it is! I wrote the *bordereau* myself. I wrote the *bordereau* at the request of Colonel Sandherr, my friend and superior—that is my secret. I have refused to reveal it for all the money of the Rothschilds. Now I tell it freely. All the old generals knew I was the author of the *bordereau*!"

The above likeness is from a photograph never before published.

did not admit the innocence of Dreyfus; but he joined Dupuy in an effort to have the case brought into the civil courts. One obstacle, however, they found in their way—the President himself, Félix Faure. He was not to be bent. With sullen obstinacy he set himself against the new trial. He was the bulwark of the old patriots, of the anti-Semites, of the anti-Dreyfusards. One last attempt was made to persuade him of his tragic error. This was February 16, 1899—at four o'clock in the afternoon. The Prince of Monaco, coming as a delegate from the German Emperor, visited Félix Faure at the Palace of the Elysée. He brought the Emperor's positive assurance that Dreyfus was innocent, that he had never sent the *bordereau* to the German Embassy in Paris, or in any way been connected with the chief of the German spy system in France, Schwarzkoppen; and, as diplomatically as possible, the Emperor intimated that the real traitor was Esterhazy and no other. President Faure listened in silence; but when the Prince of Monaco was done, he jumped to his feet, flushed and angry, crying: "Not another word! I'll not hear any more! The German Emperor has nothing to do with this—nothing!"

The prince went away. It was nearly five o'clock. President Faure signed some official papers that were brought to him; then he left the Elysée afoot. At ten o'clock his dead body was smuggled into the presidential palace and laid on a sofa in a room on the ground floor of the left wing. An hour later his wife and daughters were informed of his death. I need not relate here the circumstances of this mysterious death,—they are not unknown to readers of this magazine. Death had come to him from the jeweled hand of a woman; he drank and died. A black cloth was laid over the body; oblivion covered the crime. Our interest is now in the Dreyfus case; and the effect of President Faure's death was immediate. Émile Loubet succeeded him at the Elysée; the High Court of Appeals, the ultimate French tribunal, unanimously annulled the iniquitous judgment of the court-martial of 1894, and ordered that Dreyfus should have a new trial before a military court convened at Rennes.

The Expiatory Dead

So the long battle ended; the friends of justice triumphed. For many politicians, radical and socialist, it was a victory from which they were to draw infinite popularity and long years of power; but your thoughts, as mine, go rather to that strong, patient woman, Lucie Dreyfus, who had fought the martyr's fight for him during the long years of obloquy—to her and Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother who had never faltered in his faith and endeavor. Surely the victory was theirs; for without them not a voice had been lifted for the martyr, who lay gagged and ironed, in that hell oversea.

Will you go there and stand in that cell of martyrdom a little while and see and hear?

Before crossing the sea to Devil's Island let us note one event of vast importance in France.

This is the reappearance of Esterhazy.

He comes out of the winter fogs of England and takes the air again. A withered, tattered, lean, dangerous man—he might have been cut down from some gallows of the Middle Ages, where he had dangled in sun and rain. Faure is dead and he has no helper. In the new trial which has been granted the martyr, he sees for

himself only discovery, shame, ruin. His wife, his children have turned away from him. And he cries: "I am lost! There is nothing left but to put a bullet in my head!"

Then with an oath, a foul oath, he shouts: "Since you want the truth, here it is! I wrote the *bordereau* myself. I wrote the *bordereau* at the request of Colonel Sandherr, my friend and superior—that is my secret. I have refused to reveal it for all the money of the Rothschilds. Now I tell it freely. All the old generals knew I was the author of the *bordereau*!" And with this he fled again to England, and is seen no more in the obscure history of treason.

Then one and all of that feathered and epauletted gang in the War Office knew they were sending an innocent man to martyrdom! But was Esterhazy's confession true or false? This adventurer was the incarnation of the lie; and Colonel Sandherr, upon whom he laid all the burden of the crime in this confession, was dead.



"A long, long time she held him close; and neither of them found a word"

"Always the dead!" Reinach cried bitterly; "whenever we find a forgery, a crime, always it is set to the account of a dead man!"

And he drew up a list, horrible in its eloquence, of the dead who strewed the dark path of this monstrous case of crime and cruelty and infamy. Yet there had fallen so many of the enemies of truth and justice, that he might have called them the Expiatory Dead.

Three I have told you of—that poor wretch, Lemerrier-Picard, "found dead" in his room in the Rue de Sèvres; Henry "found dead," with a closed razor near by; Félix Faure "found dead," and smuggled into his palace.

There were many others. Captain d'Attel, who claimed to have heard Dreyfus avow his guilt to Lebrun-Renault the day of his degradation, was "found dead" in a railway train, his corpse blue and already on the way to decom-

position, though his journey had lasted but an hour. This pretended confession, which Dreyfus never made, D'Attel confided to his friend Chaubin-Servinière, a member of the Chamber of Deputies; now the deputy took train one day to visit his home; an hour later he was "found dead" on the railway tracks between two stations. And Rocher, of the prison guards, who also claimed to have heard Dreyfus say: "I am guilty, but I am not the only one!" died, and to this day no one knows where or how. It was as though Eternal Truth had reached down and slain this lie wherever it lifted its evil head.

The prefect Barrême was summoned to Paris by his governmental chief; he was "found dead" in his compartment when the train arrived at the Gare St. Lazare. Laurenceau, prefect of the North, was called to Paris to give evidence regarding the spy system on the German frontier; there was no accident on the journey; the next day he was "found dead" in his room at the Hotel Terminus.

And so I might continue this lugubrious list. Lorimier, one of Henry's most tireless agents of forgery and crime, was "found dead"—hanged in a lonely barn; another, Guenée, was "found dead" on the floor of his room in Paris.

Martyrdom in Solitude

Then there was Munier; he was Colonel Sandherr's man; his part in the conspiracy had been to falsify the meaning of a cryptic telegram sent by Panizzardi to the Italian government, so that it affirmed the guilt of Dreyfus; and Munier was "found dead" in a railway train. Was it any wonder the martyr's friends began to see in these mysterious and opportune deaths, the work of an avenging destiny? With grim emphasis Reinach declared: "*Décidément, la Fatalité est Dreyfusard!*"—the very stars in their courses fought against the lie.

Come now to that leprous rock in the tepid seas, the Devil's Island. Since the false news of his escape Dreyfus had been confined to his hut, by day and night, where there was neither light nor air. Only for a half hour each day was he allowed to walk out into a fenced-in yard, always between two armed guards. Violent fever seized him. He was very weak. In one of these tragic nights of fever and pain he tried to rise from his cot; he fell heavily to the floor and lay there unconscious. His guards helped him up, covered with blood. For days he could take no nourishment. This man was nearly dead. One thing only lived in him, his unconquerable will. He had no right to die until he had slain the Lie.

He said to himself these words: "To-day less than ever you have the right to desert your post, less than ever the right to shorten, were it by a day, your sad and miserable life. Whatever tortures are inflicted on you, you must march steadily on; until they throw your body to the grave you must stand erect before your hangmen, by the intangible sovereignty of the soul!"

Only in himself could he find courage. You will remember that, all this time, not an echo of the great battle waged round his name had come to him from the outer world. He was alone, among his sleepless guards. You may picture him, if you will, as that other martyr who lay in a dark hole, where they hurt his feet in the stocks and the iron entered his soul.

But solitude is the touchstone of great souls. Only in isolation do the dominant tendencies of man affirm themselves—emerge, as it were,

and stand (like statues in a public square) the light all about them. As he once wrote to his wife, this martyrdom had educed all that was best and finest in him. He bore, as pure gold does, the test of acid. With an energy that neither illness nor solitude could break down, he supported the horrors of his prison. World over, millions of men burned with anger or wept with pity at the mention of his name. He knew it not at all. Alone, unaided, he clung to his hope of ultimate justice. His unceasing thought was: "I must leave to my children an honored and respected name."

Here was not only courage, but a fine unselfishness. You would suppose that his letters, written at this time, would ring with complaints; they breathe only love for his wife and children and an unflinching confidence that justice must some day be done. Now remember that when he was not in irons he was shut up in a cage, like a wild beast. No one spoke to him, save to shout an order. Day and night the sullen eyes of his guards stared at him. The governor of the prison, Deniel, spied his very looks, listened to the words murmured in sleep, and tried to twist them into avowals of guilt. Often the unhappy soldier started up from a nightmare in his tortured sleep to find Deniel bent above him, listening—to what poor fevered outcries he knew not.

Hope Realized at Last

Always, too, he was suspected of plans to escape. One night an alarm was sounded on the island. Perhaps Deniel had seen the lights of a steamer far off in the bay; perhaps it was merely to test the poor convict. Dreyfus as usual was caged with his guard—a fellow who sat with a rifle across his knees; he heard the roar of cannon and asked: "What is it?" The guard did not answer; only he shifted his rifle so it covered the prisoner. Had Dreyfus, startled by the cannonade, leaped from his bed, he had died then and there. Fortunately he lay quite still; the incidents which passed round him had long ceased to interest him; every thought and purpose of his being went toward one object—the recovery of his honor as a man and soldier. He had never dreamed of escape; that had been an acknowledgment of his guilt; and in his soul he knew the day of justice must come. He waited.

Year after year he waited in that vermin-haunted cage; in the rainy season the water lay inches deep on the pestilent floor; in the dry season the heat stifled him day and night; and always—a torture more refined and atrocious—watchful eyes were fastened on him, every instant, in all circumstances, without respite. And he did not go mad; and he would not kill himself.

One thing the guards noticed. This was that Dreyfus seemed to find a new source of strength in the letters he was permitted to receive by the monthly post from his wife; sometimes there was a postscript in a baby's hand; the prisoner read and reread these letters—he kissed the pages upon which dear hands had left a little of the unspeakable tenderness they could not put in words. Each letter seemed to bring him a new hope, new confidence, new strength to suffer and endure. Every line written to him was of course scanned by the authorities in Paris and on Devil's Island; Madame Dreyfus was permitted to write only commonplace words—no hint of what was being done to raise him from the hell wherein he suffered was allowed to come to him; he was held as one dead to the world;

only his wife might let him know that she and their children lived and loved him. But so powerfully did these letters work upon him that his jailers suspected they must contain cryptic information of the world's outcry against his unjust condemnation; or, it may be, they imagined a new and subtle mode of torturing this soldier who would not confess himself a traitor—who would not even die and end their trouble. In either case they kept back the original letters and gave him mere copies—scrawled in a jailer's hand on prison paper. And Deniel asked, with a bad smile, "Did he kiss them?" Even the copies were botched and mutilated; very many of her letters were simply destroyed and he never heard of them. It was the same with the letters he wrote to his wife; many of them never reached her—or came, misspelled and inaccurate, in the careless copy of a turnkey. And to them it seemed as though some foul hand had been thrust into that secret and sacred shrine where wife and husband meet; surely this man

of ten; sentinels were stationed round his hut; Hotchkiss guns were mounted to defend the island; it was as though a wind of apprehension and terror had blown over the Devil's Rock, even as it blew over the War Office in the Rue Saint Dominique, yonder in Paris. More and more Dreyfus felt that the end of his martyrdom was drawing near; he read the signs of terror and knew that something had happened. But the sad year 1898 was nearly at an end, before he was informed that his demand for a revision had been granted; and months were to pass (while Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards battled in the dirty arena of politics) before Deniel came into his hut one day in June, 1899—and told him his conviction was annulled and he was to be tried again at Rennes, by soldier judges. The official note was given him; it read: "Inform Captain Dreyfus"—

Captain! He could not take his eyes from those words—Captain Dreyfus! He was no longer the convict. Then he learned that the cruiser "Sfax" had been sent to bear him back to France—to rehabilitation—to honor—to freedom—to those he loved. His joy was immense, unspeakable. How could he know that this was but the beginning of a new martyrdom—that hate for the Jew was to devise a new conviction for a crime he was as guiltless of as little Pierre, his son? He could not know. He telegraphed his wife: "Heart and soul with you, children, all. Await with immense joy the supreme moment when I shall clasp you in my arms. Thousand kisses. Alfred."

His guards stood away from him. The doors were opened. It seemed to him that he woke from a bad dream. Seaward he saw a plume of smoke, which signaled the ship of his deliverance. Of the guards who had watched him day and night not one believed in his guilt.

The Return to France

They wished him well and asked for souvenirs of him—he gave them his books; only Deniel, the chief of the prison, did not come near him. The Mayor of Cayenne, long ago convinced of his innocence, sent him garments and linen for the journey home. Finally, June 9, 1898, he quitted forever the cursed isle where he had so greatly suffered. He was still a prisoner. There were bars

on his cabin door; and a sentinel watched without; but he was treated as an officer under arrest—no longer as a convicted traitor. He pictured his return as a triumphal *fête* of justice; his judges would be proud to repair the awful error of the first court-martial; the army would open its arms to him; and the nation would thank him for never having doubted the ultimate justice of France. So he dreamed, while in France the tide of hate had risen with the years and his ancient chiefs were busy conspiring to send him again to the Devil's Rock; the anti-Dreyfusard press, ferocious and insane, declared that "even if he is innocent, his innocence is a crime against the country," and, "if seven officers base enough to acquit him are found, the duty of every patriot will be to kill him;" and one great lady, a social leader, announced that she was practicing with the pistol in order to fulfill this duty. To be sure the friends of Dreyfus burned with a flame as intense. It was toward a land torn with dissension, passion shaken, mad with political fury, that the poor dreamer took his way. The thirtieth of June he sighted the shores of France.



"I want everyone to know that, if either the razor of Henry or the rope of Lemercier-Picard is found in my cell, murder will have been done—I am not the man to kill myself!"

and this woman drank the cup of sorrow to the dregs.

Innumerable letters Dreyfus wrote to those in authority—to Presidents of France, to Ministers of War, to Generals he had known, demanding a revision of his case; none answered; for nearly five years the silence round him was complete; only his own stout heart kept him from despair. Late in 1897—you know how the world rang then with the certainty of his innocence—a phrase occurred in one of his wife's letters, which gave him sudden hope.

"The future is not so dark," she wrote.

What could that mean? For nights the man did not sleep at all, so ceaselessly the question sang in his fevered brain. Not so dark—the future is not so dark? No other news reached him. With the coming of the new year, however, his guards redoubled their vigilance; Deniel redoubled his vexations—woke him, often, from sleep with sudden demands: "Admit your guilt!" or "You have admitted the truth in your sleep—traitor!" And the poor wretch could only say: "I am innocent!" Then in February his guards were increased—thirteen instead

The Home-Coming

By Chauncey Thomas

Author of "Why the White Sulphur Mail Was Late," "Six Pounds Short," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"Sally Bates who use to was"

"WHAT is it?"

"If you please, Mr. Norton, the gentleman says he must see you right away. He said to tell you he was third vice president of the Omaha and Chicago, and that it was something about contracts for grading—"

"Yes, I know, Jimmy. Tell him 'to-morrow at ten.'" The clerk silently vanished. "Yes—Yes—picking up the desk 'phone. "Yes.—This is Mr. Norton.—Yes.—Oh, yes—You, Tom?—Yes—u-m-m-m—thirty-two, you say? Buy all you can up to thirty-three to a million—Hold the market between those figures—thirty-two and thirty-three—and draw on the First National for all the money you want.—Yes.—No.—Down the bay on the 'Feather' to-morrow? Can't do it old man—going home for a month—have n't seen them for fifteen years—up country, you know. *Bon voyage*—Good-by."

"Jimmy."

"Yes, sir."

"Get Mr. Clark or President Harrington at the First, will you, please?"

"Yes, sir." Jimmy turned to the 'phone.

Norton swung languidly back from his desk and looked longingly out of a west window of the Flatiron Building, far out over the stifling murky roar of New York, far to the west beyond the cool clear Hudson with its interweaving ships, still on to the Eagle Rock in the Oranges, twelve dim miles away. A faint green picture of a small silent lake in the twilight, a canoe—The 'phone buzzed slightly:

"You, Mr. Harrington? This is Mr. Norton.—Yes.—Please let Armstrong and Company have anything up to five million on New York and Pacific. A little tendency to cave in the market, it looks like. I'll send over the papers at once. Thank you. See you at dinner, of course? Yes. Good-by."

"Jimmy, I'm not in to anybody for half an hour—till two-fifteen. Don't disturb me yourself unless absolutely necessary. By the way, write"—glancing at a memorandum—"write Carson in Chicago that I've raised his salary to twelve thousand, dating three months back, because of his showing on the last balance sheets due to his reorganization of the K. and C. shops. That is all, I believe."

The clerk nodded silently and withdrew.

Norton turned once more to the window. He was tired: not in body and hardly in mind, but with that soul-weariness that only those who have long felt the pressure of huge crowds come to understand.

"What does all this strife amount to, anyway?" he mused. "Am I any happier as the practical master of five hundred million dollars not my own, and as the man on whose word, whim almost, rests the bread and butter of a larger army of men, women, and children than Grant ever led? Fifteen years ago? I was hoeing corn then—fifteen years ago this very hour. But I felt the Lure Of The Crowd—the want of greater things—I came here to New York—I succeeded—And is it all worth while? This fierce merciless fight, fight, fight? Oh, for the old swimming hole—and Hank—he is a man now—How odd that seems!—as are all the rest—and Bill Simpson—and Tom—and Jack—Jack?—Jack Fraser! I'll see 'em all again soon—Where'er we roam, there's no place like home—the old home of one's boyhood. I'm sick of all this—I've had enough—I'm young yet—barely thirty-five—"

Meanwhile the door had softly opened and, first with the sly peek of a rogue, a cool, fresh, dainty little beauty slipped into the office. Norton stood staring out of the window, his back turned, but he caught her presence in the room half-unconsciously and turned with a tired smile that he tried to brighten. Jimmie's wise disobedience was condoned.

"You dear, bad boy! Brooding again—and in business hours, too. I'll tell Daddie. Yes, I will—and then he'll discha-a-a-r-r-ge you."

"In which case I suppose we'll starve to death, Margo," he smiled, pinching the little ear lobes with either hand as he lifted her face for the expected kiss.

"Where's Daddie?"

"On the water, dear. Here's a wireless. 'Kaiser Will' docks at ten to-morrow morning. But he comes up on the government tug—to dodge the reporters, likely. I've arranged for that. And then—"

"Then you're going home—you poor tired man, you—"

"Yes, Margo, going home—"

"To get a good long rest and lots of fresh air and sunshine, and to get acquainted with your good mother and father and the boys. How you must love to go—fifteen years—Why! I was only five then—I'm jealous. Yes, I am—Go 'way!" Seating herself in his office chair and looking very stern, she added, in a baby bass: "Mr. Norton—Mr. Paul Lovely Norton! As president of the president of this New York and Pacific Railroad Company I inform you that, immediately upon the

arrival of said president in person, your services will be dispensed with for one month—But,"—hurriedly—"you must write to me every day—"

"Never fear, Little One. You came in the electric? Now I'll make a bargain with you: you vacate that chair and amuse yourself over here by the window for ten minutes while I sign the letters Jimmy is no doubt breaking Commandments over with his usual silent politeness—then we'll run around to the bank for another five—then for a whirl through the park. Of course, there're roses on Fifth Avenue—and candy—and tickets—Melba?—and then I'll go home with you to dinner. Mr. Harrington will be there. Your father sent him a wireless, too,—then you, your mother, and I will see what's to be done while those two plot some beds of violets for the Exchange to-morrow. They don't expect him till next day—and are raiding us this afternoon. What say you?"

"My!"—with a long breath—"please say that all over again—"

"You little—"

"No, sir! One's quite enough. Now, if you'll hurry—hurry—hurry—well, I'll wait. There! Quick! You can have just one u-m-m-more—You robber! You! T-t-t-oo-Stop!—There's Jimmie—"

* * * * *

For the first time in the history of the road the Limited stopped at Lumberville.

"Hallo-o-o, Skinny!"

Paul Norton stepped from the private car "Margo" to the wayside platform of his native village, the first time in fifteen years.

"Hallo, Skinny! Hey you, Skinny! Don't chew know me?—ME!—Why, you turkey-egged face of a young one, you! I've swatted that mug of your'n lots of times. Don't chew know your old miggie pard?—Shake?"

Annoyed, Paul Norton turned to see who was the object of the greeting, when a blow, rather

than a slap, on the back knocked the breath out of him and the realization into him that he, Paul L. Norton, private secretary, and general manager for the president of the largest railroad system in the world, member of four of the oldest and strictest clubs in New York City, director of the Museum of Fine Arts, he, this Paul Norton, was "Skinny," the breath out of his body, an ache between his shoulders, and his hand squeezed to knuckle-ground agony by the grinning hackman before him.

"Y-Y-Yes," gasped Norton, "I-I-pardon me, my dear fellow—And can I ask you to kindly let go my hand?—you are hurting me. Pardon me, you are rather sudden—but really I don't recall you. You are not Tim Hines, are you?"



"Hollo, Skinny! Don't chew know me?—ME!"

"Tim Nothin'! See here, Skinny Norton,—I don't give a d— if you do come back here to Lumberville—we're just as good as you are—an' a whole heap better, I'm thinkin',—and here you've got stuck up an' tryin' fust thing to put on airs as if you did n't know me. ME! Why everybody knows ME! Why, dang you! I licked you lots of times when you was a little sniv'ler; and I can do it again. Want to fight? You coward, you—Just as you always was!"

"Yes, I remember you now—but I can't quite recall your name. You really must pardon me, you took me by surprise." Norton smiled whimsically and rubbed his rescued hand. "You've changed some—Come, let us be friends—I want the friendship of every man, woman, and child in Lumberville—I was born here, you know, and have come home to see you all. Can you tell me where I can get a carriage?"

"Carriage! Carriage nothin'! Whew, what airs! See here, Skinny Norton! I'm just as good as you are, and a whole heap better, I'm thinkin'. See? And that's my hack there, but no stuck-up dude that pretends he don't know his old school kid friends kin ride in it. That's me. Independent American citizen, I am. You walk. Now see how you like it." The hackman flung himself onto the box and snatched up the lines.

"But hold on—"

An oath—a gross insult—was flung down and back at Norton—more bewildered than if the whole Exchange had raided the New York and Pacific in a body. The rickety hack swung down the muddy road in the dusk and disappeared around the birch grove. Norton turned to the station agent:

"Pardon me, I am Mr. Norton of the N. Y. and P. Can you tell me how I can get to my father's place? You know where it is? Anything on wheels to be had?"

"I'd like to help you, Mr. Norton, but that hack is the only thing to be had: unless you walk up to town and get a rig somewheres to take you out. Reddy, there, as you saw, is half red pepper, half gunpowder, and the rest plain hot—tempered fool. Flared up 'cause you did n't know him first thing. He's been blowin' for a week since your mother said you were a-comin'—Norton frowned ever so slightly—"He's been blowin' how you and he was old friends—And to be turned down so 'fore me—"the agent laughed—"to resent it was the only way he could save his face, as the Chinks say,—seein' that I took in the whole show! But how comes it you come to-night? Your folks were n't expectin' you till to-morrow on the way freight. First time the Limited has stopped in three years, since I've been here. She don't stop for nobody—"

"It did this time," Norton said coldly, whereat the agent instantly recalled himself from his village environment, that bred personal questions to the railroad man of iron discipline.

"Excuse me, Mr. Norton. I forgot. If you'll wait here I'll be only too glad to walk up there for you and send down a rig just as soon as I can—"

"No, thank you. I'll walk with you, if you don't mind." Then, relaxing, "Have a cigar?"

"Thank you. I don't smoke, but"—breaking the cigar in two—"I chaw." Norton watched

half of the dollar Havana disappear into the agent's beard, the other half into his hip pocket. And Norton was a connoisseur of cigars.

The quarter of a mile from the then dark station to the village was muddy. The agent, in his rubber boots, splashed ahead, tramping holes in the gluey muck into which Norton's kid shoes sank over their silk tops. Wet to the knees, holding his heavy suit case first in one hand, then in the other—the strain on the aching right soon becoming unbearable—Mr. Paul L. Norton of the New York and Pacific arrived at the grocery store. Reddy had arrived before him; and for Lumberville a vast crowd had gathered.

"Glad to see ye to hum agin, Len, me boy,"



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN-061

"You can have just one more—You robber!"

quavered Old Man Smith, the shoemaker. Then, in a confused chorus: "Here too, Len—Mr. Len Norton, allow me the honor of makin' you acquainted with my wife, Sue—Sue, shake hands with Len—Shake!—Howdy do?—Home agin', air ye?—Hear'd you'un was a-comin'—Golly! your feet is wet, why did n't you wear your rubber boots?—Had anythin' to eat yit? Come right in—jist had to see the old town, eh, Len? Good old place, after all, hey? Old lady and gent 'ull be corkin' glad to see ye: I hear'd 'im tellin' 'bout it—he says, says he—New-fashioned way ye've got of shakin' hands, have ye?—Old way good 'nough for us'uns—"

Deluged with whole-souled welcome, the man shook hands right and left at once, shielding his aching hand as much as possible, trying to match faces to names but getting them wrong half the time, which mistakes caused many an honest face to flush with wounded vanity. They all

knew him as of yesterday, but his fifteen years among thousands had clouded many a school memory that until this instant Norton had not realized. And it cut him to the quick to see how this hurt the honest, sincere eager men and women whose world began and ended in Lumberville. There was but one hostile note: Reddy, leering from his seat on the cracker barrel, bawled out:

"So you don't care to know your old miggler partner, do ye! Who used to help you steal into Bate's backyard nights 'cause you was afeard of the old woman? You, Skinny, you always was a ninny—"

From the corner of his eye Norton saw Henderson choke Red off. "He's drunk," the crowd assured him apologetically.

"Can I arrange for a horse and buggy to get out to the old place in?" Norton at last managed to ask.

"Sure thing!" came the universal voice of Lumberville. "Make it a dance! Hoo—raw for the dance at Norton's to-night!"

And dance it was. Just how he made those two miles of mud voyage in a jolting hay-rack, packed among nearly all those he had the day before, and for years before that, looked back upon so fondly, as the world of his boyhood, Paul Norton never told. He was the helpless target for the rain of personal questions and comment that is the life of all rustic conversations.

"What do a overcoat like that there one cost in the city, if ye don't mind me askin'?—Gee whiz! That's more'n mine cost all me life. This one I got on cost nine-forty-nine at a fire sale—un I've worn it nigh to twenty years. Bully horse blanket linin', too—Got your'n lined with horse blanket?—Wear a biled shirt every day, Len?—'Member the time you was caught kissin' Peter's wife over there in the grove—'fore she was spliced to him, of course? Pete's dead, now; goin' on four years comin' fall. She's a widdy, now,—chance for ye yet, Len!—Is that there real silk year tie is a make out of, Len?—Who's year best gal, now, Len—" Dazed, angry, amused, annoyed, Norton dodged questions here, tried to ignore them there, only to have them asked again and again. Suddenly he realized where he

was—the old home farm, with his mother standing in the door.

"My Len! Why, Len Norton, where did you come from? Come right in—and all of you," cried the motherly old Mrs. Norton, as she folded Norton in the arms that had rocked him to childhood slumber.

"Wal! Wal, me boy! Glad to see ye to hum," said a hearty voice. Paul Norton turned with a start. His father! He hardly recognized the bent shoulders, the bald head, the chin whiskers with their unshaven cheeks and lip, as the hale and rugged lumberman, in the prime of physical manhood, whom all these years he had carried in his memory as his father. So he had looked the day Paul Norton, his all in a canvas grain sack, had left home on the way freight to become a mill hand fifteen years ago. A great wave of tenderness and of bitter shame and self-reproach swept over Paul Norton's soul,

he knew not why. These people, his people, nothing could surpass their welcome, yet it grated on him, tore at his nature in a way that flooded him with shame. The old man ejected a flood of amber juice over the chin whiskers into the ashes of the open fire and announced:

"Injii yeself, neighbors. Dance till ye wear ye gol darned legs off to ya knees. Eat till ye bust. Our boy's come hum, and I giss he's money enough to buy more if the old man hain't. The house is your'n and his'n, God bless 'im. Have a chaw, Len?"

"Thank you, fa—"

Paul Norton was grabbed over both eyes from behind, a pair of fat arms smelling of soft soap suds having closed round his neck and crossed firmly over his face.

"Guess! Guess who it is—you ought to know her, Len!"—at which the room broke into a roar. Norton flushed, angry to the core: not for fifteen years had anyone offered him such a familiarity. A philosopher who will look calmly on the dead can not endure either a mosquito or a tight shoe: yet greater is he who conquers himself than he who takes a city. A hazy idea of this flashed over Norton's mind and held him rigid under the blinding embrace that revolted him. To the gathered welcomers Norton's vague guesses were uproariously funny: twice silence fell over the room as he named two that were dead and sleeping in the graveyard on the hill.

"Give up! Give up, do ye, Len? Sally O'Hara—Sally Bates who use to was—your old sweetheart, Len. Kiss him, Sallie! Kiss him good and plenty, Sallie. We'll hold him." Useless to struggle in those Amazon arms, made mighty over the washtub for one of his own section gangs, Paul Norton's lips cringed under the hearty smacks that fifteen years before he had lingered over so lovingly with many a vow of constancy as he whispered his last farewell.

"Can a man be born again? Is this I? Was I that—?" and then the returning flood of shame for himself, he knew not why. "Here is more sincerity than in all Newport—Margo!" The thought pierced him like a harpoon. Paul Norton wrenched himself loose; Sallie was satisfied and stood beaming, forty and robust, arms akimbo before him. He, Paul Norton, master of men, admired of women, honored by Margo, was sick at soul. With a forced smile he turned silently, he could not trust himself to speak, turned from the crowded room and followed his father's bent back—that back that had labored over logs for him through his childhood, that back covered with a blue jean shirt and crossed with leather suspenders—followed that back into another room—his room!—Norton stopped as if struck—his old room. Then, with a choked sob, he seated himself in his old chair and bent down to change his wet foot gear. And for company came all the men the little room would hold. Seated there in the chair of his childhood, Paul Norton, confidant and future son-in-law of America's greatest financier, bared and dried his feet while his shoes were passed from hand to hand; then out into the rural ballroom as objects of mingled general admiration and good-natured contempt.

"Wouldn't last a mile on the old Rock Road," commented his mother: "Say, Len! Oh, Len! What might sich clodhoppers cost in Neuw York?" The high nasal voice, kind as it was, rasped his ear, tuned to finer accents. And he hated himself for this.

"I've forgotten, mother," he called cheerily back.

"The idee! Buying sich expensive things an' not knowin' what they cost. That ain't no way to save money, you extravagant boy, you," she answered.

"I hear'd tell once that sich shoes come to

eight-e-e-n-n dollars apiece—te he—" giggled the freckled-faced schoolmarm.

"No. No! My Len would n't be sich a fool," he heard his mother say. "An' it 'ud be wicked to pay sich sums for shoes good only to last a day, when so many folks is needin' stout shoes. I know my Len! He ain't that kind. I raised 'im." There was a motherly pride and confidence in her voice that burned him to the core: both her protest and the schoolmarm's giggled guess had been right.

Paul Norton had once lit a cigar as a millionaire and, as the tape unwound its falling fate, and as the cigar steadily and slowly burned short, his million—His? He had not earned it!—the million vanished in the Northern Pacific corner as did the silent smoke. He had not quailed—yet he, that same—yet was he the same?—Paul Norton sat there in his old chair holding one bare damp foot in his aching hand and stared into what seemed to be a blank sheet dancing with flashing question marks. And these were the people he had in his heart and memory called "the salt of the earth;" from the lecture platform and at the banquet table glittering with silver, gold, and crystal, he had time and again eulogized them as "the hope of the nation;" these people before whom he now shrunk helpless, yet hated himself for the only term that, fight as he would, burned into his brain—"east side." They were the hope of the nation—and the raw uncouth east side, both in one, somehow, to his bewilderment.

"Hurry up, Len," called his mother. "We'uns all awaitin' for Sallie an' you to open up the dance." Soon, clad in gray frock coat, flaming red carpet slippers tied on with binding twine, and a pair of blue overalls, Paul Norton, social favorite of Gotham, led the Lumberville dance in honor of his home-coming. The humor and the romp of it all caught him, and he was a boy

again—with a sickening, haunting fear that at heart he was a cad. His soul ached as did his swollen hand. Sallie's soapy love squeezes in "money musk" were sickled o'er by the thought of that loving farewell by moonlight fifteen years ago.

"Supper all!" bellowed his father's voice above the screeching of the fiddles and the tinny piano. Seized suddenly from behind, Paul Norton, Etc., was hoisted into the air and ridden heartily into the supper room. One of the shoulders on which he rode in regal state was the broad muscular shoulder of Sallie. It was soft and warm and dimpled fifteen years ago.

"Help yourself, all of you. Len must eat a bite of every cake on the table, and pie, too—here, Len! You jist got to eat some of this 'ere fried rooster I cooked in the way you used to like so, 'fore you up and gone away,—here's the very kind of persarves you liked—un jell—un apple butter. Don't I know—" Ah, for the stomach of Len the Boy! sighed Paul Norton, forbidden to taste even, limited by a five-thousand-dollar-a-year expert to food these rugged people would—did!—scoff at. He felt, he knew himself to be their superior—but in what? Not in body: not in morals—in mind? Whose personality ruled here to-night? His?—or theirs? Blind angry with himself—yet ashamed—Paul Norton, master spirit of half a million men—fool or hero as you please—tasted this—ate that—rather than cause heartburning to a score of uncouth housewives who had remembered his schoolboy tastes for fifteen years.

"Len," roared Jeb Turner, the blacksmith, above the clatter, with a broad wink at all but Sallie, "Len, I hear'd ye air ingaged to git spliced down in York. How 'bout it?" Norton's hot flush of anger was taken for embarrassment. "Don't be bashful, Len—tell us 'bout her—pritty is she?—got the money?—t ain't a grass widdy, is she, Len?—or sod, eh, Len,—when's it to be?—we're all comin'—" rained at him till he sat speechless. Biting into a doughnut and munching it, his mother remarked with her mouthful:

"I-hope-she's-a-good-girl?"

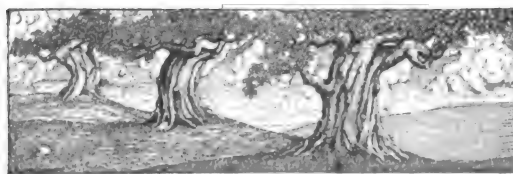
"Indeed she is, mother, the very best in the world—"

"Can't beat my Sallie any, can she?" bristled old Mrs. Bates. Norton smiled wanly at the contrast, when Mrs. Bates added: "Remember, Len, Sallie was your first love. And it's a whole lots of times I says to Mrs. Paine next door, an' jist last week, too, I says, says I to her at the sewing circle, I says to her, 'My Sallie was once ingaged to Lennie Norton, un he's a herdin' with the Rockerfellers un Morguns now—jist beats all I hear'd tell of;' un I says to her, says I, 'And I refused my consint when he come to ax me for her—un Len cried un got down on his knees un that's why he went away from here, 'cause he could n't git my Sallie.' Sallie's married now—or was, Len—Joe O'Hara—an' he was foreman of the brickyards down our way 'fore the engine run over and killed him. But she's to 'ume agin, Len—un is willin' to let bygones be bygones. Un me un her is comin' to call on your new gal down in York next fall when we comes down, seein' we's never been 'way from Lumberville in all our born days—un her name's Maggie just like my mother's was—" Anger, mortification, but mostly a hurt bewilderment left Paul Norton silent. Margo, his future wife; daughter of— "Un I was a-sayin'—" went on Mrs. Bates.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Bates," broke in Norton in desperation, "Is-is-er-is your potato crop doing well now? I noticed it as I came by to-night?"

"Len," interrupted his mother, severely but kindly, "it ain't polite to suddenly interrupt no one when they're a speakin'—"

[Concluded on pages 211 and 212]



TO-DAY

By EDITH MINITER

Other suns will shine as golden.

Other skles be just as blue.

Other south winds blow as softly.

Gently drinking up the dew:

Other goldenrod and asters

With the sun and sky agree.

These for other men and women—

Just to-day for you and me.

Other fruit of winey flavor

Wanderers will pluck and eat.

Other birds with winsome voices

Other songs will sing—as sweet;

O'er the dappled brook will midges

Dance an hour, then cease to be.

All the world may have to-morrow—

But to-day's for you and me.

Other gardens will be planted

Fair as this which we call ours.

Other blooms will put to shaming

These benign, old-fashioned flowers:

All the glories of the sunset

In the sunrise one may see.

That which others call the dawning

Is the night for you and me.

What We Owe to Dreamers

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

ONCE when Emerson was in the company of men of affairs, who had been discussing railroads, stocks, and other business matters for some time, he said, "Gentlemen, now let us discuss real things for a while."

Emerson was called "the dreamer of dreamers," because he had the prophetic vision that saw the world that would be, the higher civilization to come. Tens of thousands of men and women to-day stand where he stood almost alone.

Dreamers Are

Often the True

Prophets

Edison is a dreamer, because he sees people half a century hence using and enjoying inventions, discoveries, and facilities which make the most advanced utilities of to-day seem very antiquated.

His mind's eye sees, as curiosities in museums, fifty years hence, mechanisms and devices which now seem marvelous to us. He is a dreamer, but he lives in a world more real than most people. Dreamers in this sense are true prophets. They see the civilization that will be, long before it arrives.

As it was the dreamers of '49 who built the old San Francisco and made it the greatest port on the Western coast, so, when San Francisco lay in ashes, a few months ago, and 300,000 people were homeless, it was the dreamers of to-day who saw the new city in the ashes of the old, where others saw only desolation, and who, with indomitable grit, that unconquerable American will that characterized the pioneers of a half-century before, began to plan a new city greater and grander than the old.

It was in dreams that the projectors of the great transcontinental railroads first saw teeming cities and vast business enterprises where the more "practical" men, without imagination, saw only the great American desert, vast alkali plains, sage grass, and impassable mountains. The dreams of men like Huntington and Stanford bound together the East and the West with bands of steel, made the two oceans neighbors, reclaimed the desert, and built cities where before only desolation reigned.

It was the persistency and grit of dreamers that triumphed over the congressmen without imagination who advised importing dromedaries to carry the mails across the great American desert, because they said it was ridiculous, a foolish waste of money, to build a railroad to the Pacific Ocean, as there was nothing there to support a population.

The Dreams That

Have Come True

It was such dreamers, who saw the great metropolis of Chicago in a straggling Indian village, the Omahas, the Kansas Cities, the Denvers, the Salt Lake Cities, the Los Angeleses, and the San Franciscos many years before they arrived, that made their existence possible.

It was such dreamers as Marshall Field, Joseph Leiter, and Potter Palmer, who saw in the ashes of the burned Chicago a new and glorified city, infinitely greater and grander than the old.

Take the dreamers out of the world's history, and who would care to read it?

The most of the things which make life worth living, which have emancipated man from drudgery and lifted him above commonness and ugliness—the great amenities of life—we owe to our dreamers.

The present is but the sum total of the dreaming of the ages that have gone before,—the dream of the past made real,—the conveniences, facilities, luxuries, the improvements, which have emancipated us from much of the drudgery and the slavery of the past. Our great ocean liners, our marvelous tunnels, our magnificent bridges, our schools, our universities, our hospitals, our libraries, our cosmopolitan cities, with their vast facilities and comforts and beauties of art, are all the result of somebody's dreams.

We hear a great deal of talk about the impracticality of dreamers, of people whose heads are among the stars while their feet are on the earth; but where would civilization be to-day but for the dreamers? We should still be riding in the stage-coach or tramping across continents. We should still cross the ocean in sailing ships, and our letters would be carried across continents by the pony express.

To Be Great Is To

Be Misunderstood

"It can not be done," cries the man without imagination. "It can be done, it can be done," cries the dreamer, and he persists in his dreams through all sorts of privations even to the point of starvation, if necessary, until his visions, his inventions, his discoveries, his ideas for the betterment of the race, are accomplished.

What a picture the dreamer Columbus presented as he went about exposed to continual scoffs and indignities, characterized as an adventurer, the very children taught to regard him as a madman and pointing to their foreheads as he passed! He dreamed of a world beyond the seas, and, in spite of unspeakable obstacles, his visions became a glorious reality.

Hedied a neglected beggar, although his dreams had enriched the world, while a pickle dealer of Seville gave his name to the mighty continent

Columbus had discovered. But was this Genoese dreamer a failure? Ask more than a hundred million people who inhabit the vast wilderness, the greatest continent the sun ever shown upon, if this dreamer was a failure!

It was the men who saw the marvelous Hoe press in the hand-press a quarter of a century ahead of their contemporaries that made modern journalism possible. Without these dreamers our printing would still be done by hand. It was men who were denounced as visionaries who practically annihilated space and enabled us to converse and transact business with people thousands of miles away as though they were in the same building with us.

How many matter-of-fact, unimaginative men, who see only through practical eyes, would it take to replace in civilization an Edison, a Bell, or a Marconi?

The very practical people tell us that the imagination is all well enough in artists, musicians, and poets, but that it has little place in the great world of realities. Yet all leaders of men have been dreamers. Our great captains of industry, our merchant princes, have had powerful, prophetic imaginations. They had faith in the vast commercial possibilities of our people. If it had not been for our dreamers, the American population would still be hugging the Atlantic coast.

The Achievers

of the Impossible

The most practical people in the world are those who can look far into the future and see the civilization yet to be, who can see the coming man emancipated from the present-day narrowing, hampering fetters and limitations, superstitions, men who have the ability to foresee things to come with the power to make them realities. The dreamers have ever been those who have achieved the seemingly impossible.

Our public parks, our art galleries, our great institutions are dotted with monuments and statues which the world has built to its dreamers,—men and women who dreamed of better things, better days for the human race.

What horrible experiences men and women have gone through in prisons and dungeons for their dreams, dreams which were destined to lift the world from savagery and emancipate man from drudgery.

The very dreams for which Galileo and other great scientists were imprisoned and persecuted were recognized science only a few generations later. Galileo's dream gave us a new heaven and a new earth. The dreams of Confucius, of Buddha, of Socrates, have become realities in millions of human lives.

Christ Himself was denounced as a dreamer, but His whole life was a prophesy, a dream of the coming man, the coming civilization. He saw beyond the burlesque of the man God intended, beyond the deformed, weak, deficient, imperfect man heredity had made, to the perfect man, the ideal man, the image of divinity.

Our visions do not mock us. They are evidences of what is to be, the foreglances of possible realities. The castle in the air always precedes the castle on the earth.

George Stephenson, the poor miner, dreamed of a locomotive engine that would revolutionize the traffic of the world. While working in the coal pits, for sixpence a day, or patching the clothes and mending the boots of his fellow-workmen to earn a little money to attend a night school, and at the same time supporting his blind father, he continued to dream. People called him crazy. "His roaring engine will set the houses on fire with its sparks," everybody cried. "Smoke will pollute the air;" "carriage makers and coachmen will starve for want of work."

We Build

Monuments to

Our Dreamers

See this dreamer in the House of Commons, when members of Parliament were cross-questioning him. "What," said one member, "can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling twice as fast as horses? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. We trust that Parliament will, in all the railways it may grant, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which we agree with Mr. Sylvester is as great as can be ventured upon." But, in spite of calumny, ridicule, and opposition, this "crazy visionary" toiled on for fifteen years for the realization of his vision. On the fourth of August, 1907, New York is to celebrate the centennial of the dream of Robert Fulton. See the crowd of curious scoffers at the wharves of the Hudson River at noon on Friday, August 4, 1807, to witness the results of what they thought the most ridiculous idea which ever entered a human brain, to witness what they believed would be a most humiliating failure of the dreams of a "crank" who proposed to take a party of people up the river to Albany in a steam vessel named the "Clermont!" "Did anybody ever hear of such an absurd idea as navigating against the current of the Hudson River without sail?" scornfully said the scoffing wisecracks. Many of them thought that the man who had fooled

MY LIFE—SO FAR

By JOSIAH FLYNT

Author of "Tramping with Tramps," "The World of Craft," "Powers That Prey," etc.

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

FOURTH INSTALLMENT. COMMUNING WITH GREAT MINDS



TOLSTOI

"The count did not appear to take any active part in the direction of affairs. At one time he may have worked in the fields with the peasants, but in July of 1896 he did not share any of their toil. At least I, personally, did not see him at work among them."



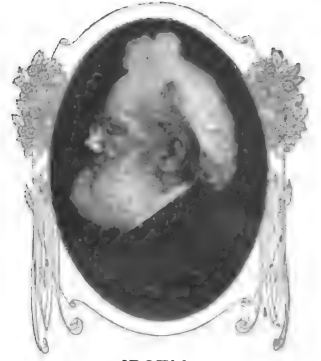
MOMMSEN

"He was a very much shriveled-up looking individual, and, when sitting down, looked very diminutive. He wore immense eyeglasses, which gave his eyes an owlish appearance. He was the proud father of twelve children, more or less, and no Berlin landlord would rent him a flat."



VIRCHOW

"The diminutive and modest Virchow could reconstruct our notions about pathology and medicine, and, at the same time, be a great Liberal, but he could not tolerate Bismarck. The monstrous chancellor could hold his own in and out of Parliament, but he could not associate with Virchow."



IBSEN

"From his manner and curtness of speech, he might have been taken for a doctor during calling hours. He was friendly, after a fashion, but the fashion was as if he had finished making intimate acquaintances, and henceforth meant to hold the world at a distance."

Josiah Flynt (Willard) died in Chicago on January 21. He succumbed to pneumonia after fighting the disease with all the vigor of his wonderful nature. We wonder how many of our readers realize just what Josiah Flynt did in writing this autobiography. We wonder, too, how many realize what we are about in publishing it. One discriminating reader writes, "It is great—but I did n't know that any editor had the nerve to print such a story." As a human "confession" there has been nothing quite like it since man first learned to write. Mr. Flynt has unrolled his life story before you with merciless truth.

An offhand reader, here and there, perhaps looks on "My Life—So Far" as galloping romance. It is romance—of an astonishingly picturesque sort. But it is more than romance. It strikes deeper than any mere romance could. The really astonishing thing about it is that Mr. Flynt should have written it at all. Men ordinarily do not tell these things, and editors ordinarily do not print them. Why did he write it, and why are we printing it?

As to the first question we can only surmise. As to the second, we are printing this narrative because it introduces to our readers the biggest problem in the world—the boy problem. Few people understood this problem a generation ago. We pay more attention to it

to-day, and no one can read Mr. Flynt's narrative of his life without giving it serious thought. Mr. Flynt was able to work the problem out for himself, we are glad to say. Out of a rather grim wrestle with the world, he evolved a philosophy of his own. But most of the other odd, hard-to-understand boys of thirty years ago headed wrong and stayed wrong. The parents of to-day study their children more, but the problem is not yet solved. When it is solved our other great problems of citizenship and right living will cease to be problems.

Never before has any magazine had the opportunity to present such a searching human document as this of Mr. Flynt's. Without apologies or excuses, he has here laid bare the mind of the misunderstood boy, and of the man that the boy grew to be. It is strong meat, but, we think, wholesome. Unhappy at home, the boy Josiah Flynt went away to find happiness abroad. He never found it. And in setting down what is, perhaps, the most remarkable autobiography of modern times, he said, simply and with feeling, "That my fellow dupes in the fruitless chase may all become sweet philosophers in the end is my earnest prayer and wish." Josiah Flynt left one legacy,—the most wonderful life story of the times. It is a great confession, a great literary document, a great lesson.—*The Editors.*

I BEGAN my career in Berlin in a very "Dutch" ready-made suit of clothes, high-heeled shoes that could be pulled on at one tug like the "Romeo" slipper, a ready-made fly-necktie, and a hat the style of which may be seen at its best in this country in the neighborhood of Ellis Island; it was local color hatified, indeed. While I lay asleep on the sofa in my mother's library, making up for the loss of sleep at sea, my mother went out and kindly made these purchases. Washed, dressed, and fed, I may have looked "Dutch," but I was clean at least, and there was no dusky fireman about to order me to hurry "further mit de coals."

It is a far cry from the stoke room of an ocean liner to a refined home and unexcelled educational opportunities. No one who had seen me passing coal on the "Elbe" would have expected to meet me in the lecture rooms of the Berlin University, a few months later, a full-fledged student in the "philosophical faculty." And no one was more surprised at such a metamorphosis than the student himself.

It came about in this way. For a fortnight or so after reaching Berlin there was little that I felt equal to beyond sitting in my mother's library, resting and reading. The little "Dutch" outfit made me presentable at least, and I was welcome to spend as much time as I liked browsing among the books. It seemed strange for awhile to sit there in comfort and ease after the long tramp trip and the voyage on the "Elbe," but I soon found myself fitting into the new arrangement without much difficulty. The coal passing experience had exhausted my physical resources more than I had at first imagined, and for days lying

on a lounge was about as much as I felt up to. It was during this period, I recall, that I read Livingstone's "Travels in Africa," George Eliot's

"Daniel Deronda," some of John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy," and chapters in German history. I seemed to take as naturally to this selection in my reading as I had formerly taken to tramp trips—testimony, it seems to me, that two sets of forces were always at work within me. While poring over these books, the Road, *Die Ferne*, and my former companionships seemed as foreign to my nature as they could possibly be; indeed, I frequently caught myself looking about the library with its pleasant appointments, and wondering whether my wanderings were not, after all, simply a nightmare.

Friendly care and good food soon restored me to my usual good health, and then came walks, visits in and about the city, experiments in the language on long-suffering cabbies and tramway conductors, and a pleasant round of excursions in the environs. But nothing as yet had been said or decided about my status in the new home, my mother apparently wanting me to recuperate first and then suggest something myself. My twenty-first birthday was near at hand. I was no longer a boy with no responsibilities. My own sense of the fitness of things told me that it was high time for me to be up and doing, if I was going to be of any use to myself and the family. Yet, for the life of me, I could think of nothing more remunerative and honorable as a calling than a woodchopper's life in the Black Forest. One of the coal trimmers on the "Elbe," a "bankrump" whose acquaintance I had made in the Hoboken cellar, had told me about this work in South Germany, and I had made up my mind to go there, in case Berlin proved inhospitable. At best, it was a makeshift job, but, for



"The Norwegian sprang at him with an oath"

the time being, it was the best outlook that I had—at least so I thought. My mother, however, had no good opinion of this plan, and recommended that I consider the whole matter more fully.

I finally decided that another fair test of sea life should be made, not in the bunkers or stoke room, but on deck, or wherever my services might be in demand. For some strange reason I had Egypt as an objective, perhaps on account of reading Livingstone's book. There was nothing particular that I can remember now to make Egypt any more attractive than Italy. But the name seemed to fascinate me, and I told my mother that if she would help me get to Liverpool, I believed that my rightful calling would come to light there. A number of days were taken up in discussing this new project,

regretted to-day, but it seemed to accomplish very little at the time. I lodged in the Sailor's Home and tried to act and talk like a master of a ship, as long as my money lasted, but this was as far as I got toward becoming an admiral or in the direction of Egypt. The only "berth" offered me was in a Norwegian schooner as "cook's mate" or something like that, whatever "that" may mean. Liverpool itself, however, or rather those sections of it near the Sailor's Home and Lime Street, was faithfully explored and studied. But no opportunity was offered me to become an admiral on a coal-passer's experience.

The upshot of the trip to England was a hasty return to Germany to try something else—and to celebrate my coming of age. I meant that that event should mark a distinct change in my

were ordinarily accepted on their face value.

I can hardly suppress a smile now when I think of my entrance into this famous university. To be sure, I had the necessary amount of money and had long since passed the required age limit, but I am afraid that a stock-taking of my other qualifications would have left me woefully in the lurch, had the other qualifications not been taken for granted. There were two years at an American college to my credit, it is true, and I had perhaps done more *general* reading than even the average German student. But what else was there to entitle me to matriculation? Nothing, I fear, unless it was my mother's earnest wish that this take place.

On my return from England I was determined to let her suggest what was best for me to do, having made such a *fiasco* of the English venture,



"A woman recognized Bismarck and ran toward his carriage"

but I persisted in thinking that Liverpool and Egypt had something wonderful in store for me. The good housing and nourishment had very probably awakened my *Wanderlust* again, but I know that the projected trip was not meant as a mere wandering in the dark, I honestly believed that something worth while would come of it.

It was eventually decided that I should at least try my hand in Liverpool, and more than sufficient money for the trip was given to me. I left Berlin thinking that I ought to go back at least an admiral of a fleet, my mother feeling quite hopeful about me, yet regretting that I was not then willing to sound Berlin a little more, and see whether I could not fit in there.

As no particular harm came to me from the Liverpool experiment perhaps it is not to be

manner and habits of life, and in many ways it did.

In the early nineties it was easier for foreigners to get into Berlin University than it is now. To-day, I am told, certificates and diplomas from other institutions must be shown before the student can matriculate. In 1890, my matriculating year, all that was necessary to become enrolled as a student in good standing was to have a twenty-mark piece in one's pocket to pay the matriculation fee, and perhaps fifty marks more to pay for one's first semester's lectures. Nothing was asked about one's former studies or academic training. The university was open to all male foreigners over seventeen years of age. Germans had to show a *Gymnasium*, or preparatory school, certificate, but foreigners

a suggestion and enterprise of my own. The university and its professors loomed up large in my mother's eyes. If she could only see me once started on such a career, she said, she thought that her cup of happiness would be full, indeed. She was set on having at least one academic child in the family, and my presence in Berlin and my willingness to behave, renewed her hopes that this ambition was to be realized. Fortunately it was for her ambition and my sensibilities that the matriculation ceremonies were so simple. My German at the time had been selected principally from the coal-passers' vocabulary, but I was quick in overhauling it, and, when ready to matriculate, probably knew as much of the language as does the average American student on first entering the university. On receiving

my matriculation certificate from the rector—a very formidable document it was, written in Latin, which I had long since forgotten—shaking hands with him, and receiving the faculty's welcome into the institution, I asked that my faulty German be pardoned.

"Certainly, Herr Studiosus, certainly," the rector assured me. "You are here to learn, we all are. So excuses are not necessary."

This was all the formality that was attached to the entrance ceremony. In five minutes, thanks to the rector, I had changed from a quondam coal passer to a would-be doctor of philosophy in the great Friedrich Wilhelm Universität, a royal institution.

To take a Ph.D. at Berlin, in my day, at least one major study was required, and also two minors. Six semesters was the time necessary for preparation before one could *promoviren*, and an acceptable "thesis" was absolutely necessary before examination was permissible. As a rule, a man with a well-written thesis and a fair mastery of his major subject, succeeded in getting a degree. There were no examinations until the candidates for degrees were ready to *promoviren*, to try for their Doctor's degree. At the end of the three years, six semesters, such candidates were called before their professors, and made to tell what they knew both in their major and minor studies. The examination was oral and alleged to be pretty minute, but I have been told by a Japanese, with a Ph.D. degree from Johns Hopkins University and preliminary study in German institutions, that, in his case, he would have preferred to take his chances in a bout with the Berlin examiners.

The significance of the title was by no means clear to me on matriculating in Berlin. In an indefinite sort of way I knew that it stood for certain learned acquirements, but what these amounted to, puzzled me much of the time, and it does yet. Occasionally, some visiting clergyman would preach for our local pastor in the American Church, and I noticed that when a Ph.D. was a part of his title, it was thought extra good form to pay extra attention to his discourse.

I think this extra attention was partly due to the significance which our pastor gave to such decorations. He put much stress on learned institutions, their doctrines and teaching, and his discourses—many of them at least—might have been delivered in the university so far as they patched up the spiritual wear and tear of his hearers.

He very kindly took an interest in my selection of lectures at the university. For the life of me I can not recall now why he or I chose political economy for my major study. It may have been because my father had been much interested in this subject and had possessed a fine library on economic questions. It may also be accounted for by my cursory look into John Stuart Mill's book previous to leaving for Liverpool. Still again, it may have been one of those haphazard selections which are resorted to in cases like mine; the subject was safe at least and perhaps the good doctor thought that studying might inculcate good principles in me about personal economy. Whatever the cause may have been, I was enrolled in the *Philosophische Facultät*, as an earnest delver into *Theoretische und praktische National-Oekonomie*. I took two *privatum*, twenty mark, lectures in my major, each semester I was in the university. Professors Wagner and Schmoller were my instructors in these courses. With Professor Wagner I never became well acquainted, but an interview that I once had with Professor Schmoller has always remained memorable. I had spent twenty marks semester after semester on his lectures, and it did not seem to me that I was getting on very fast in my subject. Being a near neighbor of ours, I resolved, one day, to call on him in his villa, and find out whether the trouble was on his side or mine. I had other uses for the semester twenty marks, unless he absolutely needed them. He

asked me point blank what my preparation for university work had been previous to matriculating at Berlin, and how it had come about that political economy had been selected as my major. I told him the truth, even resorting to anecdotes about riding freight cars to make myself clear. He laughed.

"And what have you in mind as a topic for a thesis?" he asked me. I had been four semesters in the university, and it was time for me to begin to think seriously about a thesis if I intended to *promoviren*. My thoughts were very scattered on this point, but I finally managed to tell the professor that vagrancy and geography seemed to have considerable in common, and that I contemplated a thesis which would consolidate my learning on these subjects. Again the professor laughed. He finally delivered himself of this dictum: "Vagrancy and geography don't combine in the way you infer at any German university. Geography and political economy, however, make excellent mates, and are well worth studying together. Perhaps, you might find it easier to get your degree at one of the South German universities." The insinuating suggestion at the last piqued me somewhat, but I continued to listen to Professor Schmoller for another long semester.

But in spite of all this confusion and floundering about, I was busy, after all, on my own private ends. I may not have got much from the lectures, but I came in contact with such men as Virchow, the pathologist; Kiepert, the geographer; Curtius, the Greek historian; Pfeleiderer, the theologian; Helmholtz, the chemist, and I got glimpses of Mommsen. He was not reading in the university during my stay in Berlin, but he lived not far from my mother's home, and I used to see him in the street cars. He was a very much shriveled-up looking individual, and, when sitting down, looked very diminutive. He wore immense glasses which gave his eyes an owlish appearance; I saw him to the best advantage one afternoon when we were riding alone in a street car through the Thiergarten. He had a corner in the front, and I had taken one in the rear. I hardly noticed him at first, and had opened a book to read, when suddenly the old gentleman began to mumble to himself and mutter. "*Ja, ja, so ist es*," I could hear him say. "*So muss es sein*," and he flourished his right hand about as if he were speaking to a collection of Roman senators. What it was that was "*so*," and why it had to be "*so*," I could not find out. Perhaps he was arguing a deep polemical point with an imaginary adversary, and perhaps he was merely having a little tiff with the police. He was the proud father of twelve children, more or less, and no Berlin landlord, so the story runs, would rent him a flat. He consequently lived in Charlottenburg, where, I have heard that he told the police what he thought of them and their regulations.

The most interesting interview that I had with any of my professors was with Virchow. At the time of the interview I was corresponding for a New York newspaper intermittently, and, one day, word came from the editor that a "chat" with Virchow on the political situation would be "available." Virchow kindly granted me an interview, and told me some interesting things about his fight for Liberal ideas. But he was most entertaining when talking "science." Our political chat finished, he asked me whether I was interested in anthropology, advising me that a local anthropological society was to have a meeting that same evening, and that I would be welcome. I told him that I was interested in anthropology in so far as it threw light on criminology. The old gentleman must have mistaken my meaning, or I did not know myself what I was trying to say, for my reply startled him into what seemed to me unwonted nervous activity. During the political chat he had been very quiet and calm, talking even about Bismarck in a rather subdued voice. But when I ventured to connect anthropology and crim-

inology, barely mentioning Lombroso's name it was as if someone had thrown a stone through the window. Virchow jumped up from his chair, and cried: "There you are on false ground. Let me give you a pamphlet of mine that will put you right," and he rushed into his adjoining study for a paper that had something to do with cells, etc. I might understand it to-day, but it read like Sanskrit at the time. "There," said the little man, handing me the brochure, "That will give you my ideas on that subject." In other men this proceeding might have indicated conceit. With Virchow, it was merely a friendly desire to set me right on a matter which he had thought a million times more about than I possibly could have. He seemed literally to feel aggrieved that any one should be in the dark about a matter on which he had tried to shed light.

Later, when showing him a written copy of our political interview, I had to look him up in his famous den, in the Pathological Institute, I think it was. The room was so full of skulls, bones, and "pickled" things that it was all one could do not to knock something over when moving about. I had to leave the manuscript with him for correction. He sent it to me a few days afterwards with neatly written marginal notes in his own handwriting. Of all the men I met at the university he was distinctly the most famous and affable.

His famous political antagonist, Bismarck, a man that Virchow seemed to hate, judging by his manner when discussing him, I saw but once. It was not long before his dismissal from office, and he was returning from the Emperor's palace, where he had gone to give him birthday congratulations. I was standing in front of the Café Bauer on the Unter den Linden just as Bismarck's carriage came by. I shall always remember his strong face and remarkable big eyes, but this was about all that I saw. A woman recognized Bismarck just as I did, and ran toward his carriage, crying: "Oh, Prince Bismarck! Prince Bismarck!" There was something in her manner which made one think that she wanted to ask some favor of the great man, and had been waiting for his appearance. The mournful note in her voice might have meant anything—a son in prison, a dying soldier husband, a mere request for bread. The driver of the horses was taking no chances, however, and the great Chancellor was whisked away toward the Wilhelmstrasse.

The diminutive and modest Virchow could reconstruct our notions about pathology and medicine, and at the same time, be a great Liberal, but he could not tolerate Bismarck. The monstrous Chancellor could reunite Germany, dictate her foreign policy for years, and hold his own, in and out of Parliament, as a master mind, but he could not associate with Virchow. The two great Germans were both iconoclasts and builders, were both dwellers in the same city, and both much admired and criticized—but they needed separate sides of the street when abroad—a fact, by the way, which goes much to help out the other fact demonstrating German *Kleinlichkeit*—smallness.

When all is said and done about my university career, I think that the good it did me was accomplished mainly in the Royal Library and in the Thiergarten—a natural park in the center of the city, where I could invite my soul comfortably in winter, say at 10° above zero, and in summer, at about 70° of heat—all this—*à la* Fahrenheit, by the way, who has no following in Germany, either zero-wards or otherwise. The library advanced me ten books at a draw in any language I felt equal to, and the Thiergarten helped me to ponder over what I had read and did not understand. Certainly no professor ever felt more learned than I did when I tramped through the park to my home, with the ten books slung over my shoulder. My mother used to love to see me come into the house after this fashion, and even my fox terrier, Spicer, put on a learned look

peculiarly her own, when she deigned to observe my studious tendencies.

What it was, in the library or the Thiergarten, that switched me, when reading, from political economy to Africa, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Stanley, it is a little difficult to explain. In the final analysis I suppose it was mere temperament. By my third semester I knew ten times more about Africa than I knew about my own country, and an uncountable number of times more than I ever will know about Political Economy. Burton was the man I particularly took to, and to this day, he remains on a very high pinnacle in my estimation of men.

This kind of reading naturally did not bring me any nearer my Ph.D. But it taught me to keep quiet, dodge *Die Ferne*, and to take an interest in what other men had done,—to remember that all the traveling in the world was never intended to be done by me. Of course, I had dreams of becoming an explorer, but they were harmless armchair efforts that gave my mother



"The old gentleman began to mumble"

no anxiety, and were profitable in so far as I seriously studied geography. Possibly, had a berth in an exploring expedition been offered me, I should have been tempted to take it; but no such opportunity came to hand.

My companions in the university were nearly all *Streber*, young men who were determined to obtain degrees. A more mixed collection of friends I have never had. My most intimate "pal" was a Japanese, the others next intimate were a Greek, a German-American, a British-American, some *bona fide* Teutons, and my dog Spicer—the latter being in the university by proxy, so to speak. In the early semesters we did pretty much what all students at German universities do. Here in the United States, there are minute observers of college morals, who would have said that we were all bound devilwards. We attended *Kneipen*, spent our Sundays in the Grunewald, and would *schwänzen*—omit attendance at lectures—when convenient. But all of my friends, except one, have done well.

The unfortunate exception was probably the most strenuous student in the company. He took his degree with all sails set for a promised professorship at home, went home, was disappointed in what he had been led to think he was to teach, became discouraged and despondent, and finally tossed himself in front of a train. Poor "Zink!" He had studied history and wanted to give lectures about it. The western college trustees, who had promised him a chair in history, insisted on his teaching grammar also, or some other subject that he had paid no attention to since college days, and his sense of the fitness of things revolted. He had specialized honestly and fearlessly, and he desired to continue as a specialist. The college trustees wanted a complete faculty in one or two men, and "Zink" would not submit. If any man deserved fairer treatment, this old university friend did.

* * * * *
Years and years ago, when Luther was giving us, or rather demanding of us, two strong legs and an obstinate "No" when it was our duty to say "No," there were thousands of young men in Germany who had wheelbarrows and, I trust, the two strong legs. They were called *Handwerksburschen*, traveling apprentices, a name that remains intact with their counterpart of our day. The apprentices in honorably quitting their master—I fear, sometimes before honor had become a definite part of their moral baggage—would put their bits of tools into the wheelbarrows, the masters would give them a Godspeed, and away the young men would go over Europe, studying their trades in different countries, and getting acquainted with life in towns, villages, and fields. In the main, they were earnest inquirers of their kind, seeking comparative wisdom and a friendly acquaintance with The High Road.

Luther has long since gone, and with him the *Handwerksbursch* of his time. The High Road has given way to the fourth class railway car, and the wheelbarrow and kit of tools to a stingy knapsack. The *Handwerksbursch* still has two legs as a rule, but he hates to use them.

Such good nature and fellowship as must have prevailed among Luther's traveling apprentices could also be found among the students of the time. They took to The High Road, saw men, cities, and things, and, their vacation over, returned to their lectures and books. Like the *Handwerksburschen*, however, they have found their accounting with the present, and to-day are quite as much at home in the fourth class car as were their predecessors on The High Road.

In course of time it came my turn to make one of the students' tours of Germany. The semester was over, a friendly companion was at hand, and, for a *Rundreise* excursion, we had sufficient money in our pockets. It may or may not have been a sop to *Die Ferne* that I undertook this jaunt, but I think now that it was merely a well-timed outing in order that *Die Ferne* should not be consciously considered. Here again, as so often before and since, credit must be given to my mother. She seemed to know, to the hour almost, the time when it was necessary for me to jump out of harness and take to the open again.

My companion on this first exploration of Germany was a gentleman considerably older than myself. He was a stalwart Norwegian, perhaps forty years of age, with a burly blond beard, a great "bundle of hair," as the tramps say, and a pugnacious belief in the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

He was a tall, blond man, from "Minnesoty," and he talked in the most interesting way about the university, philosophy, religion, Norway—and

[Concluded on pages 199 to 203]

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The Golden Thread

Does a Child or Youth Ever Give a Credible Foreshadowing of His Maturity?

By **PATTERSON · Du BOIS**

Illustrated by **B. CORY KILVERT**

IN FRONT of a large, old-fashioned mansion, overlooking a spacious lawn, stood four boys, ranging in age from perhaps ten to fourteen. This was the summer vacation. It was more than a generation ago, when splendid profitable farms lay less than a half-dozen miles beyond the paved ways of a great Eastern city.

The suburban commuter was then a comparative rarity. A jog trot of an hour could carry holiday-free schoolboys out to country places, where they could follow the plowman, fetch the cows, tumble in the haymow, carry sheaves, climb trees, fly kites, chase butterflies, hide and seek in the woodlands, or go fishing for miniature game.

In every one of such employments our four boys were past masters. Three contiguous farms owned by relatives were open to them. There were at least two other lads of kin who were sometimes with them, and two farm boys, who, in many un-mortgaged hours, joined them.

At the present moment, the boys were off duty and waiting for the "next thing." A middle-aged man, the lord of the establishment, passing along, stopped to have a pleasant word with his young guests, and in a quizzical mood asked each lad individually what he expected to be when he grew to manhood. He began with the oldest and went on in turn to the youngest.

The boys needed no time to cogitate the matter. One might suppose that each had long ago decided his elective, after serious deliberation—or, at least, with as weighty reasons as our young men in college turn the scale of their decisions! The first boy answered, with no uncertainty, that he wanted to be a farmer. The proprietary lord smiled at this compliment to his own interests, and repeated the question to the second. "Farmer," said number two; "Farmer," added the third, encouraged by the progressing smile of the lord inquisitor. Then from the fourth and youngest, burst the word, "Druggist!"

Skipping the years, now what do we find? Not one farmer, not one druggist; but a business man—a financier—a journalist, a scientific Government officer, and a bookkeeper. Of the other four boys, two, with mechanical ingenuity, became, respectively, a salesman, and a real estate expert, and the other two, who showed no decided bent, became, respectively, a physician and an industrial designer.

To Diagnose Child Nature

All this is quite commonplace. Any adult reader can extend the story in the same general vein. Just here lies its first value. Out of this common experience arises an inevitable question—*Does a child or youth ever give a credible foreshadowing of his maturity?* We may apply this to the trend of tastes, to occupation, to intellectual and moral powers, to achievement or to failure in any human activity or interest.

If there is, in education, anything in the attempt to train and direct the young, we must first acquire the fine art of diagnosis or interpretation of the child's symptoms of his individuality. This, in some degree, acquired, we may begin to talk about what the physicians call prognosis or prediction. The interpretation of the child, then, is the first consideration, in our effort

to be useful to him and in making him a useful and worthy member of society.

The trouble is that we are too superficial and too restricted. We want to be more definite than is possible. Then, too, we mistake the bearings of one thing on another, and attribute effects to unreal causes. We are not expert in knowing clues or in following them. The father thrashes his boy for losing his rubbers, and if the next pair is not lost the thrashing gets the credit of making a better boy, whereas, it may have saved a pair of rubbers and made a worse boy.

The truth is, we mistake a symptom of one thing for the symptom of another. The desire of the boys to be farmers was not a symptom of future farming, nor the desire to be a druggist a symptom of a coming apothecary. Of what then were these desires symptomatic, or did they indicate anything at all?

The Case of General Grant

Whimsical, unstable, planless, as childhood characteristically is, we must believe that it is not without indications of the future man, if we only know how to read the signs. Will the boy who plays with lizards and toads and steals birds' eggs be a naturalist or a grafter, or both? Will the girl who presses flowers tastefully be a botanist or an artist, or neither? Will the child who shows facility with pen or pencil be a literary worker, a designer, or a machinist? Will the reticent, bashful boy make an orator or a promoter? Will the sententious youth be clever in speech, in argument, in journalism, or in banking? Will the boy who steals rides and "swipes" fruit be a thief or a worker in organized charity? Will the mimic be an actor, the juvenile schemer a politician?

You know, when any man comes to the top and is called great, how the associates of his school life turn up with stories of his early ways. They become prophets at the wrong end, and show the indications that the child was father of the man. Is it an artist, he used to draw on the margins of his books; a general, he was devoted to regalia and a drum; a merchant prince, he sold trinkets for pins; a surgeon, he cleaned and kept in a cabinet the skull of a rat, and could skin a squirrel dexterously; and so forth. Or, if it be not thus, there is the opposite extreme—the genius of to-day was the dunce of childhood.

After all, if we wish to develop our powers in the profitable forecasting of the future of our children, we must do this very thing—look back in many typical cases, and compare the child with the man or the man with the child, without prejudice. A difficult feat it is, sure enough—most difficult of all, no doubt, but naturally most interesting, when the subject is oneself.

What, for instance, will you do with General U. S. Grant? He said that indolence was his besetting sin through life. He was very backward as a schoolboy. He found West Point wearisome and uninteresting; he studied little, but he spent much time reading good novels. He was a failure as a business man, and always impecunious. One of



"He used to draw on the margins of his books"



"As he enters his gate flushed from a quarrel"

his neighbors said he had not intellect enough to be a credit to the district. Yet we know his military success and his literary achievement under painful circumstances. Do you see any controlling motive or characteristics running through his life from childhood to the end? That is the first question. If you can see it now, could you have divined it in any degree, had you been his father, his neighbor, or his classmate? That is the second question.

I believe that through every normal life runs a continuous, potential golden thread, a nerve of efficiency. However complex, interrupted, and awry the weave, this golden thread—perhaps there is more than one—runs on. Sometimes it is wholly enveloped and hidden from view, but it is none the less present. It may show itself here and there as intellect, as feeling, as morality, as spirituality—one way or all.

Two Boys

Take a matured life; can you trace the golden thread of efficiency backward? Take a child; can you catch the glister of it and guess which way it is coursing? It may be many-stranded, sometimes frayed and ragged, almost broken; at other times it is a close twist, smooth and taut.

I know of nothing that will take you more absorbingly, more usefully, and more joyously into the heart of life than this. If it does no more it will open the way to a surer knowledge of our children's individuality and an interpretation more responsible and better worth following.

Our estimate of any child's characteristics and possibilities may be correct, as far as they go, and yet be so incomplete as to render our estimate in effect false or valueless. The opinions and feelings of young companions often include a line of judgment quite out of our calculation. Let me illustrate by a bit of personal experience:

Some time ago, I visited a school, where, nearly forty years before, I was a pupil, seven or eight years of age. The same faithful teacher was still teaching in the same room. In looking over the roll book, I saw the names of a number of boys whom I recollected very easily. I made comments upon the character of several of them, and was interested to see how the teacher both agreed and differed with me in my estimates. She was no ordinary teacher, for, notwithstanding the thousands that had been under her care in a half-century, she remembered every boy to whom I alluded. I was, however, still the child estimating his child-companions. The teacher was the adult, professionally viewing the child. I characterized one boy as a very good, well-behaved boy. The teacher assented, but with the qualification that he was heavy, dull, and sluggish. Another boy I characterized as a terrible, bad fellow, and the teacher demurred to that, saying that he had a good heart, but was afflicted with a fiery temper.

These two cases illustrate the different kinds of emphasis which may be put upon a boy's character,

and attainments. I do not doubt that the teacher was partly right in each case, seeing further in one direction than I did; but I still feel that, in another direction, I, as a child, saw further than she, and knew the boys equally as well as she. Neither one of us had an all-round knowledge. What I saw as "goodness" in one, she saw as mental dullness. His moral deportment was agreeable to me, and so impressed itself upon me. I have not the slightest recollection of his qualities as a scholar, although that seemed to be her chief impression of him. What I saw as a terror in the other, she saw not as evil, but as the affliction of temper which the boy had not learned to control.

As, in my matured manhood, I stood before my erstwhile and now quite elderly teacher, she did not seem any older to me than she did forty years before. Neither had our points of view in these particular cases changed a whit. She was intellectually critical, while I still felt. She, as teacher, set store by the first boy's scholarship, while his qualifications as a student never entered my childish mind. She seemed to discount his gentleness and agreeableness to me as a schoolfellow, explaining it away as dullness and sluggishness. (Was she right?) His mentality as student most strongly influenced her judgment, while his companionable amiability most strongly affected mine.

The second boy had too great a reputation as a menace and a street pugilist to permit of her altogether overlooking the feeling or impulse side of his case. He was probably a much better student than the other, which fact made it the more easy for her to condone his irate and dangerous disposition. I have not the slightest recollection of him as a scholar, but I have an indelible picture of him on my mind as he enters his gate flushed from a quarrel, and perhaps a mean victory.

While my childish estimate of the two boys has projected itself into my present life, I am different from my past self in that I can set it apart and look at its attitudes and judgments objectively and critically, as though they were not my own; and *vice versa* I can view my teacher's attitude as objectively and critically, and so compare the teacher's view with the child's view, quite disinterestedly, for there is nothing to be gained now by a prejudiced opinion either way.

Judged by His Fellows

It was certainly to the teacher's credit that she saw, or thought she saw, a good heart in the boy whose very name among us boys was a synonym for bullying and wrath. As it comes to me out of the long past, a feeling comes with it,—a feeling generated out of the school atmosphere, rather than out of any personal antagonism or difference, for I have no recollection of ever having had any quarrel with him.

A good heart? Why did the teacher think so? It might be to the credit of her heart that she so judged him, and yet it might not be to the credit of her intellectual discrimination. The consensus of opinion of the boys is worth much as evidence, and yet there may have been, and doubtless were, some boys not in this consensus of condemnation. Nevertheless, she may have been right, fundamentally, for it is not inconceivable that a boy, whose temper is always bringing him into trouble, may grow worse, through being misunderstood and avoided, instead of better, through being sympathized with. But boys of eight or ten do not philosophize to the extent of looking for a good heart under a devilish exterior.

Again, was the first boy's decency and durability merely a mental dullness, physical inertness, or temperamental heaviness? It may be so, but I can hardly think it. Heaviness and sluggishness are no more popular traits with boys than they are with adults. I would not take issue with a teacher as to his scholarship. That has left no impression on me—as might be expected. Attachments are not usually rooted in brains. That he was an agreeable and companionable, clean-mouthed seat-mate, I know. There can be no mistake on this point. As to his dullness, it is certain that many children and men are so stigmatized, who are simply shy, reticent, sensitive and perhaps secretive. Such characters



"Will the reticent, bashful boy make an orator?"



"Will the boy who steals a ride be a thief?"

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[Concluded on page 196]



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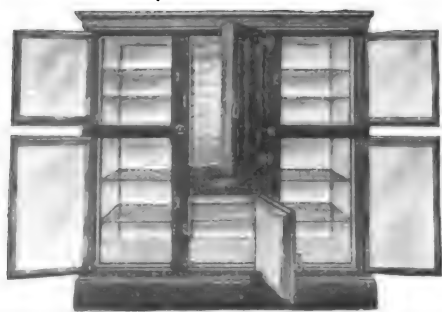
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Training the Baby

By Christine Terhune Herrick

Illustrated by LAETITIA HERR



BETTY had been reared in the old-fashioned ways of obedience. Jack had not. In his home, as Betty happened to know, the children were allowed to have pretty much their own way, and, although they had all turned out right, Betty cherished the conviction that they must have made things pretty lively for all concerned while they were growing up.

The young father and mother had many discussions over the problems of child-raising, while the little one was so young that, to some persons, it would have seemed that the period of training was yet far ahead. But Betty had not read the law and the prophets of child-culture for nothing. She did not agree with all they taught, but their rather fanciful theories were corrected in her case by her recollection of her own mother's methods, in the raising of a large family. Certain maxims which Mrs. Melton had often quoted as having been received from her own mother, herself a noted disciplinarian, Betty had very clearly fixed in her mind.

"It is not so much the severity as the certainty of a punishment that impresses a child," Betty repeated to Jack. "That was one of my grandmother's sayings. Another was, 'Avoid raising an issue with a child, but when it is raised, do not yield.' But the one that I think appeals to me most is something I myself have heard her say again and again, 'I never had the patience to have a disobedient child.' That is the way I feel," finished Betty.

"You know, that strikes me as rather contradictory," said Jack. "I should think, speaking from the standpoint of a mere man, that it would need more patience to teach a child obedience than to stand his disobedience."

"It might at first," said Betty. "I suppose it is pretty hard to be patient enough in teaching a child to mind. But, you see, if once she learns obedience you never have any more bother."

Jack looked a little skeptical, but said no more.

Betty had gained a long step by having the child's early habits well formed. A friend of hers, whose baby had been born about the same time as Elizabeth, had fallen into the hands of a nurse, whose one idea was to keep the baby quiet, and who rushed to take it up whenever it uttered a cry.

"She began to call to him the moment she left my room to go to him," the mother told Betty afterwards. "She would cry out, 'There, my lamb, my baby, my darling, nurse's coming,' and go swooping down the hall like an old hen after her chick. As a result, I have never been able to get him into good habits of sleeping, or even of eating, and I am worn out with taking care of him."

Betty had no such trials, and she found other advantages besides those of regular hours for food and sleep, as the child grew older. Betty was naturally methodical, and it was not hard for her to conform to times and seasons, or to train her baby to do the same. The baby had a fixed hour for going out, as for taking her bath, her meals, or her nap. Becoming accustomed to this from the first, it was easier for Betty to make the little creature come into other settled ways.

Betty never forgot the first time she succeeded in teaching the child what was meant by "No." The

baby had found out the delight of pulling at her father's hair, and Jack, whose short locks were easily rearranged, rather encouraged the youngster in this mode of amusing herself. One day, it suddenly occurred to the baby mind that her mother, too, had hair, which might be pulled. Betty was bending over her, when, with a shriek of glee, Elizabeth clutched the mass of hair on the maternal head, and gave it a pull that brought it tumbling about Betty's face.

On that occasion, it happened that there was no reason why Betty should not comb her hair and put it up again, but she knew well that there would be many times when this could not be done. So she straightened herself up, disentangled the baby fingers from the flowing tresses, took the child's hands in her own, and looking steadily into the baby eyes said, quietly and firmly, "No! Baby must n't touch."

Elizabeth looked uncertain for a moment, and then made another grab at the hair. Betty caught the hands again. "No!" she said once more. The baby looked uncertain. "No!" repeated Betty. The firm tone apparently startled the child a little, and the baby lip quivered. Betty caught her to her, and petted and kissed her and played with her, until the child was laughing again. But when she put out her hand once more toward her mother's hair, this time with an unmistakable look of inquiry, Betty again repeated her "No!"

There could be no doubt that the child understood. Always, after that, when she tried to pull down Betty's hair,—and she made the attempt more than once,—Betty pursued the same treatment, and it was not long before she could see for herself that the child knew and obeyed the prohibitive word, not only in this, but in other instances.

When Elizabeth was about twenty months old, there came one dreadful day of battle. Up to this time, the child had displayed no symptoms of real rebelliousness, but had obeyed sweetly and promptly all the small prohibitions and trifling commands that had been laid upon her. She had been taught that there were certain things she should not touch, and the word "No," was usually enough to check her in any attempts to meddle. But, on this day, while playing about the room where Betty sat sewing, she had come to her mother with a little china toy dog in her hand, and had begun pounding it on the polished top of her mother's work table. Betty glanced up.

"No, Baby," she said: "Don't do that, Baby dear." Elizabeth looked at her steadily and continued to pound.

"Mother said, 'No!'" said Betty, looking her in the eyes.

Elizabeth pounded some more.

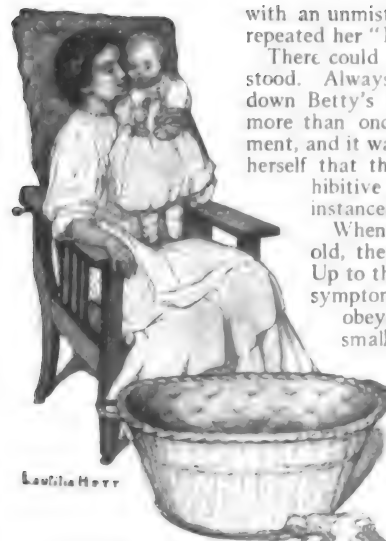
Betty took the dog gently from her hands.

"No!" she repeated.

"No?" asked Elizabeth, gazing at her mother impatiently.

Sure that the child understood her, and never doubting her obedience, Betty gave the dog back to her. The little dame immediately resumed the pounding, now with an unmistakable air of defiance.

Betty arose, took the dog gently from the baby, put it on the shelf, and sat down again to her sewing. Whereupon, Elizabeth, after an astounded moment, flung herself upon the floor and lifted up her voice in a yell of rage.



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The issue had come! There was nothing to do but to go through with it. Betty picked the child up, and set her down on a small chair beside her. Then she took the little hands in hers again. "Baby," she said, "No! Stop crying."

Baby continued to wail, and also tugged her hands to get them away, stiffening herself out in an endeavor to slide from the seat to the floor.

"Baby, be good!" said Betty, and, as the child continued her struggles and screams, she tapped the little fingers sharply with a piece of whalebone from her workbasket.

This was a surprise to Elizabeth. The cries changed in an instant from rage to pain, and the temper vanished. The stiffened body relaxed, the little hands ceased to fight, and the little creature threw herself into her mother's arms. Betty gathered her up and comforted her, and it is safe to say that the mother shed as many tears as the child.

When calm was restored, Betty gave the dog back to the baby. The child held it poised above the table for a moment, and Betty's heart sank. Had her discipline failed? But Elizabeth looked at her wisely and shook her head.

"No," she said firmly. "Baby good girl."

It was the only fight Betty ever had with her in the cause of obedience.

"I suppose a lot of these child-culture people would say I had 'broken her spirit,'" she remarked to Jack, when telling him of the struggle. "But I don't think it will do her a bit of harm."

"I don't think so, either," said Jack, thoughtfully. "You know I was n't brought up like that. None of us was. But, since I have been grown, I have come to the conclusion, that it would have made life easier for us if we had been. You see, everyone has to mind some one sooner or later. In school, a boy has his masters, and, at work, he has his boss, from whom he has to take orders. Then, he has to mind himself, if he is going to be a decent sort and lead a straight kind of a life. So, if he learns to obey while he is small, it saves him a lot of hard knocks afterwards. Perhaps it is n't so with women, but it is with men, and I don't believe it will do the baby any harm to learn to do as she's bid. Go ahead, young woman! I reckon your discipline goes."

The habit of obedience stood Jack and Betty in good stead when Elizabeth began to come to the table. Like all parents with a first child, they were very eager to get their first-born to the family board, and, while they waited until she was about a year old, before they had her there regularly, she was younger than that when she received her high chair and was brought in upon special occasions. From the first, Betty determined that the child should not make a nuisance of herself in the way of interfering with the conversation of older people. When she came only now and then, Jack addressed most of his conversations to her, and Betty made no comment. But, after the high chair became a daily event, Betty felt that a change must be made. She knew that, if the child were allowed to chatter, and encouraged to play when the father and mother alone were there, she would expect to have the same liberty when guests were present. So, one day, she had a serious talk with Jack on the subject. It took a good deal of persuasion, but, finally, he was brought to see that it was hardly fair to the child to make her the monologist of the feast when they were alone, and expect her to remain mute when a friend came to a meal. After that, he put some restraint upon himself, and, when the first novelty of her presence had worn off, he found that it was a convenience to be able to carry on a sustained conversation with his wife, unvexed by infantile prattle.

Because Elizabeth came to the table, she was by no means allowed liberties of diet. She had too good a digestion to be spoiled, her mother said, when ill-advised visitors begged that she might have a taste of this or that. She had her own food, cereals, potatoes, sweet and white, simply cooked, a little rare beef or mutton, a bit of white meat of chicken or turkey, a few vegetables, plain sweets in great moderation, and milk to drink. From the first, she was accustomed to seeing older persons eat articles of food refused to her.

"That is not good for little



"This is your first child"

girls," was the unfailing formula. "When Elizabeth is a big girl, she can have some of it."

"It would do no harm to give her a taste," said an injudicious guest one day. "She would like it, and it would n't hurt her."

"But then she would know what she was being refused, even if there were no other harm done," said Betty. "Now she takes it for granted that she is not to have this or that, and she suffers nothing by having certain dishes kept from her. But, besides that, I do feel that it upsets a child's stomach to let her have a taste of things which are not good for her."

"This is your first child," said the visitor patronizingly. "When you have had half a dozen, you will change your views. I gave every one of my five something of everything we had, from the time they were six months old."

And Betty, recalling the pasty complexions and delicate frames of the guest's children, felt that she could well believe it.

"Why should n't she have a little coffee in her milk?" asked another visitor one morning.

"Why should she have it?" returned Betty. "She likes her milk as it is, and, as I don't wish her to drink tea or coffee until she is grown, I see no reason why I should give her a taste for it at an early age."

It was after such occasions as this that Betty confided to Jack that it was more trouble to "stand off" her friends, than it was to raise her child.

Very early in Elizabeth's career had come the question of outings, and the way in which they should be taken. As it was summer, she was allowed to go out while she was still a wee baby, but this was in the nurse's arms. Not while she was very tiny was she permitted to be taken out in a baby carriage, and when she was put into one of these, it was a regulation

carriage,—not a go-cart, in which the child was obliged to sit up almost straight. In the baby carriage she could lie down, and she kept this position, until her spine was strong.

The child was kept as much out of doors as possible. Two outings a day were the rule, and often, as she grew older, she took her nap in the open air, her eyes always carefully shaded. This care of the eyes was a point on which Betty was most particular. Her child was never rolled about the streets with the sun glaring in her face. If the rays fell upon her, it was through a parasol or shade of some kind.

From the beginning, Elizabeth was a sunny natured baby, and Betty took care not to spoil her. The child had her full share of petting and cuddling, but she was early taught to amuse herself. She had a good supply of toys, and she herself was enthroned in a lined and wadded clothes basket, where she was protected from the drafts close to the floor, and could keep her playthings within reach. She would amuse herself thus by the hour. Every now and then, Betty would pick her up, give her a toss, and have a frolic with her, to prevent the little limbs from becoming cramped.

"If all children are as little trouble as this one," declared Betty, "I agree with President Roosevelt that there is no excuse for race suicide."

OPPORTUNITY

By Nixon Waterman

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PIN MONEY PAPERS

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

Illustrated by MAUD THURSTON

EVERYWHERE I hear the same complaint from women: "Oh dear! I wish I could earn a little money." It does not come from the women who are foot-loose, who can go out into the world and make merchandise of any talent or capability they possess. They are women who are tied to homes, happily enough, with children and house-keeping and pleasant social duties to fill their lives. Still, they have the ambition and longing not exactly to become wage winners, but in some way to earn a little money for the small needs or luxuries.

It is exactly this sort of woman that I want to interest in our page of PIN MONEY PAPERS. Not only will she find small helps and economies here that will aid her with her own housekeeping, but she can help others with ideas of her own, as well, for these ideas are marketable. One woman, attracted by the motive of this department, tells me she sat down for "a quiet think," with a notebook at her elbow, and in half an hour she had jotted down a number of little ways of her own for doing things; one was an original method of tying her child's shoe laces, so that they will not come untied; another, a way for transforming a cheap cut of beef into a most savory dish; then she told how to make ice-cream freezing an easier job. Everything she set down was a valuable way to economize time, labor, or money. That "half hour of a think" earned her five dollars, and her ideas are worth much more than five dollars to the thousands of women who will read her paragraphs.

So, you see, it is a page of help to others as well as to yourself. Don't imagine that this sort of contribution requires skill in writing. Set down your ideas as you would tell them, simply and intelligently, to an interested friend. If they require any "dressing up" or "dressing down," an editor can do that quickly enough. It is your interest, your sympathy, your ideas that we want, to make PIN MONEY PAPERS the best, the most practical and most interesting of any page of its kind in the country. Let whatever you have to send us this month be hints that would be valuable for May, helps about spring house cleaning, sewing, putting winter clothes safely away, gardening, May entertainments, planning for the work or enjoyment of a summer, or any excellent way you have for using the fresh fruit and vegetables of spring.

For the Housekeeper in March

A FROST BLEACH.—Last March, when I did my spring sewing, I made up several lots of bed and table linen. A large part of it was unbleached, for that wears better than the cotton which a chemical bleaching has whitened. When everything was hemmed, it was washed and hung out on the line, that the sun might get in its work. Instead, there came a severe frost, which for days pinned the linen to the ropes. When I did take it down, it was as white as snow, much better bleached than by sunshine. My old Irish washwoman tells me that in her country all the beautiful homespun linen is bleached by frost when possible, rather than by sun.—Elinor Gates.

UNUSUAL WARES FOR SALE.—Two small boys, who were saving every cent, last year, for a summer vacation, made twenty-seven dollars at Easter by a "sale" they held. Their wares were a fine assortment of birds' nests that they had made during the winter, having learned basketry in a summer school. The nests cost them almost nothing, being made from raffia, rushes, willow twigs, and native grasses in dull shades of greens, browns, and

grays. Sometimes gourds were transformed, by a weaving of raffia, into the cunningest of bird domiciles. The boys lived in a pretty town, where nature study had been made much of in the schools, and the inviting little bird houses sold like hot cakes to people who wished their yards denized by feathered neighbors.—Emily.

"LICKING GOOD."—In March, when the first rhubarb comes, I make a sauce for supper which always finds a welcome at our table. It consists of one third of stewed rhubarb, slightly sweetened with two thirds of stewed prunes. Each fruit is cooked separately, then lightly blended with a fork. The sourness of the rhubarb seems to be just what is needed by the cloying sweetness of the prunes to make a perfect dish.—Jane Fletcher.

GETTING THE RIGHT TINT.—When a bit of wall paper gets torn or peels off, it can be mended by means of a new piece, a rub of paste, and careful measuring; but the new paper shows so vividly fresh

against the old that I lay it outdoors, till the sun fades it to the desired shade.—Grace R. T.

DON'T LET SKATES RUST.—When I put away the children's skates for the summer, I rub them liberally with kerosene, so they will not rust before they are wanted again.—C. C.

WHEN FROCKS NEED LENGTHENING.—My little girls are just at the age when they lengthen rapidly of limb, and it means a constant letting down of frocks. Instead of putting tucks on the outside of their frocks as I used to do, I put them inside, just above the hem. If there is trimming of any sort on the skirt, the tucks do not interfere with it, as they are so close to the hem that a seam does not show.—Mrs. L. K.

MAKING OVER WINDOW SHADES.—When I cleaned house last spring, it seemed as if new window shades were a stern necessity, but so many other things were required that I hesitated. I remembered one economical friend, who turned her shades upside down after the lower part was worn. I tried it, but almost gave up the job. When I tried to make a new hem, the good end, which had been wound about the roller, would insist on curling up in the most refractory fashion. I conquered, however, by laying each shade on the ironing board with the curled-up side down, and pressing it with a hot iron. After that, it was an easy task to turn a neat hem and run it through the machine. I found I had to let out the stitch as far as it would go, or the thick fabric would have puckered.—Mrs. Parmalee.

LONG LIFE FOR THE HOT-WATER BOTTLE.—I never knew how to care for a hot-water bottle until a trained nurse showed me. She emptied it, dried it, blew it up, corked it, and hung it away until it was needed again.—P. R. T.

EASTER BLOSSOMS.—I had the prettiest surprise last Easter, when a little girl, who lives next door, brought me one of the simple gifts she was carrying about the neighborhood. About the end of February, she had cut a bundle of twigs from the trees and shrubs in their yard and set them in bottles of water in a sunny window of the attic. They burst into blossom just before Easter, and she had fairy-like bunches of lilacs, bridal wreath.



"Set them in a sunny window of the attic"

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or Japonica, as well as blossoms of peach, pear, apple, and cherry to brighten dull days when the spring still seemed far away.—F. M.

HOME-DYED CURTAINS.—I had three pairs of fine madras curtains in the parlor which were not worn out, but their delicate coloring of pink, green, and blue had faded to a dirty gray. I washed them carefully, but they were uglier than ever. I tried an experiment by making a dye of just the color I wanted. I squeezed into a gallon of gasoline one tube of vermilion oil paint and half a tube of crimson lake, and stirred each curtain in it for about ten minutes, moving them constantly, to keep them from being streaky. The result was three pairs of curtains of a warm crimson tone. For two years they have hung at the dining-room windows, and there is not a faded streak in them.—R. J. L.

EASY CHOPPING.—Some recipes call for a teaspoonful of chopped parsley or chives, as flavoring for a soup, sauce, or meat dish. I never bother with chopping such fine vegetables; instead, I gather a bunch of them tightly between my fingers and shred them finely with a pair of scissors.—G. K.

TO START THE SEEDLINGS.—Long before it is time to begin gardening, I start everything which can be set in the open ground as a seedling. This is how I do it: all the eggshells used in the house are saved for weeks; I fill each half with good dirt, drop in a seed or two, smooth the surface, and then set the shells into paste-board egg boxes, which I have been hoarding for a year. They are kept in sunny windows and watered carefully every day. It is only a week or two before the little sprouts begin to appear, and I have good lusty plants when it is time to set them outdoors. The eggshells ought to be gently broken before they are put in the ground.—A. J. M.

ECONOMICAL TRIMMINGS.—I have been making spring frocks for my little girls of solid-colored gingham and chambrays, which seemed to demand something in the way of a trimming, but I searched in vain for any braids that would harmonize with the material. At length, I bought for each frock half a yard of pretty gingham, with tiny figures between decided stripes. I cut the stuff into bands, and when stitched on yokes, skirts, and sleeves, it made a pretty, as well as a very inexpensive, trimming.—Ellen Forrester.

CONSIDER YOUR VIS-A-VIS.—When I am setting a table for a company affair that demands candles or candelabra as decorations, I spend a little time in making sure my guests can see each other. This can be done by two people seating themselves opposite each other, here and there along the table, and moving the candelabra, sometimes inch by inch, till they are placed so that they do not form a barrier anywhere.—ANNIE J.

FIXING A "LEFT-OVER."—If there is a small bit of cauliflower left from dinner, I heat it in the double boiler, break it into flowerets, dish it, cover it with white sauce, then sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Cauliflower *au gratin* is never suspected of being what my family despise—a "left-over."—Mrs. F.

SKIM OFF THE FAT.—Sometimes it is almost impossible to remove fat from a gravy or soup, when it has not had time to cool first. I learned one day, however, from a little French cook, how to do it nicely. She added to the boiling gravy a few tablespoonfuls of ice-cold water, drew the saucepan to the side of the stove, and then quickly skimmed off the fat, which had floated to one side of the pan.—L. B.

FOR RIPPING PURPOSES.—A neighbor of mine, who supports herself by making clothes for children, purchased in a second-hand store an old-fashioned chain-stitch machine. It cost so little, that she could afford to have it thoroughly overhauled. Now it works as well as it did in its youth. She uses it for running up the seams on little skirts and sleeves that have to be constantly lengthened as children grow. Those portions of the small garments on which there is any strain are sewed more securely with the lock-stitch machine.—L. K. F.

SEWING BEFORE CLEANING.—I try to have the spring sewing completely finished before we begin house cleaning. One year, I did not succeed in carrying out this plan, for the hot weather came early, and in April there were actually two spells of house cleaning to be done, so much dirt and muss had been created by ripping old garments and making new ones.—Mrs. L. K.

FASTING NO FAMINE.—Being good Catholics, we keep Lent rigidly in our household, but during the last few years I have made a study of how to make Lenten dishes as tempting as possible. Hung in my kitchen are four *menu* suggesters, from which I can always glean an idea for the day's meals. One card is devoted to egg dishes, another to fish, the third to shell fish, and the fourth to an array of vegetables and fish soups which are so satisfying that there is no need of a second course before the dessert. There are more than a hundred excellent dishes on these cards, and they are all so savory and nutritious that we never hanker for meat days to come.—Elinor G. Young.

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Superfine French Edge Mattresses, *extra thickness, extra weight, exceptional softness*, weighing sixty pounds, finest grade of covering, all full size, 4 feet 6 inches wide by 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts as desired.

These mattresses are in every way as great, if not greater bargains than the Special Mattresses we sold last year at the same price. If you were fortunate enough to secure one, you will fully appreciate the present sale.

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The mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in one or two parts, with round corners, five-inch in-seamed borders, and French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration.

The filling is especially selected Ostermoor sheets, all hand-laid, and closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. Mattresses weigh 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular, and are the very softest we can make and much more luxuriously comfortable than regular.

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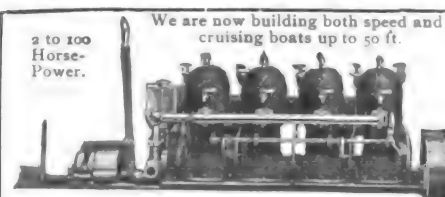
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[All articles mentioned below, or any other merchandise that is offered for sale in New York City, can be obtained by forwarding price to "The New York Shopper," care of this magazine. This department is in charge of Mrs. Charlotte Birdsall Williams, manager of the Woman's Domestic Guild of America, an institution devoted to solving all shopping, catering, furnishing, and purchasing problems of the home, and much patronized by fashionable New York women for these purposes. Mrs. Williams, herself, is well known socially, and possesses rare taste, judgment, and intuition. Her services are freely placed at the disposal of our readers, and her advice, artistic taste, and economical judgment may be had without charge. All articles (except bedding and combs) will be sent on approval, and a cheerful refund of the purchase price made on demand.]

Price Quotations, Samples, and Information Wanted

Letters requesting information, price quotations, and samples, should state concisely all essential particulars, as age, height,

weight, and complexion, when dress goods are wanted, or size of room and kind of wall paper when ordering rugs or hangings. If reply by mail is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be included. The amount the purchaser desires to pay should always be stated.

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Orders must be written on a piece of paper separate from the letter of transmittal.

Drafts, checks, and money orders must be made payable to Charlotte Birdsall Williams.

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Remittances must include sufficient postage, or goods must be sent by express, charges collect. Postage on merchandise is one cent an ounce. Mail packages are at customer's risk, unless registered, which costs eight cents additional. Larger shipments will be sent by freight or express as directed. Within 100 miles of New York, an order of \$5 or over can usually be sent express free. THE EDITORS.]

MRS. S., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—*Can you buy me a chair guard, to keep babies from sliding out of, or standing up in their chairs?*

I can send you an oak high-chair guard, postpaid, not registered, at 35 cents. It is a very serviceable article, that mothers will appreciate.

* * *

N. P., DETROIT, MICH.—*For what price can I get a medium-sized man's watch, with open face and 17 jewels, in a neat, thin, gold-filled case? I can spend \$30; or, if I could get something very much better, I do not mind paying five or ten dollars more.*

A gold-filled watch, with Waltham works, (but not 17 jewels,) costs \$15. A solid gold watch, 12 size, engine turned, 17 jewels, Waltham works and 14-carat case, costs \$38, in a plain case suitable for a monogram. I can send you a watch in a gold-filled case, plain or engine turned, guaranteed for 25 years, with 17 jewels and Waltham works, for \$28. These are the watches from which I would make a choice. Send the money for the one you wish, and I feel positive you will be satisfied with it.

* * *

MRS. E. R., ADEN, N. Y.—*There are some new waists, trimmed with ruffles, that are very pretty. Please tell me about them, and how much they cost.*

The new waist called "Marie Antoinette" is what you mean. The center front is in box-pleat effect, with a plaited ruffle down each side. The waist has turn-back collar and cuffs, trimmed with plaited ruffles. They cost from \$2 up. You can give an old waist the appearance of the Marie Antoinette, by using an adjustable collar and front, which costs 75 cents.

* * *

J. L., GRANVILLE, N. Y.—*What should one wear about the throat, with a dress suit, to protect the collar and shirt bosom?*

Full-dress protectors, of barathra silk, self figured, or of *peau de soie*, are generally used, although some men prefer an ordinary silk muffler. Protectors come in the new plaited model, lined with silk or satin, at \$3 or, unlined, for \$1.50.

* * *

MRS. S., KALAMAZOO, MICH.—*Please help me to select a wedding gift for one of my fellow employees. We have clubbed together, and have \$18.*

A clock would be serviceable and ornamental, perhaps an eight-day clock, with half-hour gong strike, fifteen and one-half inches high. The case is of bevel glass and polished brass, with art decorations. The price is \$16.50. Or you might prefer a sterling silver fruit bowl. One with a fluted edge, and bright finish, ten inches in diameter, would cost \$18.25.

* * *

MRS. W. T., DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—*At present I can not afford a good sewing machine. Are the miniature machines, run by hand, worth buying? I want it to make baby clothes.*

There is a small hand machine, especially adapted for making baby clothes; it costs \$4, and is guaranteed. A good machine costs \$20, and one of the best known makes costs \$40; but your idea of buying the little

machine is good. This weighs only 39 ounces, and can be attached to the arm of a chair or the edge of a table. It has an automatic tension and stitch, and a feed regulator.

* * *

MISS L., BARNESVILLE, O.—*I am a dressmaker, and want a good pinking machine—not the expensive kind you use a hammer with, but one that does quick work?*

There is a good notching and pinking machine that costs \$5. It consists of a substantial frame, supporting bearings for a circular steel cutter and disc, which revolve against each other. It is operated by a crank, runs easily and without noise, and can be readily clamped to the table edge.

* * *

MISS N. B., WAYNESBORO, PA.—*I would like a book of practical chafing dish recipes. Please state price.*

There are "Salads, Sandwiches, and Chafing Dish Dainties," by Janet M. Hill, at \$1.10 and \$1.50; "What One Can Do with the Chafing Dish," by H. L. Sawtelle, at 75 cents and \$1; "Good Chafing Dish Possibilities," by Fannie M. Farmer, 75 cents and \$1; and "How to Use the Chafing Dish," by M. P. Rorer, 20 and 25 cents. Kindly inclose money for postage; otherwise, books will be sent by express.

* * *

MISS E. M. L., PATCHOGUE, L. I.—*The dust sifts into my clothes closet, no matter what I do, and collects on gowns that I do not wear. Can you tell me of anything I can use to prevent it?*

Never hang garments in a closet, without thoroughly shaking and brushing them. A simple protective device is made of cheese cloth. Cut the material 36 inches square, and make an open cut in the center four inches long; finish in buttonhole stitch, in some contrasting color, and hem neatly around the edge. Place this over the garments (the opening permitting the hook to come through) after they have been hung on a skirt or coat hanger.

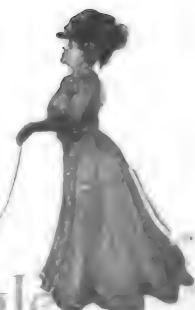
* * *

C. E. R., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—*What is now proper neckwear for a man, and what does it cost?*

Ties, this winter, are narrow and subdued in tint. Four-in-hands from two to two and a quarter inches in width are considered smart. They cost from 75 cents up. The silk knit tie is greatly in demand by well-dressed men, but it is expensive; even the narrow ones cost \$2.50. The Ascot tie is again popular, but it must be tied to lie flat, and have no semblance of a puff. It is made of satin, in dark colors, with a light pattern, and costs \$2. Ties for evening dress are one and one-half inches broad at the end, and vary a little in width. There is a rumor that yellow is to be a smart color for spring wear, with pongee and *crêpe* as popular fabrics.

* * *

MISS C. B., YONKERS, N. Y.—*As I am wakeful at night, I have an array of glasses, dishes, etc., on a table beside my bed, but am anxious to get some pretty articles, including a candlestick in place*



of these. Please advise me as to what I can purchase.

Dainty "night sets" come from \$3.75 up. They consist of a Limoges tray, with pitcher, candlestick, glass, and match box, in rose and green border design.

MISS T. P., FAIRHAVEN, N. J.—I once saw a hat made of paper, that had the appearance of braid. Are these hard to make?

Paper hats are easily made, and are very pretty. Purchase a wire frame, the style you prefer, and select crêpe paper the color you wish; then cut each roll into three full-length strands, and braid as you would hair. This makes the braid wide, and gives a coarse effect. If the rolls are cut into narrower strands, the braid will be daintier. Cut the strands without unrolling the paper, using a scissors sharp enough to cut through the whole roll. Sew the braid around the hat, on top and underneath, until it is completely covered. Trim with flowers, or ribbon and feathers. A white hat with pink roses, green leaves, and a touch of black velvet is quite effective.



MRS. R. S., COVINGTON, VA.—I would like to know of some practicable, labor-saving kitchen utensils. Please tell of some you would consider a housekeeper wise in purchasing.

The food chopper is absolutely necessary in a household. It does the work of the chopping knife and bowl, in one-tenth the time. It is self sharpening, and will last a lifetime. It chops all kinds of meat, raw or cooked, fruit and vegetables, fine or coarse, as wanted. It costs from 75 cents up, according to size.

The bread maker is another invaluable device. It does the mixing and kneading of the dough in three minutes, without using the hands. The size, with capacity, from two to six loaves, costs \$2, or, four to ten loaves, \$2.50.

The cake maker also insures good results. It beats rapidly; there are five revolutions of the mixing fliers at each turn of the handle. It is simple in construction, and easily cleaned. The capacity is one gallon. It costs \$1.75.

Coffee retains all its aroma, when made in a percolator. This comes in aluminum with ebonized handle: 1½ pint size, \$3.50; 3 pints, \$4; 4 pints, \$4.50; 6 pints \$5.

MRS. F. J. L., CHICAGO, ILL.—I wish to buy eighteen teaspoons, one dozen forks and knives, and one dozen large spoons. Please tell me the best size for the silverware, and what pattern you think preferable. I have \$70 to use on the silver, and also wish to spend \$30 for a clock.

Also give me suggestions on the purchase of a set of china. What decoration is now in vogue?

For \$22.50 you can buy a handsome clock, with bevel glass case and brass trimmings. For \$77.50 you can not purchase the amount of silver, of weight worth while, that you mention; so I would advise buying less, of good weight and pattern, and adding occasionally to the collection. Suppose you get, in an artistic pattern in the gray finish, of splendid weight: 12 teaspoons, \$15.50; 6 large knives, \$17; 6 large forks, \$17.50; 6 small forks, \$13; 6 dessert spoons, \$13; all of these amounting to \$75.

The small forks you could use for pie, and the dessert spoons for soup. Then, when you can afford it, add six small knives, at \$13, and four tablespoons at \$12. All I have mentioned are heavy weight. Sets of china may be found for \$15, and less, but, from \$30 up, you can buy an excellent set of a good pattern, without cheap gilt. Too large a floral pattern is in poor taste.

Faith

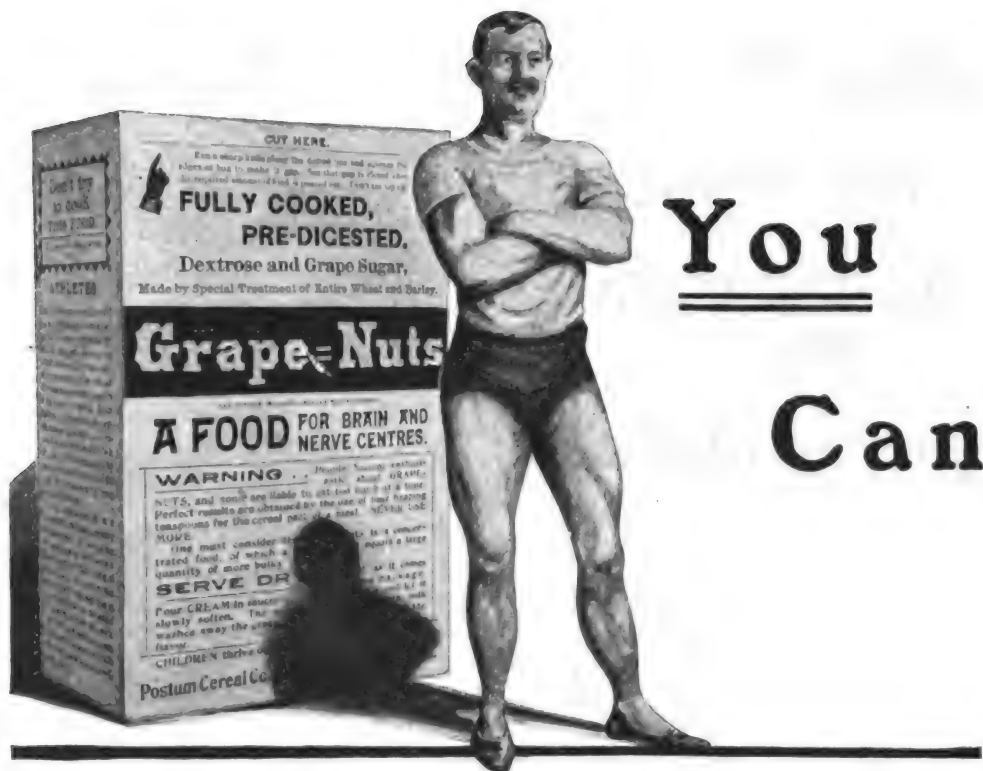
By Lillian Bennet Thompson

ALL the world seems dark and dreary;
Clouds have dimmed the sunlight's glow;
Just a year, dear, since we parted,
Yet it seems so long ago!

But I know the time is coming,
When the summer wind blows sweet;
I shall find you in the sunset,
Where the gold and crimson meet.

We postpone and postpone until smiling possibilities are dead.

Whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be.—Anna Robertson Brown.



Nowadays the winning athlete and the successful thinker know that strength, energy, alertness, endurance and brain power are bound up in the familiar little yellow packages.

This food prepared from field grains—Nature's laboratory—by a food expert, contains proteids, carbohydrates and the valuable Phosphate of Potash (which combines with albumen in the blood to form the soft gray substance which fills brain and nerve cells) and builds up Modern Men to the highest degree of efficiency and power.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO "SUCCESS" READERS

The Value of Life-Insurance Stock as an Investment

In these days, when many people are pouring their money into doubtful enterprises, it will be well for Success readers to carefully consider a form of investment which has during many years proved itself one of the very best for the man or woman of moderate means.

Readers of Success who thus investigate will find that there is at least one form of investment which is better than most propositions now presented. We refer to **life-insurance stock** and especially to the opportunity presented in the organization of the

POSTAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY

The **POSTAL LIFE** is a new, legal-reserve Institution organized under the strict laws of the State of New York. It issues all the standard and approved forms of policies just like other companies, but differs from all others in at least one important particular, namely, it reaches the people by advertising, correspondence, and through the good words of its policyholders and stockholders, thus **cutting out the big commissions paid to agents and the expense of maintaining branch offices**, thereby effecting most important economies, resulting in savings on policies and increased profits on stock.

It isn't very often that the average investor is able to secure any stock at all in a legal-reserve life-insurance company, because the shares are generally monopolized by a few capitalists who know what's what—who know what big dividends life-insurance stock pays, how valuable it becomes and how closely it is held.

The value of life-insurance stock as an investment is not a question of unsupported statement but a matter of **statistics** which we shall be glad to lay before you.

All the available stock of the **POSTAL LIFE** could have been placed at the outset among a few professional investors, but the Trustees thoroughly appreciated the benefit of having shareholders throughout the country, and the stock is therefore being placed with a view to having it **widely distributed**, and in **moderate holdings**, thus creating active friends for the Company in many localities.

For the reasons stated, and others, the Postal will quickly prove to be one of the most successful companies ever organized.

The **POSTAL** has complied with every legal requirement of the State of New York; it has, in common with other companies, a large sum on deposit with the State authorities, and it also maintains the full legal-reserve as required by law, together with a contingency reserve to meet every possible demand. The funds of the Company are kept on deposit with the **Knickerbocker Trust Company**, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City, to which institution, as well as to the **Insurance Department at Albany, N. Y.**, everyone who reads this advertisement is referred.

There are already nearly six hundred **POSTAL-LIFE** stockholders in the different states, and it is desired to promptly increase this number to at least one thousand, so as to have, at once, the benefit of their good words and co-operation. This means much to the Institution.

We would like to have you know all about the opportunity offered—the number of shares still available, the present price of the stock, and the limit to each individual purchaser—together with official statistics as to the great value of life-insurance stock.

Full particulars concerning the Company are obtainable at the Home Office only.

POSTAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY,
Fifth Avenue and 38th Street, New York.

A March House Party



By Laura A. Smith

Illustrated by HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

ALL over the land, in country and city, women are worrying because they can not give original entertainments. "Tell me some original way to entertain," is the cry. I do not believe the woman who has the reputation of being original deserves half as much credit as she who possesses the valuable quality of adaptability. Sifted down, being original is simply giving an idea the stamp of your own personality or individuality.

One definition of originality is "marked peculiarity." A hostess with originality dares to try her own ideas in decorating, serving, and entertaining her friends. The hostess with adaptability uses the means at her command with charming grace. She attunes her entertainments to her income and her home surroundings. Charming and long remembered are those social entertainments wherein we sense this harmony, where, if our hostess possesses limited means, the decorations are in keeping with the unpretentious home, nor does she pursue strange gastronomic gods, serving her guests "pinky-dinky" indigestibles. She keeps her menu simple, perfectly cooked, and tempting to the palate. Her guests do not feel that this year's new rug and the hostess's Easter gown have been sacrificed to pay florists, caterer, and musician.

Strange to say, it is generally the woman in the modest home who frets and makes herself unhappy because she can not entertain on a grand scale. Big, splendid, formal parties appeal to her. She misses many opportunities to have a happy time, waiting for that shadowy after-a-while, "when we can afford to entertain our friends in style." If this is your situation, pray drop at once and for all time the idea that you can not give jolly, happy parties in perfect taste in your own simple home. It is only necessary to spend a little time and thought on harmonizing your surroundings with the means at your command. You will soon learn to feel real joy in making your decorations, games, and menu fit the occasion. Have you not, when suddenly confronted with unexpected company, taken odds and ends of cake, fruit, and fruit juices left in the jars and concocted a delicious "new" dessert? You have been so proud of this, that you have told your friends what to do in a similar emergency.

Just so in entertaining, learn to shift the things you have into the places of the things you would like to have. Suppose you live in a homely old-fashioned house, furnished with the old mahogany and time-faded rugs of your grandmother's time. Your social entertainments will be harmonious and perfect if you cull flowers from the garden or use flowering plants in their terracotta pots or decoration, and set forth simple, delicate viands on the old-fashioned china. You will make a mistake if you strive to give an elaborate affair, inviting all your friends at once, filling your homelike old house with showy exotic plants, the music of a "hired" orchestra, and serving fancy creations of the caterer.

Above all, never allow your family to look upon you as the sole entertainer. Place some of the responsibility of looking after the guests on your husband and your sons and daughters, young and old. To accomplish this, do not make a guest or a party a rare and foreign element in the home, scolding and coaching everyone into a display of "company manners" for the occasion. I have very happy recollections of a simple home, where the mother is a very busy literary woman,

with many demands on her time. If you drop into this home on any Sunday evening for tea, you will be warmly welcomed, and the tea will be served by the sons. They bring on the courses, remove the dishes, treating the father and mother almost as guests. The future wives of these boys will not have to train them to "be nice" before company. Happy the home where this good-fellowship exists between children and parents.

If you have been remiss or shy about enlivening your home with the presence of guests, begin this very month, and invite some congenial friends "in a bunch" to visit you for a few days. You will find much that is attractive for your March house party. Not even good Saint Valentine's feast day is more generally observed, nor in a jollier manner, than that of Ireland's patron, Saint Patrick. Unfortunately, Saint Patrick's Day, March 17, falls "on a Sunday" this year. If, however, you wish to entertain your party for this occasion, make it a week-end party for March 15 and 16, celebrating Saint Patrick's Day on Saturday. Begin, early in the month, to accumulate green paper and ribbons. Set the children to work cutting out shamrocks, using the leaf of the oxalis, or three-leaf clover, for a pattern. If your husband is a merchant in a small city, levy on his old pasteboard boxes and wall advertising cards. Out of these you can cut and cover with green paper big shamrocks, to decorate walls or small tables. Secure pots of oxalis to use for centerpieces on the tables.

When your guests arrive, on Friday, let them find baskets of green plants and trailing vines swinging from chandeliers, and the walls hung with Irish flags and shamrocks. Place in a conspicuous place the words, "*Erin go bragh!*" (Ireland forever,) and "*Cead mille Failte,*" (a hundred thousand welcomes.) Saint Patrick's Day always brings out the same favors in the shops—clay pipes, black hats, imitation potatoes and cabbages, (as boxes for sweets and salads,) gilt harps, snakes, frogs, and shamrocks. This list will give you a suggestion for favors and suitable shapes in which to mold croquettes, garnishings, cakes, and ice cream. On each leaf of the shamrocks, used for favors, write a wish—"For Health," "For Valor," "For Love." With a bit of mullage and diamond dust you can make these favor-shamrocks sparkle with "dew."

For the first hour on Friday evening have bounce euchre, a game easily learned. The guests can find their partners and tables by means of green tissue caps, on which are written the numbers of the tables and couples. Keep score with large, green glass beads, which slip over a wire bracelet. On each table have a little green paper case, filled with green candies; or you can easily fashion potato candies by molding them from *fondant* and rolling them in ground cinnamon. After supper, have an hour with a different card game at each table.

Saturday will be a busy day for you, but do not leave the children out of a Saint Patrick's Day party. A good plan is to invite the little folks for the morning, from about ten to twelve o'clock. If conditions permit, have the games in the barn or outdoors. Use those popular at an Irish fair—races and trials of strength. There may be a potato race, in which each child carries a big potato on a tiny spoon from floor to table; a bag race between boys tied up in big bags;



and a three-legged race. For the latter, make clown suits, loose and baggy, of gay calico. Make the center leg of the pantaloons (as these costumes are called) big enough for two legs of two boys standing side by side. A paper chase, hide-and-seek, and other romping games will keep the little folks warm and happy.

They will then need a hearty midday luncheon. A clay pipe, dressed as a doll, in green tissue paper, should stand at each plate. The children need not linger long at the table, and can assemble in the parlor for about fifteen minutes afterwards, to hear "a teacher and her very bright pupil." Place a stand before a long curtain in a doorway. The "pupil" stands on this table. One young lady arranges her hair like that of a schoolgirl, puts shoes and stockings on her hands and arms, and wears a child's school apron. A second young lady, concealed by the curtain, stands behind the first, and, passing her arms around, supplies the "pupil's" arms and hands. A third, dressed as a teacher, examines the "pupil." The latter, of course, is very funny in her answers, sings school songs, goes through gymnastics, and makes grimaces at the children. This bit of fun will send the children away laughing and happy.

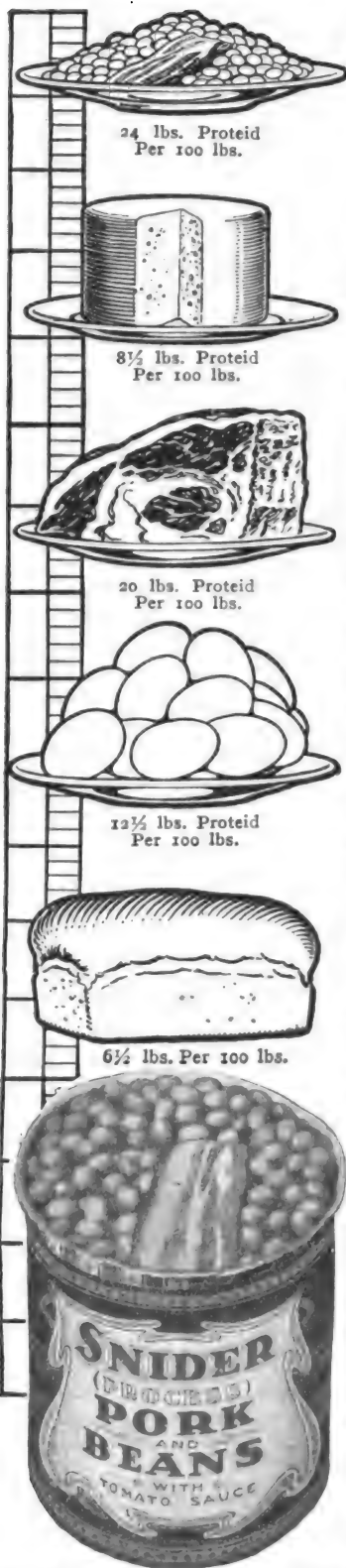
For the afternoon, invite the mothers of your acquaintance to a party prepared for them and their babies or very small children. Write the invitations in the name of your baby daughter, asking other babies to come and bring their mothers. Appoint judges, and have the babies "placed on exhibition." Call for votes by ballot for the prettiest, the brightest, and the best-natured baby. Announce, after counting the votes, that every baby present was voted the prettiest, brightest, and best-natured. Award prizes in the shape of pretty paper dolls to each mother. Allow twenty minutes for "Baby Talk," suggesting these topics: "Baby's Bright Doings," "Her Clothes," "Her Food," and "How to Discipline Her." Mothers love to exchange ideas about the care of the little ones, and this hour will be helpful and enjoyable. Between the topics, if you choose, have pretty lullabies sung. Or, ask a kindergarten teacher to come and give a talk on finger games and plays, and on how to tell simple stories to very tiny children. Another good plan is to call on each mother for a bedtime story.

Make your evening party, in which young and old join, an "Everybody's Birthday Party." Decorate four tables to represent the four seasons, and fill them with birthday gifts, wrapped in green paper and sealed with little shamrocks. Each guest goes to the table representing the season in which his birthday occurs. He may select a birthday gift from among the packages. If his package has a little red card inclosed, he may light the candles on a birthday cake and have first choice of the game he wishes to play. Winter has first, spring second, summer third, and fall fourth choice of games. Between the games, ask those who drew white cards to tell an Irish story.

Carry out the four seasons on the supper tables, the center ornament of each being a birthday cake with candles. On the spring table have salad, wafers, and chocolate; on the summer, ice cream and cake; on the autumn, doughnuts, pumpkin pie, and cider; on the winter, oysters, sandwiches, and coffee. After supper pass around little green bags containing candies. The guests who draw out pink candies should be given the privilege of calling for an Irish song or a jig. Some of the best-loved of these songs are: "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Aileen Aroon," "The Low-backed Car," "The Wearin' of the Green," "Come Back to Erin," "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls," and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." The poems of Thomas Moore will supply you with many beautiful quotations for an Irish party.

Your guests will remain with you all or part of Sunday, but do not allow that to become a day of dread to you for the extra work entailed. Instead of spending the entire morning over the stove, cooking a big dinner, try our New England forefathers' plan. Serve baked beans and cold meats prepared a day or two before. If your men folks rebel against a cold dinner, serve hot vegetables, easily prepared with the meats. If your Sunday nap is a necessity, send your guests off for a walk or drive. On Sunday evening, gather around a cheerful blaze and have sacred songs, allowing each one, young and old, to choose a favorite one. Sandwiches, tea, and fresh fruit, served in the sitting room informally, will be enough for supper. One of the pleasantest week-end parties I ever attended ended in this manner Sunday night—a happy, restful ending. This was spent in a perfectly harmonious family circle, where the tiniest child was actuated by the same lovely, hospitable spirit that characterized the older members. The mother had lived in many lands and entertained persons of many different nationalities with simple, unaffected American hospitality. This is the best hospitality extant.

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The Editor's Chat

She Always Had Good Servants

I KNOW a very sweet, beautiful old lady, who says she has always had good servants, and she does not understand all this talk about their deterioration. Although she keeps half a dozen, there are seldom any changes. She never takes any great pains to look up their references, yet she usually gets good, honest people and keeps them.

People who are so fortunate as to have the friendship of this charming woman do not wonder that she always has good servants. She is so good to them, so kind and considerate, that they seldom want to leave her. They like the sunshine, and they thrive in her sunny nature. When they are sick, she is always looking after their comfort. They all know that she takes a real, motherly interest in their welfare, aside from the mere work she can get out of them. She enters into their personal lives, shares their sorrows and their joys.

Many women have remarkable ability in making good domestic servants of almost anybody who comes along. They apparently take little pains in selecting them, and yet they rarely find it necessary to make a change.

Sometimes a servant, so disagreeable that her former mistress could not live with her, gets along beautifully with a new mistress.

The highest service is built up on a feeling of friendship. When the cook gives you a particularly nice dish, don't be stingy of your praise, tell her of your approval. This will encourage her, and she will never forget, and will try all the more to please you in everything else.

Expressions of approval and praise for things that are well done go a great way. Most house servants have little education, and they are hungry for sympathy and friendship. Many of them have had sad disappointments, in the loss of their homes, perhaps, or of friends, or loves; there are thousands of reasons why, not having a home of their own, they need your loving sympathy and your advice.

There are women who are always having trouble with their servants; no matter how well recommended or how well trained, they are not satisfactory. These women are always looking for servants, asking for recommendations, and saying that the servant question is the bane of their lives.

Do you not know women who have ruined the disposition of nearly every servant they have ever had? Their unreasonableness, their nagging, criticising, and capricious, tactless management have discouraged everybody who has worked for them.

Servants often remain in a vicious environment because the people are wealthy and they get good pay; but they do so at the cost of their self-respect and dignity.

Many a capable, well-meaning servant has never been able to make a success, because employed by an incapable housewife, who, without tact or sense, has vitiated her efforts. Not every well-intentioned person has strength of mind and will power enough to dominate an unfortunate environment. Many get discouraged and tired of trying to do well, and succumb to indifference.

I believe the great servant question can only be solved through the kindness of employers. I believe absolute unselfishness will settle everything. All strikes, all dissensions and differences will be settled by the application of the Golden Rule.

Meeting People Who Can Help You

YOUNG men and young women often shrink from meeting people of prominence, either because they feel that they have not had enough experience to converse with them, or because they think that they would not know how to act in their presence.

This is a very short-sighted policy. If you would make the most of yourself, never miss a chance of meeting and talking with people who can help you.

When Lincoln was a boy he had an exaggerated idea of the men who were making history in a large way;

but he said that, after meeting and talking with some of them, he was surprised to find that they did not differ materially from other people he knew, or from himself. They did not seem to him to have any particularly brilliant talents, and he saw no reason why he could not do as much as they had done.

If you are ambitious to get on, school yourself to meet, without fear or embarrassment, every person of importance you can, and try always to get something from them which will help you,—some inspiration, encouragement, or idea. Scrutinize and study these great characters very carefully, and try to get at the secret of their success.

There is nothing which will add to one's culture and education, to one's personal appearance, more than the constant effort at self-improvement; and there is a good education in meeting people older and more experienced than yourself, especially if you approach them in a simple, receptive attitude; but, if you close up like a clam, and are afraid to say your soul is your own; if you show in your very manner that you think you are inferior to them, you will not be able to put yourself in a position to learn anything of value.

While you should not be too bold, you must not be timid. You must hold your head up and believe in yourself. Others will not believe in you if you do not believe in yourself.

No matter if you naturally shrink from meeting people, push yourself, at every opportunity, into the company of those of a different and wider experience, and drink in every bit of knowledge and of helpfulness possible.

I know men in New York whose success is very largely due to their early determination to meet people, and to lose no opportunity of extending their acquaintance.

Could Not Sacrifice His Smaller Ambitions

THERE are many people who would like to do some splendid thing in the world, something which would be a real credit to their ability, something worth while, but for the terrible price put upon it.

It makes them sick at heart to think of all the delightful things they would like to do which they must put aside,—the sacrifices they must make in order to do these things. They have the desire, but they have not the stamina, the grit, or the determination to make the necessary sacrifice—to say no to the multitude of things which tempt them from their aim.

"Why is it," they ask, "that such a terrible price is put upon all the great prizes of life? Why should it be necessary to set aside the thousand and one pleasant things that allure us by the way? Why should not we be able to take them all in,—always play when we feel like it, do the pleasantest thing, the most attractive thing as we go along, and still be able to achieve something worth while?"

Think what it means to have reached middle life or later and to feel that one has constantly sacrificed the greater for the less, that which is worth while for that which is pleasant and easy!

The trouble with making a business or a profession of following the easy, the pleasant, the desirable things, is that we never get anywhere in the process. We do not grow except as we do these things for recreation, necessary change and rest. When we make a business of pleasure the whole man deteriorates, because he was made for work, was made to achieve something worth while, not to spend his life in pleasure hunting. The moment we make a business of pleasure, the pleasure loses its zest, its fancied sweetness, and the man begins to retrograde.

We must do the thing that is indicated in the blood, that is stamped in our very constitution, or we must pay the penalty in going backwards. We can not advance unless we obey the laws of growth and advancement.

Many of us let the lesser crowd out the greater. We have not the stamina to sacrifice present comforts and pleasure and pay the price for the permanent and the more enduring. We would rather have the froth of

pleasure, as we go along, than the clear wine of that which endures.

The great failure army to-day is full of people who wanted to succeed, to do something really worth while, but who were victims of the pleasures of the moment. They could not forego the comfort, the ease, could not make the little sacrifices of their pleasure, as they went along, in order to do that which would give them the more enduring, the stable achievement. They thought they must have their pleasure as they went along. They could not make the sacrifices for that which endures, for that which is worth while.

Familiarity with Dirt and Darkness

SOME employers little realize what they are doing when they compel employees to work in dark, dingy factories, rooms, and basements! The mind is omnivorous. It feeds upon and is affected by everything in its environment. If it can not get bright and cheerful pictures, it feeds upon the dark and gloomy. We are constantly absorbing the qualities of our environment. They affect seriously, though unconsciously, the quality of our whole lives.

In these employers' homes we find flowers and plants in the light, sunny windows, or in conservatories; it would be fatal to put them in dark rooms, for they live largely upon the sunlight. When human flowers and plants are put into dark and dingy rooms, why wonder that they are not healthy, vigorous, strong, and bright?

It is as impossible for a mind to be absolutely normal and healthy in dark, gloomy surroundings as it is to raise American Beauty roses in a dungeon. The mind is optimistic or pessimistic, according to the brightness and cheerfulness, or the darkness and the gloom, in its environment. No mind can be normal which is not optimistic, and optimism is born of brightness, of beauty and joy.

Did you never contrast the children who were brought up in the crowded, sunless tenements, children who, perhaps, have never listened to any refined conversation or seen any really cultured people, who are familiar with vulgarity and profanity, who perhaps have never gotten a glimpse of the beautiful country, or have never seen a beautiful picture, or anything else that is really lovely, with children who were brought up in an environment of beauty and attractiveness, who have lived amidst flowers and beautiful works of art, who have heard only refined language and lived with cultured people?

Employers who have tried the experiment of putting their employees into an attractive environment and surrounding them with beauty, providing them with reading-rooms and pleasant places of meeting, who have encouraged them to form self-improvement clubs, have been surprised at the improved quality of their work. They find that they are very much more accurate and that they are more self-respecting and more ambitious to make something of themselves. Their environment is reflected in the quality of their work and in their characters.

All these things point to the fact that the time will come when the Golden Rule will be found to be the shrewdest business policy.

Everything you do to make your employees more comfortable, to put them in a more harmonious environment, to surround them with beauty and suggestions of refinement and culture, everything which you can do to encourage them to better their condition, will come back to you in increased efficiency. It is human nature for an employee to take an interest in your affairs when you take an interest in him.

How He Lost His Opportunity

HOW LITTLE the average person who is trying to get on realizes how many things are occurring in his experience which are trying to down him, and which are hindering his advance! A poor job, an unkind word, a stinging criticism, ingratitude for a favor, failure to give assistance when it was in his power, hard problems skipped way back in youth, a hasty act, an indiscretion of an unguarded moment; all these things are likely to come up when he least expects it and bar his progress. Many an able man with political ambitions has failed of election to Congress, or of appointment to some coveted office, because of some slip he has made, or of somebody, perhaps a private secretary who has put in the word that checkmated the move for his advancement. Perhaps, it was a sarcastic remark about someone, who later was in a position to help him, that lost him the opportunity.

Many a man has lost his opportunity for advancement under the present administration by opposing and criticizing Theodore Roosevelt in his earlier career, when he did not dream that the former would ever occupy his present lofty position.

You never can tell where a thrust of an unguarded moment will land, or what effect a sarcastic remark may have on your future. He is a fortunate man who guards his tongue, who tempers his acts with prudence and good judgment.

Great minds have purposes; others have wishes.

Young Man— We Want YOU!

Step Right Into a Big Business

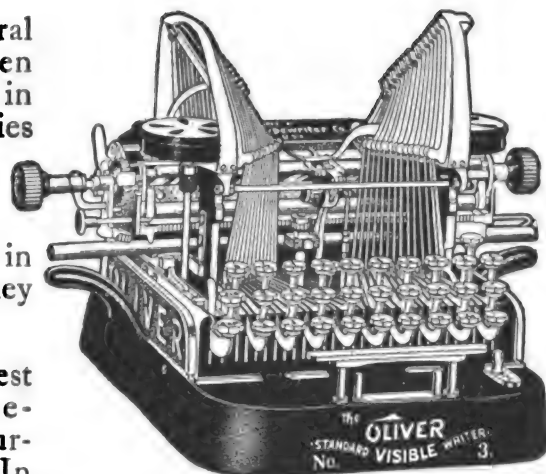
Young Men Wanted at Once We need several more young men to fill vacancies in our sales force. These vacancies are due to the rapid extension of our business into new territory, and to the promotions of local agents to higher positions in the Oliver Organization. They must be filled quickly.

Limitless Possibilities of Our Field We are the largest independent typewriter manufacturers in the world. In the ten years of this Company's existence we have not only overtaken but far exceeded the sales of every one of the "trust" machines. Today our main problem is to produce Olivers fast enough to supply the demand.

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Course in Salesmanship Free—Expenses Paid After a young man has joined the Oliver Organization, he is given a full course in the Oliver School of



Practical Salesmanship. The course opens up the secrets of success in selling merchandise. It gives him the confidence born of conscious power. This course is free, but is easily worth hundreds to any ambitious young man.

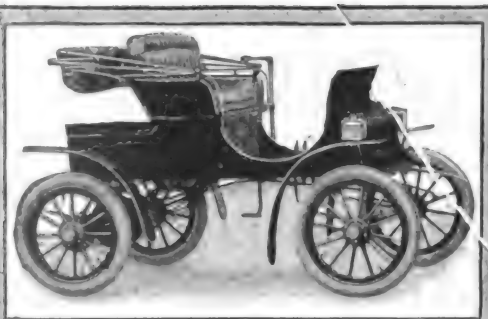
The Critical Period in Your Life There comes a time, in every young man's life when he must decide as to his future. That time has come to you. This opportunity is so rich in money-making possibilities, so unusual in its chances for quick promotion, and the territory is so rapidly being assigned, that some day you will look back upon this hour with regret if you let this chance slip from your grasp.

We Offer You the Possibility of a Permanent Position We give free training in salesmanship, rapid promotion if competent, exclusive territory and reward commensurate with your ability. You can step right into the typewriter business without any previous experience. You should easily build up a business worth \$3600 a year or more. *It's up to you!*

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The Crumpacker Bill

THE PEOPLE'S LOBBY recently made its first attack on vicious legislation. The occasion was a bill introduced by Representative Crumpacker, of Indiana, and if the howls of "the enemy" are any criterion, the blow struck home.

As is well known, the Postmaster-General now has the power to stop the delivery of mail and the payment of money orders to any person or company using the mails for the purpose of defrauding the public. The decision as to the facts in the case, under the existing statutes, is entrusted without restriction to the Postmaster-General. Unquestionably, this is a very broad power, which might be much abused in the hands of an unscrupulous chief or unscrupulous assistants in the Post Office Department.

The avowed purpose of the Crumpacker Bill is to give the relief of a court review to innocent parties, who might, thus arbitrarily, be done injustice. That is well enough; but, on a careful reading of the bill, it is found that the avowed purpose and the actual provisions do not correspond.

The People's Lobby secured expert legal advice from several different sources, and found that there could be but little question that the bill, if enacted into law, would throw down the bars for the re-admission to the mails of a swarm of swindlers, fakers, quacks, gamblers, and other schemers that are now prevented from preying on the ignorant and the gullible.

It was also discovered that several notorious concerns which had been denied the use of the mails were working heart and soul for the bill, and that a certain ingenious publisher has been maintaining a well-organized corps of lobbyists in Washington to push the bill through the House. Many people have unwittingly gone into a state of hysterical indignation regarding this measure—people who have been taught to regard the Crumpacker Bill as second only to the Declaration of Independence. Now that they are seeing both sides of the question, they are belligerently surprised. The People's Lobby set out to show up the jokers in certain bills that are supposed to have been specially drawn for the public. It seems to have begun its work in this direction very well. SUCCESS MAGAZINE will shortly furnish the names of some of the firms who are crying because their business has allegedly been menaced by this attack. It will surprise the public to know just what the business of some of these firms really is.

The Situation in Kansas

The following editorial is from the Emporia "Gazette," edited by William Allen White:

The esteemed Hutchinson "News" and the usually correct Leavenworth "Times" incline to believe that there is no need for a people's lobby at Topeka. The Hutchinson "News" contends that the newspaper reporters form a sufficiently alert lobby for the people, and the "Times" maintains there is no need of such an organization as the People's Lobby because the work of the Legislature is all marked out for it.

Let us consider Mr. Morgan's contention first. Two years ago, during the boss buster fight, Mr. Morgan told the editor of this paper that certain of the newspaper men at Topeka had been put on the salary list of a group of politicians, and it has been known since that the railroads were furnishing the money to "underwrite" the plans of those politicians. Perhaps this was not true, but Mr. Morgan believed it then and acted accordingly—so did the writer hereof. But he will say all the smart newspaper men can not be

bought, which is entirely true. Indeed not one in a hundred can be bought, but here is a copy of a letter of one of the keenest men in Topeka, who two years ago was employed by Mr. Morgan and the "Gazette" to furnish the absolute truth about the Legislature for the "News" and the "Gazette." He was asked why he did not show up a certain railroad boulder in the Senate. He replied, "I knew he was crooked. I knew that at every turn of the road he was playing into the hands of the railroads and that he had his hands in every other job in the Senate. But he was my friend. He was courteous to me, and so polite and obliging that I simply could not do it." This newspaper man was not bought and he was not fooled—yet the scoundrel went unbranded because this newspaper man was too much of a human being, too kind and withal too decent to do the necessary branding. It is no pleasant job to skin a skunk. He is such a fine appearing fellow, so lovely looking, and so cute until you stir him up—when he becomes a common stinker, and many perfectly honest newspaper men take the easy course. There is absolutely nothing in Mr. Morgan's contention. The newspapers are good so far as they go—but they often stop, sometimes are partisan, frequently make mistakes, and do not carry the weight with the people that they should carry because of these obvious faults.

Now as to the claim of "Dan" Anthony, of the "Times," that, because the work of the Legislature is marked out for it, it will do it. The work of the Legislature two years ago was marked out for it, but if it had not been for the Federation of Commercial Interests at Topeka, no very important railroad legislation would have been passed. This year the very core of the machine is in danger. Its heart is threatened by an anti-pass law and the direct primary law. The machine is represented at Topeka by David Mulvane, the national committeeman, Morton Albaugh, clerk of the Federal Court, Tom Kelly, former State Treasurer, and the attorneys of the Santa Fé, the Rock Island, the Missouri Pacific, and the Union Pacific. These gentlemen have lots of time, and their usefulness in politics depends upon their ability to put a joker into the anti-pass law and the direct primary law. They won't try bribery, but they will try strategy. Many members of the Legislature can be fooled. The business of these gentlemen above mentioned will be to fool them.

What harm can there be in having a volunteer organization of business men to go to Topeka, hire from volunteer funds the best lawyers in Kansas to pass upon the merits of each clause of every important measure, and see that the legislators get the truth? That is all there is to the proposition to consult with the Legislature. Railroads send their men to the Legislature. Why should not the shippers and the cattlemen and the people generally send their men? No honest man can object to it. It fills a long-felt want—and it is going to be done anyway.

Will You Do Your Share?

The People's Lobby Is Working for You

It is watching the men who make the laws of your country, and helping them to learn what the people want.

This is work. Its effect will be found in better and purer legislation.

"Better and purer legislation" means a better chance for you to make a good living.

It also means a firmer assurance that our children will enjoy in truth "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

You may think this sounds far off when you see dollars right before you that you lose when you "take your mind off business," but consider this:

The fallen nations of the past were prosperous and powerful as we until their peoples abandoned unity of effort for the scramble of individual gratification and aggrandizement.

You are busy!—granted!

But here are patriotic men, whom you know you can trust, doing your work for you!

Now why should not you stand part of the unavoidable expense?

Mail a contribution, large or small, to this address: THE PEOPLE'S LOBBY, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

The People's Lobby of New Jersey was formally organized, December 14, at Newark. The organization is based on the plan of the national People's Lobby, with certain modifications suggested by local conditions. The following officers were elected: Colonel A. R. Fordyce, president; Edmond A. Whittier, secretary, and Henry H. Dawson, treasurer. Provision was made for the forming of county organizations, for the vesting of the management of the Lobby in the hands of a general committee, and for the holding of the annual meeting the second Thursday in December. The following were chosen for the Governing Committee: Rev. Adolph Roeder, Simon P. Northrop, Herman B. Walker, Edwin G. Adams, Henry Hines, Harry V. Osborne, and Alden Freeman, of Essex

County; J. Albert Stowe and Job H. Lippincott, of Hudson County; James A. Blauvelt, of Passaic County; Walter Limbarger, of Somerset County; Samuel Merwin, R. Henry Depew, Thomas W. De Bevoise, William J. Wood, Caleb Van H. Whitbeck, and W. F. Groves, of Union County, and Alexander A. Fordyce, of Middlesex County. Other names are to be added to the Governing Committee from time to time, until all the counties of the State are represented.

The Voice of the People

ONEONTA, N. Y.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

It is evident to me that the People's Lobby is a thing born of necessity. The people's rights have too long been neglected.

Let me ask you and my fellow countrymen *why*, why, it should take seventeen long years to secure the passage through Congress of so necessary and righteous a law as the Pure Food Bill?—a measure that had no other aim or object than to prevent the adulteration of the food we—eighty millions of people—daily eat and drink. I think I know why. But, Mr. Editor, I really wish that in your next number, in connection with the subject of a People's Lobby, and the necessity for such an innovation, you would tell your readers *Why*.

Dr. O. P. Ohlmacher of Detroit tells the exact truth when he says, "The people have heretofore had very inadequate representatives at Washington. Which is a sad commentary on the character and purpose of our representatives who are supposedly sent to the Nation's capital for the purpose of enacting good and wholesome laws for all the people and not for 'Special Interests.'"

No wonder there is opposition to the work the People's Lobby has mapped out to do, for every wrongdoer prefers darkness in which to commit his crime, and then he prays for darkness to hide it. There is nothing like publicity to keep men honest.

Please accept my poor little innocent dollar to help in what I consider a good and necessary cause.

O. HARMON.

In reply to Mr. Harmon's question, why it took seventeen years to secure the passage of the Pure Food Bill, our answer, briefly, is this.

1.—That there was a very powerful lobby against the bill, perhaps the most powerful and strongly organized lobby that ever fought a measure.

2.—This influence affected a large number of senators. The leaders of the Senate were all influenced more or less.

3.—The Committee of Manufacturers, which had charge of the bill, is an unimportant committee, and its chairmanship is generally given to a new senator, hence one without much influence. For this reason the bill was never in strong hands.

4.—(And most important of all.) There was no demand from the people for pure food legislation. It is a safe proposition that the Senate never acts in favor of a bill against the "special interests," unless there is a wide popular demand.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Inclosed find my "plunk."

As a constant reader of SUCCESS MAGAZINE I became at first interested and then—convinced.

May all the powers and success that go hand in hand with right be increased a hundredfold in the efforts of the People's Lobby!

SAM HERSON.

MERIDIAN, MISS.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Inclosed find one dollar, which you will please appropriate to the People's Lobby maintenance fund. There is no "string" to this dollar. It was earned cutting stove wood on Saturday, after a hard week's work in college. I send it not only for the little material benefit it will be to the Lobby, but also for the good it will do me to feel that I have some part, however small, in an organization which has been so fitly styled as "the first deliberate step toward bringing Congress back to first principles." Best wishes for the success of the People's Lobby and your admirable magazine!

HOMER BRELAND.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

The slogan of the People's Lobby, *Fiat Lux*, need alarm nor intimidate no honest servant of the people at Washington, and should inspire the weak though well-intentioned to do his full duty. Publicity in the conduct of the public's political affairs can do no harm, but on the contrary may work untold good. Hearty wishes for the success of the movement.

PHILIP S. TULEY.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Inclosed find \$1, amount asked for; if you need more let the fact be made known. Every honest American should unhesitatingly support such an honorable body of fearless men.

Every clergyman in the United States should be apprised of the People's Lobby and its platform, so that he may enlighten any sound-thinking men, who may not read SUCCESS MAGAZINE, of your noble purpose.

DR. JNO. F. CARDWELL.



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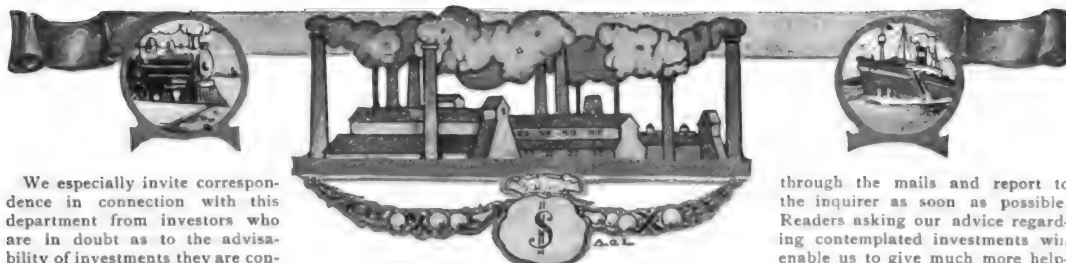
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Hints to Investors

By EDWARD SHERWOOD MEADE



We especially invite correspondence in connection with this department from investors who are in doubt as to the advisability of investments they are contemplating or as to the value of their present holdings. We undertake to make an expert investigation of the value of any and all securities inquired about, without charge to our readers. Inquirers should state the name and business address of firms offering securities for sale, the name and location of property, and—when possible—the State in which the property is incorporated, with all other available particulars. Letterheads or circulars of the concern in question should be inclosed when possible, and will be returned, on request, if accompanied by return postage. Delay in answering inquiries will occur when securities inquired about are not well known in local financial circles. We will, in such cases, make investigation

through the mails and report to the inquirer as soon as possible. Readers asking our advice regarding contemplated investments will enable us to give much more helpful suggestions if they will state

approximately the amount of money they have available for investing. All letters will be regarded as absolutely confidential, answers will be sent by mail, and in no case will the name of any correspondent or information obtained through the letters of any correspondent be published or used to his or her detriment. Kindly remember that hundreds of others are taking advantage of this offer. We ask your indulgence in the event of any delay. We assure you that your inquiry will not be overlooked, but will be answered in due course. Inclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address all communications: Investors' Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City.

The Investor's Ignorance

HUNDREDS of letters pass, each month, through this department. These letters, if classified and bound, would form a veritable book of lamentations. Hardly any of them ask concerning a safe investment. The picture of ignorance and childlike gullibility which the correspondence, already enormous, and growing every month, reveals, can be described by no milder word than appalling. There is a famous phrase with which the "financiers" of the curb market are wont to solace themselves in days of dull business. If we might reverse this phrase, we would say that, judging from the conditions revealed by our inquiries, a wise man is born at least once a week. A procession of tatterdemalions is continually passing through the office—mines which can not be found in any mining hand book; land schemes, of which the industrial departments of the railroads which serve the communities in which these projects are supposedly located know nothing; patent enterprises; lumber companies; rubber companies; air line railroads; and so on to the end of a disreputable chapter. Of all the branches of manufacturing industry which can be recommended for extraordinary profits, the security manufacturing business stands at the head. Away back at the beginning of the eighteenth century, two hundred years ago, there was published an argument, "fitted to the meanest capacities," showing that the South Sea Company could pay 136 per cent. Induced by this argument, people lost their money in that scheme. To-day, similar prospectuses are being published, and the "capacities" to which they are fitted, if we may judge from the demerits of the schemes which they describe, are not appreciably greater than in the days of Queen Anne. The world has progressed in many lines, in science, in invention, in popular education; but in its judgment of stock and bond values the world has stood still.

Two explanations may be offered for a condition of affairs which has produced over four thousand confessions of bad judgment in four months from the readers of one magazine. One is the persistence of the gambling instinct, the desire to get something for nothing, which scientists trace back to the Aryan shepherds, our remotest ancestors, watching their flocks on the highlands of Central Asia, and beguiling the tedious hours with games of dice. Respectable people do not gamble, but, say some writers, the gambling passion is universal; it demands satisfaction, and it finds this, although it finds nothing else, in the stock market. But while this explanation may apply to margin speculation, it does not apply to the kind of "investment" which our correspondence describes. The readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE who write to this department are, in their own judgment, as genuine investors as the most conservative savings banks. They buy outright. They pay their money down, and they expect returns in the form of dividends. They want an income, not a gambling chance, and the only mistake they make is in their choice of places in which to put their savings. We can be reasonably sure that, if the small investor were in possession of reliable information concerning investments, if he were taught to understand the difference between a stock and a bond, the rights of the corporation stockholder and creditor and the protection which the law throws around him, and if he could finally be made to understand the conditions of safe investment in the leading industries, he would be saved a great deal of loss, worry, and disappointment.

The Corporation in Law

WHAT, then, is a share of stock? What do these products of the engravers' art really represent? A share of stock, the law books tell us, is a certificate of interest in a corporation. But what is a corporation? Again the law books: "An entity existing in con-

templation of law, and authorized to conduct certain business, mining, manufacturing, or railroading in the same manner as a "natural person." Difficult to comprehend, and yet we own stock in these entities, and we want to know what we own. What, then, in simple language, is a corporation

A corporation is an association of individuals, like a church, a lodge, a sewing society, or a Chautauqua circle, to which the law gives the right, when its members have complied with certain simple formalities, to own property, to live forever, to elect officers and to conduct certain kinds of business, according to rules which the law prescribes. The association owns the property, buys, sells, and borrows as an association. The association issues stock to represent its ownership in exchange for money or property. This stock eventually finds its way into the hands of those who expect to get an income from it. The stockholders, then, are the owners of the corporation, as the corporation is the owner of the property. The stockholder does not own any part of the mine, or the railroad. He merely owns a part of a corporation which is the owner of these properties. Furthermore, the stockholder does not manage his property himself. The law makes him elect trustees, or directors, who manage it for him. The election of these directors is by ballot, and each share of stock has one vote. A corporation capitalized at \$1,000,000, may have 200,000 shares of stock. You may own, for example, 100 shares. You have, therefore, 1-2000th, part of the capitalization, and that amount of influence in determining who shall rule over you. A majority of the stock elects the board of directors, at a meeting, which may be held in New Jersey, or Maine, or West Virginia. If you, as a stockholder, wish to take part in this election, in order to exercise your rights, you can either journey to the annual meeting in person, or you can send to someone there your power of attorney, or proxy, which will authorize the man who holds it to vote your stock; and you may accompany this proxy with binding instructions as to the men for whom your votes are to be cast. If you are a large stockholder, some consideration will probably be given to your wishes. But if you are the owner of only a few shares, it will make no difference whether you send in your proxy or not; the officers may not take the trouble to solicit your voting power, and should you go to the meeting and attempt to discuss the policy of the company, you may be treated with that exaggerated courtesy sometimes shown to a bright ingenious child, or you may be told, in the language of a famous street railway magnate at an annual meeting in New York, that "we shall vote first and discuss afterward."

Rights of Stockholders

SUCH is your position as a stockholder in some of the strongest and most conservative companies in the country. The small stockholder is nowhere taken seriously. His ownership of property is treated as a legal fiction, and the officers practically run things to suit themselves, dominating the company, because they control, if not a majority of the stock, at any rate the machinery of election. Some of these companies, especially railroads, publish annual reports for the information of the stockholder. If you are curious about the information which these contain, write to the secretary of any of the large companies and read the book which he sends you. If you write to the large industrial corporations, you will sometimes get a pamphlet, sometimes a leaflet; usually you will get nothing. Nor can you, although you are part owner of its property, unless you are a large owner, obtain from the company more information concerning its affairs than the officers see fit to give you. They will generally give you no information whatever. If your stock is dealt in on some

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How Directors Direct

WELL, the election is over. You have elected your directors in much the same way as the Texas Republicans or the Pennsylvania Democrats elect their governors, and your trustees have settled down to run the business—I am talking now, remember, not about wild-cat companies, but about the best corporations in the United States. Their first step is to elect officers. These officers have, in most cases, controlled the election, so that they succeed themselves as a matter of form. I know a bank president—I presume he is much like other presidents, who is wont to say, "I have a very nice board; they never make me any trouble." He is right, they seldom do. Positions on directorates are accepted for various reasons: to get inside information of what is going on in particular financial circles; to protect the interests of a competing company; because of the prestige and high distinction which these positions sometimes carry with them; in order to sell materials or obtain loans on favorable terms; to participate in profitable underwriting syndicates; to receive salaries; and sometimes for the director's fee, a \$20, \$10, or \$5 gold piece, which is handed to each director at the close of the meeting. I recently heard of one director in New York, who was so anxious for the fees, that, when board meetings chanced to conflict, he would attend one, demand an adjournment, in order to gain time for further consideration of the business before the board, and hurry off to his second board. Very little got away from this director.

The Real Control

IN most corporations, the board, like all boards everywhere, is dominated by a few strong men, often by one strong man. The directorate usually registers the decisions and approves the acts of the president. The Union Pacific directors, not long ago, authorized Mr. Harriman to borrow \$100,000,000 as he saw fit, and to spend it in the same manner. Mr. Harriman is, in theory, the agent of the board, who are the trustees for the stockholders. In practice, Mr. Harriman's office is quite different. The law, it is true, imposes some restrictions on directors, which are designed to protect the stockholder. They must not be parties to contracts with the corporation, must not buy from the corporation, sell to it, or loan it money, if the stockholders object. They usually are parties to such contracts, and stockholders seldom object. They must not declare dividends which have not been earned. If they do this, the directors can be sued for their illegal dividends, and in more than one instance, directors declaring illegal dividends have been forced to refund. Beyond this, the directors are bound to exercise good faith and an honest judgment in all their decisions. So long, however, as the faith is good and the judgment honest, the stockholder can not interfere with their management. If the stockholder, say the owner of 100 shares, is dissatisfied with the company's management, his remedy, in the language of a famous decision, is to "elect new directors, or to sell his stock and withdraw."

Such is the legal position of stockholders in the best and safest corporations, managed by men who are in the main upright, and who take pride, like Stuyvesant Fish, in a long, honorable, and successful administration. When the man at the head of the company is honest and able, and the business is naturally profitable, the stockholder may expect dividends, and that these dividends will be regularly paid. If the man at the helm is dishonest, or incompetent or reckless, or if the company is controlled by its competitors, which frequently happens, or if its directors are speculating in its stock, in any of these contingencies, the stockholder is helpless to protect himself against loss.

It's Worth Remembering—

THAT gossips never secure "permanent jobs."

That happiness is found only when you look within, not without.

That love may be ever so great, but must also be wise, to grow.

That a fool is never so foolish but that he may teach another fool something.

That to be poor without losing self-respect or a sense of enjoyment is a fine art.

That kindness of any true sort must be expressed in terms of the recipient, not of the donor.

That capability marks some men, and importance others, but that indispensability attaches to none.

That friendship which is genuine may invariably be recognized in that it is neither jealous nor selfish.

That indolence among the rich is more to be condemned than ignorance among the poor. The rich know better.

That intellectual worth is most clearly shown in the complete and accurate knowledge of one's own abilities.

That mediocrity, provided it be persevering, accomplishes more than fitful talent. Hares and tortoises still run races.

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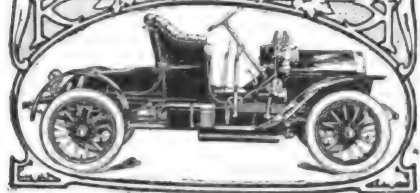
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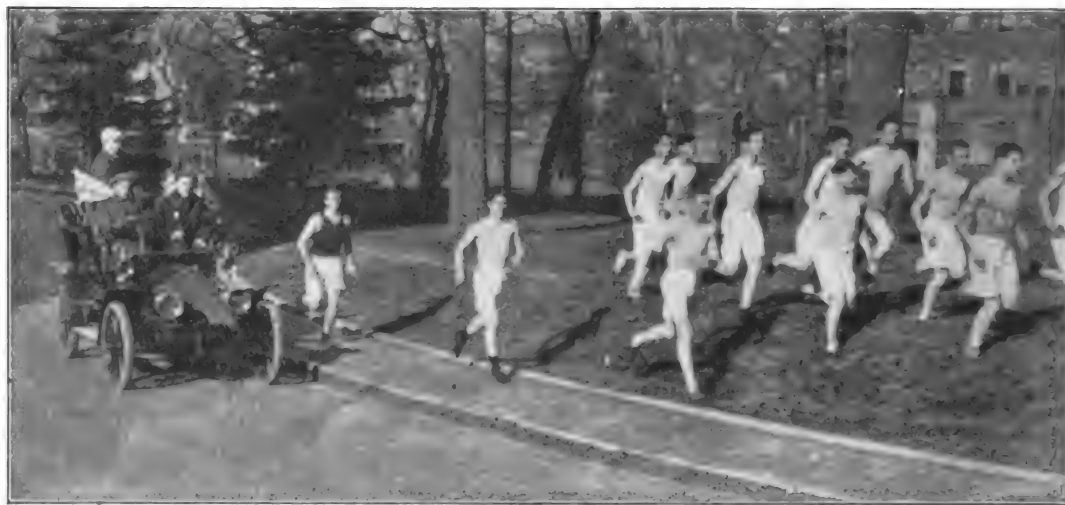
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Motor Car Topics

THE SIGNIFICANT facts relative to the automobile industry, as developed by the opening of the year 1907, may be summed up as follows:

While the output and the demand for American-built cars has greatly increased over that of 1906, the demand for leading makes of foreign-built cars is greater than ever before. Whether this condition is due to a preference upon the part of buyers, to whom price is not a consideration, for the English and European car, or an inability upon the part of American manufacturers of high-class cars to supply the demand, is a question upon which admirers of American and foreign cars will probably differ.

Prices have in no way declined. On the contrary, they have in not a few notable instances advanced, and there seems to be no indication that prices will be reduced during the selling season of 1907. It is true that, in one or two makes of the runabout type, cars of greater horsepower and cylinder equipment are being offered at unprecedentedly low prices, but the majority of runabouts and those of the four, five, and seven passenger touring type are being held at 1906 prices or better.

The remarkable sales recorded at the three great shows of 1907—two in New York and one in Chicago—attest the fact that automobiling has grown greatly in

popularity, even during the twelve months ending with December 1, 1906. It is estimated that sales at the three shows to individual buyers reached a valuation of \$5,000,000, and to agents \$19,000,000, or \$24,000,000 in all. The industry seems to be in good hands, the various trade organizations controlling it having thus far been successful in suppressing any tendency to force upon the market a greater number of cars than the market will absorb, while the grade of materials and workmanship characterizing the American product as a whole has discouraged the production to any extent, of carelessly built and cheap machines.

President E. H. Cutler, of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, at the recent annual meeting of the organization in New York City, said: "It is a source of satisfaction to me to be able to make the statement that the development of the automobile industry during the past year has been fully in keeping with the optimistic view of the outlook as it appeared a year ago, and that the favorable conditions that prevailed then, have continued and seem likely to continue among those manufacturers who conduct their affairs upon sound commercial lines."

The hostile attitude of legislators in not a few States; and particularly in New York State, is giving automobilists generally no little concern. Many bills, so drastic in character that their vicious provisions will



E. C. Blakely of Harvard University, in his American Mercedes, winner of the 100-mile race at Ormonde Beach



A finish during the motor-boat races at Lake Worth, Florida

in all probability bring about their own defeat, have been prepared, and the coming spring will likely keep the legislative committees of all automobile organizations exceedingly busy in fighting off trouble. One of these bills provides that no machine licensed by the State shall be geared for a greater speed than fifteen miles an hour. In this manner the framer of the measure proposes to make the violation of speed regulations by motorists impossible.

The result of these attacks by State lawmakers is precisely what was predicted by leading members of the Automobile Club of America, two years or more ago. Automobilists are uniting in an effort to enlist the interests of the federal government for the adoption of a federal law covering all points of moment to motor car owners, or, if this be found impracticable, to draft a fair and just law, that will be submitted to all State legislatures, with a view to ultimately securing a uniform law throughout the country.

* * *

Another effect of legislative meddling has been to stimulate greatly the movement toward private roadways, leading from the more populous cities to various points in the surrounding country. It is predicted that, eventually, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, and other great automobile centers will have a system of roadways not unlike the spokes of a wheel, their terminal points being connected by a belt road, and the whole system restricted entirely to use by motor cars. New York is setting the pace along these lines by the construction of the Long Island motor way, and by the private course that will be built this year



MOTORING IN MIDWINTER
Driving a Columbia through a snowdrift

from New York City across the Jersey Meadows to Tuxedo, a distance of forty miles. The opinion seems to prevail among motorists that so long as State legislatures exist, motor car owners will be harassed and held up to the same exasperating degree that has been their portion for years past, and that the only way to enjoy fully their cars is to construct their own roads, upon which the public may not trespass.

* * *

The Glidden Tour of 1907 is to have a formidable rival in the "Gold Cup Tour" of American cars through continental Europe, which is being organized by Georges Dupuy, to start from New York in July. The purpose of the tour is to give the motorists of France, Austria, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland an opportunity to study the lines and mechanism of American-built cars, as well as to form an estimate of their powers of endurance, based upon the performance of their long tour of approximately 3,000 miles over European roads. It is planned to limit the number of cars of any one make to five, and to limit the number of makes to fifteen. Thus the maximum number of cars participating will be 75, and it is intended that all of these shall be thoroughly representative of the American automobile industry, and typical of the best in material and workmanship that America can turn out. Much interest in the tour is being developed among leading American makers, and there seems little question but that the project will materialize and be carried through to a successful issue.

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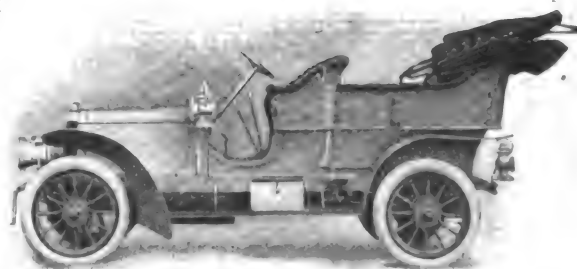
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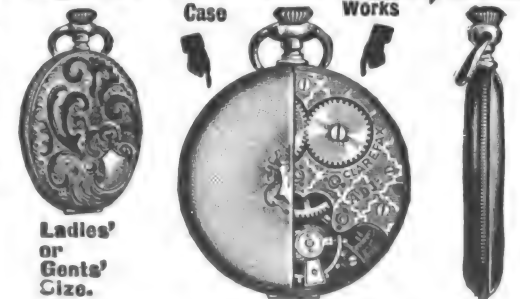
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Do not send money with order, but send us your name, post-office and nearest express office. Tell us whether you want a Ladies' or Gents' Clarefax watch, and we will send the watch to your express office, where you may examine it before paying any money, and after you are positive as to its value, pay the express agent \$5.40 and express charges.

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Meanwhile, what is to become of the Glidden Tour? The newly-elected president of the American Automobile Association, under the auspices of which organization the tour was conducted last year, announced in his inaugural address of January last that he was in doubt as to just how far his organization should assume control or supervision of such competitive tours. For the expression of this sentiment, many participants in the Glidden Tour of 1906 will be heartily thankful, for a more ill-prepared and badly managed affair has certainly never gone upon record in the annals of American motor car tours.

Without regard for the wishes or intentions of the American Automobile Association in the matter, motorists who participated in last year's Glidden Tour, and who desire to take part in the tour of 1907, have united in the opinion that, if a corporal's guard of machines is to be present at the start in July next, the management of the tour must be placed in different hands. Sentiment in this connection seems to be strongly in favor of the New York Motor Club as the organization best fitted and equipped to conduct the tour upon lines that will insure the comfort and pleasure of participants, and capable of formulating and enforcing rules and conditions best calculated to make the competition of real value to those manufacturers who may enter cars in the contest. That President Stevens could appoint from among the club members an efficient, experienced, and capable executive committee to conduct the tour is not questioned by those familiar with the timber of which the organization is composed.

Whatever may be the achievements of the "Gold Cup Tourists," it is reasonably certain, provided its management is placed in competent hands, that the Glidden Tour of 1907 will be given equally as strong support by motor car owners and manufacturers, as it was given last year.

* * *

No public exhibition ever held in New York City has demonstrated so conclusively the city's need for a great exhibit hall as did the Seventh Annual Automobile Show at Madison Square Garden. One observant exhibitor, who stood in the gallery and looked down upon the solid mass of humanity that packed the aisles and overflowed into the exhibit spaces remarked:

"If the Chief of Police or the Fire Commissioner could stand here this evening, I'll warrant he would not lose a moment in ordering the doors closed and the sale of tickets stopped. Should a cry of fire be raised, or a panic be started from any other cause, among that tightly-wedged mass of people, the results would be awful."

The truth is that New York City has outgrown its one great exhibit building. Madison Square Garden is no longer spacious enough to meet the needs of the city's population of four and three-quarter million. London, Paris, Berlin and other European cities have their vast public exhibit halls, erected by their respective municipalities, and maintained by them for just such exhibitions as the Automobile Show, the Horse Show, and other popular attractions and industrial displays. "New York," said an exhibitor at the recent Automobile Show, "should have an exhibit building of this kind, built and operated by the city, and it should be the largest and best equipped building of its kind in the world. An ideal site for such a building would be Central Park, with the main entrance facing on 59th Street, in the vicinity of the New York Athletic Club. I know that Central Park is regarded by New Yorkers almost as sacred ground, and that any suggestion to erect a building thereon would probably raise a storm of protest. But there is ample ground to spare there for the purpose, and it could be utilized in no way that would give greater pleasure to a greater number of people. As is well known, it is not unlikely that Madison Square Garden may at any time be given up to other purposes than those for which it is now utilized. Such an event, with no other building available for the many and varied exhibits now held throughout the year at the Garden, would be in the nature of a positive hardship to New Yorkers, and would mean a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the city's hotel keepers and tradesmen."

* * *

There was a noticeable diminution in interest in the automobile beach races at Ormond, Florida, this year. The absence of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Mr. Samuel Stevens, and other prominent amateur drivers, with cars of such international reputation as the Darracq, Panhard, Mercedes, De Dietrich, English Daimler, and Clement-Bayard had a distinct effect upon the attendance, while the enthusiasm that has characterized the Ormond races in past years seemed entirely lacking. To enter one or more cars for racing events in Florida, and to transport them with attendant mechanics a distance of 1,200 miles or more, is an expensive undertaking, and one which, in the opinion of motor car owners, is scarcely worth the attendant trouble and expense, when the exorbitant charges to which they are subjected on arrival at the scene, and the questionable value of the victories they may achieve are taken into consideration. In the opinion of not a few prominent amateur drivers, the winter of 1906-'07 will have seen the last of the Ormond Beach races.

The photographic reproductions in these columns, of a scene on the grounds of Columbia University, in which the college athletic coach, "Josh" Crooks, is coaching his team of cross-country runners from the tonneau of a Columbia motor car, is illustrative of modern methods in college athletics. The method adopted by Mr. Crooks enables him to follow his men on their run, and make accurate note of just how each man is handling himself. The idea, which is in line with that adopted by the college rowing coach in following his crew in a motor boat, has worked out with great success, and Mr. Crooks believes that it will quickly be adopted by other trainers. The car is of 28 horse-power, and is equipped with a special speedometer that enables the coach to determine accurately just how rapidly and with what uniformity of pace his men are traveling.

The Boy and the Rifle

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his last annual message to Congress, strongly recommended that the American schoolboy and the college undergraduate be given every opportunity to become proficient in the use of small arms. He declared that, in the event of a call to arms for the national defense, the efficiency of any volunteer army would be greatly increased by a thorough knowledge of and long experience in the use of the rifle and revolver.

Recently, a leading American periodical, with a wide circulation among the youth of the country, began a vigorous attack against the policy advocated by the President, and strongly advised parents and guardians against allowing their sons or wards to go into the woods with rifle or shotgun, because of the danger to the youthful sportsmen, attendant upon such privilege.

It would seem to SUCCESS MAGAZINE that President Roosevelt is right and the periodical in question is very wrong. For the average boy, a gun of any type has a strong fascination. If he be forbidden to handle or use firearms the opportunity to disobey will sooner or later present itself, and, because of his unfamiliarity with firearm mechanism and operation, an accident is almost sure to occur. The experience of instructors in manual training-schools is that, at the outset of their course of instruction, pupils almost invariably meet with accidents, in handling the sharp-edged tools placed in their hands. This, of course, is due either to unfamiliarity with the tools or carelessness, or both. After a little instruction and a little experience, the tools are handled with increasing skill, and accidents are practically unknown. Of course, the possibility of accident could be wholly precluded by abolishing the manual school, and disposing of the tools at the nearest junk shop, but certainly no one could be found to advocate this course. As in the use of sharp-edged tools, the surest and most effective means of preventing accident among the youth of the country, by the handling of firearms, is to make them thoroughly familiar with such arms, not by allowing them to "find out for themselves," but by placing them in charge of a competent instructor, who will teach them first those things they ought not to do, before proceeding to familiarize them with the mechanism of the arm and to make of them skillful marksmen.

The average farmer's boy of fifteen years, and even younger, is really self-educated in the use of firearms, but, before venturing into the woods after rabbits and squirrels on his own account, he has picked up many valuable pointers by accompanying his father or elder brother on many similar expeditions. The city boy has no such opportunities, however, and the inauguration of rifle and pistol galleries in private and public schools where boys in the higher classes may receive instruction in the use of small arms, would undoubtedly bear excellent fruit in the increased efficiency of our national guard material of the future. The growing popularity of summer camps for boys, where, under proper restrictions, they are given opportunity for rifle and revolver practice, and participation in trap shooting is a long step in the right direction.

Statistics will show that nine out of ten accidents with firearms are due to inexperience or carelessness. The greater the experience acquired by any boy, the more careful he becomes, if only because he better understands the possibilities of accident. The man who approves the President's advice, and is willing that his boy should learn to shoot, but who forbids him handling firearms, is not unlike the old lady who advised her daughter to learn to swim, but to "never go near the water."

Beat Him One Way

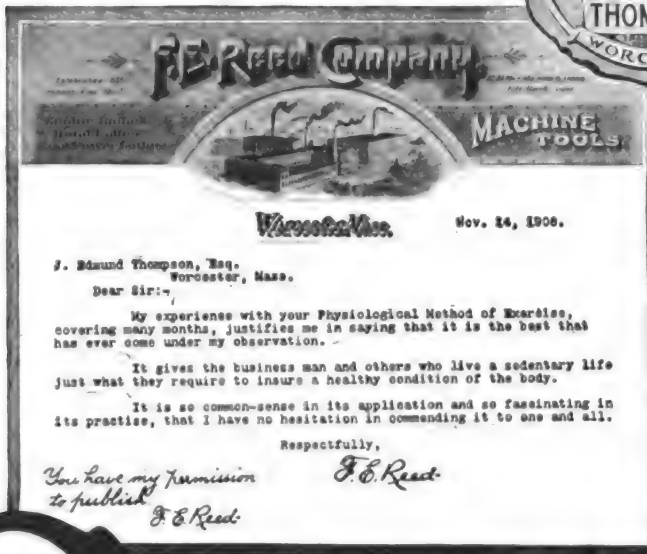
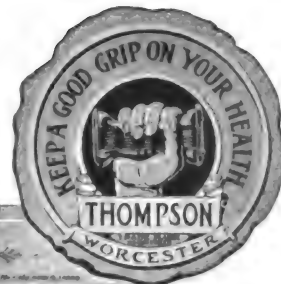
AS MARK TWAIN and a friend were chatting at the summer home of the humorist, Quarry Farm, near Elmira, New York, the conversation turned to the wealth of John D. Rockefeller.

"Just think of it, Sam," said the guest, "he has more dollars than there are hairs in that vigorous old thatch of yours."

"That's nothing," replied Mr. Clemens, "I have more dollars than he has hairs in his head."

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THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN



LOOKING toward spring, the changes in fashion will be superficial, not fundamental. The really well-dressed man is much less concerned about following extremes of style than he is about quality of fabric, nicety of fit and appropriateness of cut and color. Moreover, the growing desire to have the details of one's dress express subtly, yet unmistakably, the wearer's personality, is making men increasingly independent of fashion plates. We don't allow the tailor to dictate what we shall wear, any more than we allow the grocer to dictate what we shall eat. He may suggest, but we decide. Individuality in dress is a hard thing to put into words. It does not, by any means, signify utter disregard of conventional forms and standards, merely for the sake of being different. It is a thing of incidentals, rather than essentials, and is expressed by such seeming trifles as an odd tie pin, a characterful cravat, a shirt of uncommon pattern and coloring, a stick of distinctive form, and so on. Perhaps I can better illustrate than describe. A very well-dressed man of my acquaintance never wears a watch chain, but uses, instead, a strip of black seal leather terminating in a solid gold oval buckle, which fastens to the center waistcoat button and extends diagonally down to the lower watch pocket. This has an "air" quite its own, and is one of those uncommon little things that contribute to form a clothes-individuality. Mark you, I am not advocating that every man be a law unto himself in matters of dress. Uniformity, in a broad sense, is absolutely desirable. But I do renew the plea, often made in these columns, in favor of a well-defined personality in dress that shall prevent men from looking like a lot of beads—all threaded on one string.

the same time, letting the cloth touch it. Such absurdities as creased side-seams and hollowed-in waists on overcoats have gone to the attic.

Whether one's tie is wide or narrow is, to be sure, not an epochal question. Nevertheless, to forestall those precise minds which demand measurements, it may be said that the spring four-in-hand will be from two to two and a quarter inches wide. A very wide tie looks clumsy, and a very narrow one looks niggardly.

Therefore the measurements given are best. The accompanying sketch affords a good idea of the appearance of the fashionable spring four-in-hand. It is loosely folded in, not sewn up, in the back, and this apparent waste of material is really the mark of the fine article. As far as colors and designs go, a man's personal taste rather than the dictate of fashion, is the safest guide. The fold or double-band collar will be most generally favored for day wear. Whatever shape becomes a man is the most correct from the view-point of both style and sense. As we have repeatedly stated in these columns regarding men's dress, it is always better to wear what suits one's face and figure than what is merely the latest style.



Double-breasted sack coat

Questions About Dress

[Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired, writers' names will not be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than of personal interest.]

J. L. L.—The occasions on which formal and informal evening dress are correct have been recited so often in these columns that the subject has become a bit threadbare. Ceremonious evening dress (the swallow-tail and its accessories) is required at any function after sundown where women are to be met. Six o'clock is generally regarded as the dividing line between afternoon and evening. Informal evening dress (the Tuxedo jacket and its accessories) is only sanctioned at gatherings of men, such as club affairs, stags, bachelor dinners, and very intimate family meetings.

We are quite aware that "the Tuxedo is worn at dances," but we maintain on the authority of the best usage, that it should not be so worn. Class and association dinners are another thing. Here the guests are generally all men and, hence, Tuxedo clothes are frequently seen. When, however, women are in the galleries looking on, ceremonious dress is absolutely necessary. The very fact that the swallowtail suit and the Tuxedo have come to be worn indiscriminately, and with no regard for occasion and circumstance, makes it necessary to establish a well-defined rule and stick to it. We do not set ourselves up as the supreme arbiters of good form, nor do we condemn unconditionally opinions opposed to our own.

The whole purpose of this department is merely to reflect the best urban usage and the truest breeding. If every man is allowed to be a law unto himself, and to settle all questions of correctness according to his personal notions, then comes chaos. We must have a standard in dress, and we must conform to it. It may be pertinent to note here, that Tuxedo clothes are rarely worn in England, because the Englishman sees nothing practical or befitting in them. He wears



Morning tie and collar

Notwithstanding the recent leaning of the mode toward long overcoats, no garment has yet been introduced that is quite as handy for town wear and light traveling as the covert topcoat. It is preeminently a young man's coat, and its partial return to favor is to be welcomed. The garment shown here reflects the spring fashion. It is very plain in cut, without stitching on the cuffs, and has the correct soft lapel, which is a trifle higher and blunter than heretofore. Covert coats should always be cut loose for convenient slipping on and off. The attempt to make them contour-clinging is neither sensible in purpose nor appropriate in effect. Contrariwise, long overcoats still faintly suggest a shaping of the figure. They are cut to hang loose and "boxy," with just a hint of gathering in at the waist. This does not mean the old form-fitting overcoat, which has been discarded as effeminate-looking. The tailor who knows what he's about strives to give even a loose coat the appearance of following the lines of the figure, without, at

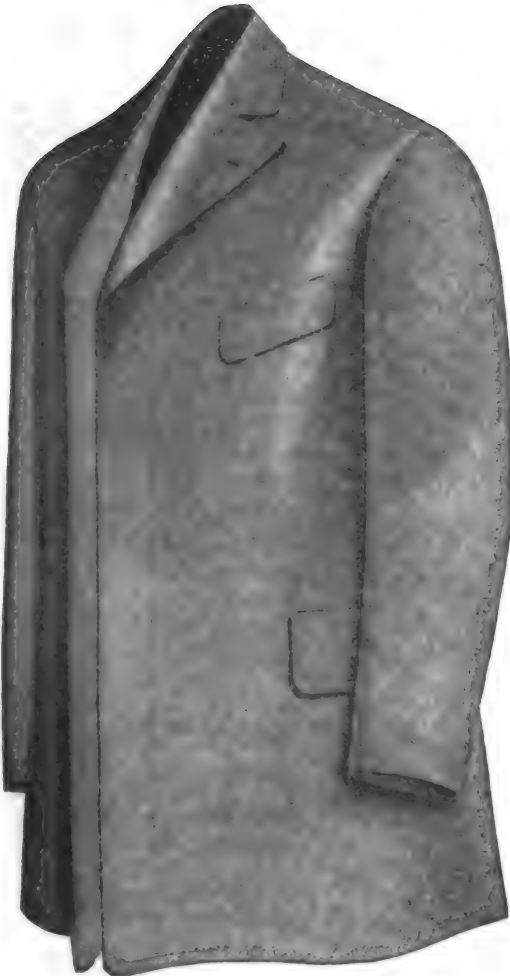


Double-breasted waistcoat



The storm shoe

ceremonious dress on every occasion, formal and semi-formal, after dusk. Indeed, it is an inseparable accompaniment of polite life. Americans, however, are more lax in their views, and, hence, the Tuxedo has crept into



The top coat for spring

a place to which neither appropriateness nor good manners entitle it.

S. M. H. and W. J. N.—See answer to preceding inquiry. It may be added that, when the Tuxedo is worn at a ball, at which most of the other men appear in ceremonious dress, it is particularly out of place.

TUCKER.—We do not print the names of tradesmen in these columns, nor give an opinion on the relative merits of different brands of manufactured goods.

C. E. S.—The formal evening waistcoat is always white, and the Tuxedo waistcoat usually gray. Both are cut in the newer V-shape, rather than the old U-shape. The fabric used in either waistcoat may be plain or figured; it matters not. Gray Tuxedo ties are usually worn when the suit is gray. If a gray suit be worn, the waistcoat should be of a much lighter shade of gray, say pearl, to lend an agreeable contrast.

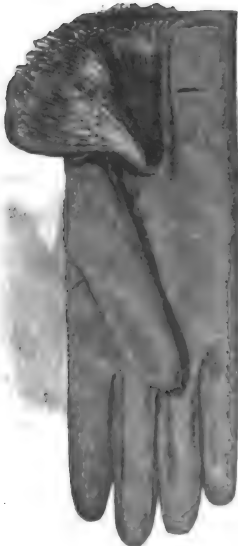
Dress as a Business Asset

NOTHING will discredit a man and tie up his tongue and his resourcefulness more quickly than to be caught in a seedy dress or in an "ungroomed" condition. The increase of confidence which comes from the consciousness of being well and fittingly dressed is of the greatest value.

The mere cost of suitable and becoming dress is nothing in comparison with the increase of power, of forcefulness, of assurance it gives.

We all know what a handicap it is for a man to be looked upon as a back number, whether it is owing to his dress, his education, his training, his habits, or his methods of doing business. Anything that keeps him back should be remedied, no matter what it is. Nobody can afford to tolerate a thing or a condition which retards his progress.

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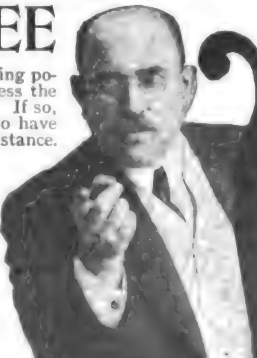
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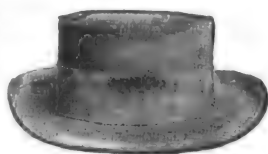
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PATENTS

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C. No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for Inventor's Guide.

should start in a race wearing a heavy overcoat or carrying a lot of luggage? Yet that would be infinitely more sensible than to obstruct one's progress by the handicaps with which many men enter the great life race, where the whole destiny, and not a little temporary prize, is at stake.

The great problem of the young man, who would make the most of life, is to keep himself up to standard in every respect, all the faculties in trim to do the best thing possible to him. It does not matter whether it is shabby or slovenly dress, or any of the hundreds of forms of dissipation common to young men, anything that lowers his self-respect, cripples his self-confidence, or mars his forcefulness, is a curse, fatal to his maximum achievement.

Dress is a factor which the young man seeking success to-day can not afford to neglect. It counts for a great deal with the average employer. Even men who are careless of their own dress prefer, other things being equal, to employ those who are well dressed. Employers know very well the value of attractiveness in their stores or offices. They know that customers are prejudiced against slovenliness and slipshodness, and that they judge the proprietor largely by the appearance of those around him.

It reflects upon a man's business ability to have shabbily dressed people in his employ. It looks as though he is not a man of system and order, and that he lacks business sagacity and shrewdness.

All of our great merchant princes have been very particular about the attractiveness and the manners of their employees. It was a rule of A. T. Stewart to employ only fine-looking, fine-mannered young men, who knew how to dress well, because he knew that a good appearance would attract the public, especially women customers, and he was catering to the best trade.

The proprietor of a large New York house recently wrote to SUCCESS MAGAZINE: "One of the prerequisites in making a contract with an employee of this office is that he shall give special attention to the details of his personal appearance, such as fresh clothes, clean linen, polished shoes, and a clean shaven face. We would not entertain the idea of taking into our employ a man who is slovenly in his appearance, as, in our judgment, such a man is not only heavily handicapped, but is likely to prove a very expensive attachment so far as his employers are concerned."



Double-breasted greatcoat

The tendency everywhere to-day is toward elegance beauty, and scrupulous cleanliness. Men are learning the philosophy of appealing to the eye. Everything now must be attractive. Just think of the elegance the sumptuousness of the new banks, the trust companies' offices, and many of the commercial houses in our large cities! A building like Tiffany's new store in New York would have been considered one of the wonders of the times fifty years ago. Our great department stores, and even some of our grocery stores to-day look like art galleries compared with those of fifty years ago.

Certainly, if it pays to make one's store and office attractive, it also pays a man to keep himself "well groomed" and attractively dressed. It touches his self-respect as well as his pocketbook.

He Wasn't Even Necessary

A YOUNG player of some notoriety was regaling a number of members at the Lambs Club with an account of the "swell notices" he had lately received in the West. Finally Wilton Lackaye interposed an objection to the effect that the rôle enacted by the youthful player during his Western engagement was about the worst work he had ever seen him do.

"Oh!" bitterly exclaimed the younger Thespian, "I presume that so distinguished a performer as yourself would deny that I am an actor at all."

"I certainly should," replied Lackaye.

"Then what would you call me?" recklessly demanded the youth. "I should call you a pardonable error," responded Lackaye.

"The world raises its loftiest shaft to the man who 'delivers the goods.'"

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as being so oneself.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

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GOVERNOR SHRIMP

By WALLACE IRWIN

GOVERNOR SHRIMP, to review his biography.
First saw the daylight at Margerine Mill.
Born in a cottage, (now famed in photography.)
Went to the little red school on the hill.
Who, with this start, could escape notoriety?
Shrimp, an industrious child of the loam,
Practiced dishonesty, patience, sobriety.
Prospered—and grew to the Great Man at Home.

Shrimp, as a boy, was employed in a cannery;
Later he started a grocery store,
Shut out his rivals, foreclosed on a tannery.
Made in a year fifty thousand or more.
Even as Caesar remarked, with geniality,
"First in a village beats second at Rome."
So he was given the town's mayoralty.
Taking his place as the Great Man at Home.

Shrimp went to church with precise regularity,
(Everyone turned as he entered his pew.)
Headed the list on petitions and charity,
Rode in parades much as potentates do,
Bowing to left of him, bowing to right of him.
Doffing his hat from his statesmanlike dome;
Margerine Mill was quite crushed with the heft
Of him—
Shrimp, without doubt, was the Great Man at Home.

Well, in a shuffle of politics national,
Roxy, the Boss, with a cynical air,
Seeking a "yellow dog," found quite a rational
Object in Shrimp for the Governor's chair.
One who would be both obscure and obedient,
Far from His Master's Voice never to roam.
Shrimp was the man for the Party's expedient—
Here was a chance for the Great Man at Home.

Shrimp was elected, the State's willing "figger-
head."
Tagged by his boss as a minus amount.
Roxy tossed scraps to the poor little nigger—
Shade of a Governor,—he didn't count.
Did he have views on Political Purity?
Politics stained him the color of chrome.
Railroads and senators mocked his obscurity;
He ran their errands—the Great Man at Home!

After a term of this famous humility,
Shrimp, in retirement, went back to the Mill,
Where, as he found, they esteemed his ability.
Flattered, looked up to him, worshiped him still!
Touch of his hand, to their minds, was felicity;
He was their Roosevelt, their Folk, their Jerome.
He who had shrunk in the light of publicity
Loomed up once more as the Great Man at Home.

Where the Patch Belongs

A New Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared,—one a decidedly decent looking man, and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner. After very little hesitation, the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present, evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man ever worked for you before?"
"No," replied the other; "in fact, I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face."

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of the place, in disgust. "Let me tell you that, when you pick out a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't."

Brevity Is the Soul

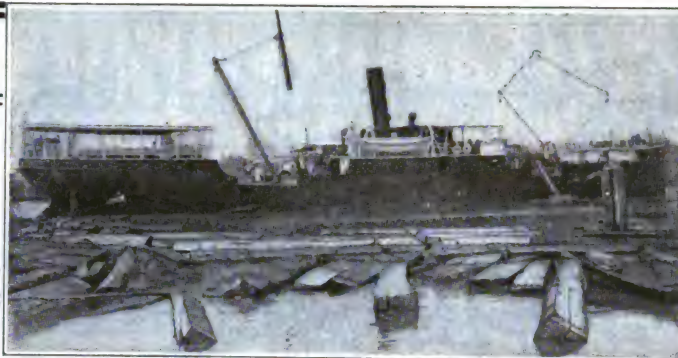
IN A TENNESSEE COURT, an old colored woman was put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a railway locomotive.

Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the train kill the hog in question.

"Yassah, I seed it."
"Then," said counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just how it occurred."

"Yo' honah," responded the old lady, "I shore kin tell yo' in a few words. It jes' tooted an' tuck him."

Ocean S. S.
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1st—Large dividends, increasing earning power of stock—22% conservatively estimated on full development of plantation.

2d—Present Sources of Revenue—Over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of lumber and logs now in Company's yards at Mobile and Chicago. Fourteen steamship loads of mahogany and cedar already shipped to U. S. 2500 acres corn just harvested. Five Company's stores on plantation. Cattle, 1800 head (hides, etc.). 250,000 zapote trees (chicle or chewing gum). Rubber trees, large number, fully grown, ready to tap.

3rd—Future Sources of Revenue—Henequen—long established industry in Mexico; called the "millionaire-maker." At \$80 per acre (low estimate) each thousand acres of henequen will yield 1% dividend on total capitalization. 12,000 acres being planted. Rubber trees—one million (500 acres already planted). Tropical Fruits—200,000 banana plants

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New Locomotive, on I. L. & D. Co.'s Property, attached to train of mahogany and cedar logs, on way to Chenkan, the seaport on Company's land. (Picture taken in two sections).



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President

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R.C.P.----S.

October 22, 1906.

Miss Sadie Brown,

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Dear Madam:-

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I take pleasure in sending you herewith a cheque
for \$45.00, representing the difference between the
amount of our guarantee for three months' work and
the amount you actually earned in commissions and
prizes during that period. Kindly receipt the
voucher and return at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
By *Robert C. Placock*

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WE guarantee the compensation of anyone who is willing to give their entire time for thirty, sixty or ninety days, to the work of soliciting subscriptions for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The above deficiency claim on one of our contracts was paid within forty-eight hours after it reached us, and upon the basis of the agent's own figures as to what we owed her. Are you aware that SUCCESS is the only magazine having sufficient faith in its selling qualities to GUARANTEE an agent's compensation for straight magazine subscription work? Instead of figuring that the average beginner will fail, as most magazines seem to, we BELIEVE that the Success agent who fails is the rare exception, and back our belief with our money.

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I WILL ARISE

By Frederick J. Allen

I will arise,
Though baffled and cast down
At every turn;
Still in the skies,
Behind the clouds that frown,
Hope's bright stars burn.

God's way with men
Hath e'er been passing strange,
Since time began;
And human ken,
Though at its widest range,
Sees not his plan.

But victor faith
Above the tumult hears
A voice divine;
A voice that saith
God's love a structure rears
From deeds of mine.

I will arise,
No useful walk in life
Is danger free;
I will arise,
My strength shall come from strife
Waged worthily.

He Took It Along

AN OLD colored man entered a Washington drug store and began carefully to scrutinize the contents of a case given over to soap.

"Gimme a cake, boss," said the dusky one to the clerk who came forward, "a cake jes' like dat," indicating a particular variety.

"Certainly," responded the clerk. "Will you have it scented or unscented?"

"I'll take it with me, boss," said the customer.

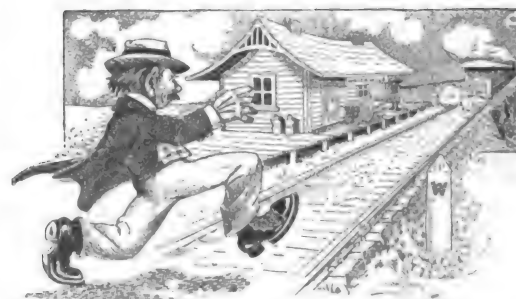
A History That Educates*

A KNOWLEDGE of the past and its lessons is essential to the understanding and interpretation of the present. Without a comprehensive knowledge of history one must go through life like a blind man through a picture gallery. The blind man is unconscious of and incapable of enjoying the objects of beauty and interest spread out before him. The man ignorant of history may travel the world over without getting enjoyment or profit from his travels, because he knows nothing of the heroes of the past, of the warriors, the scholars, the teachers, the reformers, the martyrs, of the victories they have achieved, the work they have accomplished in raising the world from savagery to civilization. He knows nothing of the various stages of the world's progress, the famous ruins, the historical buildings, the ancient landmarks, the renowned battlefields, that spell the history of mankind, that make his own and every country he visits an open book, every page of which is as interesting as a romance to the student of history.

Shorn of all unnecessary detail, broad and comprehensive in its scope, Ridpath's "History of the World" is specially designed for, and exactly suited to the needs of the average man and woman, who have not time to read elaborate and minutely detailed works, or in other words to make a specialty of history.

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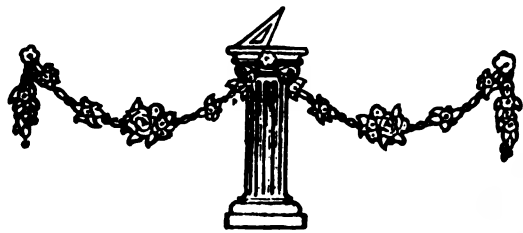
*"History of the World," John Clark Ridpath, LL. D. The Riverside Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.



TAKING IT LITERALLY.—The late Mr. Smith

True merit is like a river. The deeper it is the less noise it makes.

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What Are Earthquakes?

By HUDSON MAXIM

THERE are few subjects less understood than earthquakes. Among the many theories that have been advanced to explain them, there are none, to my mind, not open to serious objections. The theory here presented I believe to be in the main new.

The three recent tremendous seismic disturbances at San Francisco, Valparaiso, and Kingston, following the eruptions of Mt. Pelée and Vesuvius, forcibly remind us that there is a tremendous terranean power of some sort underlying the deep foundations whereon we build our cities and our hopes.

The most common explanation offered is that the earth's shrinkage from loss of heat sets up stress in the earth's crust, which becomes greater and greater until the crust yields along old faults or lines of weakness.

Few people have any idea how enormous are deep earth pressures, or know that these pressures must be taken into serious account in the study of seismic phenomena.

It matters not whether the earth be considered as a solid all the way through, or as consisting of a great molten interior with a relatively thin crust upon it, for solid rock and molten lava behave the same at depths of a few miles. *Granite flows like wax at a depth of fifty miles, and the earth is eight thousand miles in diameter.* If the molten interior of the earth were to be removed and the space filled with air under a pressure sufficient to sustain the crust, this air, were it not to liquefy, would immediately under the crust have a density greater than gold.

If two tempered solid steel balls the size of the earth, hard as the harveyized face of armorplate, were to be taken in two Jovian hands and placed gently together in space and released, what would happen? They would behave exactly as though they were liquid, and would fall together and coalesce with each other like two drops of water, while the highest prominence or mountain on the new globe thus formed could not have a height of fifty miles, because it would flatten out under its own weight.

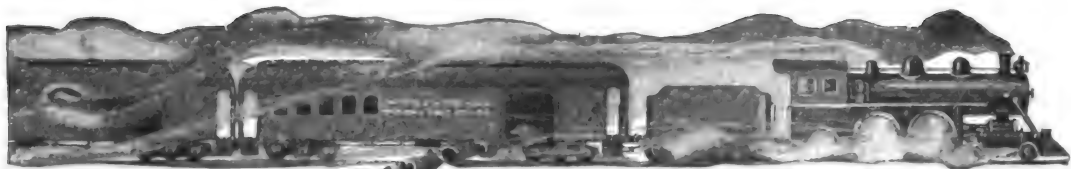
If we had a tank, say five hundred miles in height, made of material refractory enough and strong enough, provided with a faucet at the bottom, and should fill it to the brim with cannon balls, hard files, and steel rails, we could, without the application of any heat, draw the molten steel from this enormous tank, because, under its own weight, the steel would be forced to flow in a stream through the faucet.

There are two causes which work together to produce earthquakes: first, the escape of pent-up steam and molten matter, followed by the settling of the crust to fill the voids; second, the tension in the earth's crust set up by contraction from loss of heat. The shrinkage of the earth from loss of heat is so slow, however, that this factor is not so important; besides, the weight of the earth's crust is so great that the bedrock flows and adjusts itself to the stresses produced by mere shrinkage without producing earthquakes or volcanoes. This shrinkage, however, holds the ledges under tension, and the tension aids in the earth movements produced by the disturbing element of water. Water heated to incandescence in a space where it can not expand exerts a pressure equal to that which would be produced by the most powerful dynamite exploded in the same space. The effect is the same as though many portions of the earth's crust were actually resting upon gases of exploded dynamite trying to escape.

The theory is frequently advanced that planets, and even suns, sometimes explode, and that the earth may some day blow up like a bombshell. No celestial body the size of the earth could possibly explode. If the entire molten interior of our globe could be replaced with nitroglycerin and detonated, the explosion would not lift the earth's crust. In other words, if we assume that the crust of the earth is from fifty to one hundred miles in thickness, it would require something much more powerful than even nitroglycerin to burst this shell. It is necessary only to do a little figuring to see that the pressure of the earth's crust at a depth of from fifty to a hundred miles far exceeds the pressure exerted by the most powerful high explosive.

If we assume that the thickness of the earth's crust is fifty miles, and that its average density is about five times that of water, then we may also assume that the pressure at a depth of fifty miles is somewhat in excess of half a million pounds to the square inch. It is a safe conclusion that within a large portion of the earth's crust there exist pent-up gases, particularly steam, under a pressure equal to that exerted by the most

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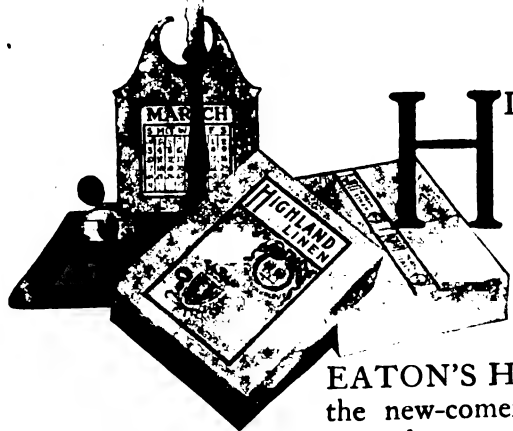
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Do you know that owing to the tremendous amount of freights being moved by railroads and transportation companies it has been absolutely impossible for us to get Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum stock to far distant points in time for distribution to our customers' customers. We have, therefore, decided to

Postpone the Closing Date

of the prize contest for letters written upon and about Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum from February 14th, as advertised in January magazines, to April 20th. No other change in conditions.

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powerful high explosive. High explosives probably exert pressures ranging from 200,000 to 350,000 pounds to the square inch. When a high explosive is detonated, the amount of pressure depends upon the volume of gases liberated and the temperature of the gases. Nitroglycerin exploded in a space where it could not expand would exert a pressure of probably from 300,000 to 350,000 pounds to the square inch. The pressure would certainly be less than half a million pounds to the square inch, although the temperature of the gases would equal the boiling point of steel. As the density of water is not quite so great as that of nitroglycerin, the pressure which incandescent water exerts is not so great as would be exerted by pure nitroglycerin, volume for volume. But weight for weight, the energy exerted would be virtually equal. In deep subterranean chambers there are necessarily large quantities of water heated to a temperature representing a pressure equal to that of exploded dynamite.

Through all geologic time, water, always water, has been both builder and destroyer. Water has piled the mountains up and ground them down again with storm and glacier, pulverizing the *débris*, sifting and separating sand from pebble, and stone from boulder; cutting deep *canyons* in the rock, laying out the plain, throwing islands into the sea, and giving continents new coast lines.

Water, too, was the original architect of the earth's crust. There was a time when the globe was too hot to allow water to remain on the surface in a liquid state. Then the ocean hung in the sky in the shape of steam, mixed with a vast amount of carbonic acid gas, for then the great beds of peat and coal had not yet been formed. From this great vaporous envelope the heat was quickly radiated into the cold of outer space, producing rapid condensation. Through long ages Niagara of rain plunged from sky to earth in a continual downpour over the entire terrestrial surface. The pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere was then many thousands of pounds to the square inch, instead of but fifteen pounds to the square inch as now. Under such enormous pressures the boiling point of water was not, as we know it, 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but was red heat. The first rivers that flowed upon the earth's surface were red hot. Granite dissolved in those floods like sugar in a cup of tea. The granite bedrock was formed by the precipitation of mica, quartz, and feldspar from aqueous solution. Deep down under the earth's crust to-day, where water has entered through faults, to be entrapped and highly heated, with no room for expansion, it dissolves the rock. And as, under the enormous pressures, it forces its way through narrow crevices to new positions, it cuts new channels in the granite floors, just as in glacial time subglacial streams cut passages through the ice. Consequently, when the eruption of a volcano takes place, relieving the pressures in the deep passages under it, there is a rush toward the outlet, of streams of incandescent water made syrupy with stone in solution. As these streams of silica-charged water find vent at the volcano, the expansion of the pent-up steam takes place with explosive violence, forming volcanic dust and pumice stone, which are belched forth in stupendous quantities. Then portions of the earth's crust, which have been resting upon a support of steam under dynamite pressures, naturally sag and shift when those pressures are removed or materially lessened.

It matters not whether under the deep subterranean pressures and temperatures the incandescent water be actually liquid or gaseous; its density is the same. Under such conditions, there can be no finely-drawn line between the liquid and the gas.

The pressure exerted by water under these conditions is sufficient to cause subterranean streams of lava and quartz-charged water to flow to long distances, even thousands of miles, leaving vast voids behind. The bedrock then settles and closes the passages, just as in glaciers the ice yields and closes the courses of subglacial streams.

A granite glacier fifty miles high would flow exactly like a glacier of ice a mile thick. The bedrock is a vast rock glacier threaded by numerous waterways which erode and cut passages through it, and the water-courses are again closed by the yielding walls of granite under the awful pressure just as the glacial waterways were closed by the yielding ice. The earth's surface then assumes new levels, this adjustment resulting in earthquakes.

The vast amount of solid matter ejected at times from volcanoes is difficult of comprehension. The great volcano Krakatoa had been extinct for ages when, in 1883, its top blew off with a shock felt clear through the earth, and with a blast that sent a wave of air around the earth three times, while the fine volcanic dust did not entirely settle out of the atmosphere for more than two years, as was indicated by the unusually brilliant display of red sunsets. It is estimated that more mud was ejected from the mountain on that occasion than the Mississippi River discharges in two hundred and fifty years. This was the greatest volcanic eruption in historic times. The distance is not too great nor the time too remote for the eruption of Mount Pelée to have caused the earthquakes of San Francisco, Valparaiso, and Kingston, while possibly Vesuvius may have played a material part.

The Regeneration of Little Lewis

By JAMES W. FOLEY



"Stillinlove grasped Lewis's collar"

MR. AND MRS. STILLINLOVE were in a state of acute parental anxiety over the total lack of discipline that obtained with reference to their little son, Lewis. "He must be managed with greater firmness," declared Mrs. Stillinlove, as they sat in the evening and discussed the vexatious problem. "He must be punished when he does wrong; punished so severely that he will realize the penalty of continued disobedience and misconduct. You must exercise the authority all fathers should have," she continued. "You have been too lax with him. To-morrow we must adopt a harsher method of dealing with his offenses. Otherwise, we may have much to regret in after life."

Mr. Stillinlove thrilled a little with the sense of authority. "You are right, Amy," he assented. "To-morrow we shall turn over a new leaf with him. It is well you spoke. The matter is one that has given me much concern and we must take steps—harsh ones if necessary, to bring him to a realizing sense of parental authority."

In the morning Mrs. Stillinlove refreshed the recollection of the previous night's conversation. "Remember!" she said, after breakfast had been eaten, "you must begin this very morning upon the new discipline. Be firm—harsh, if necessary, but exact strict obedience."

"Do not fear," said Mr. Stillinlove, buttoning his coat over his chest. "He shall be managed discreetly, yet firmly. Lewis!" he called, from the front door. "Lewis! Come in, a minute, dear. Papa wants to have a little talk with you."

Lewis failed to respond. He was in plain sight, about ten feet from the porch, digging holes in the lawn with a large iron spoon. Papa's overture, however, fell on deaf ears.

"Lewis, dear!" papa called again, "come in. Papa wants to speak to you before he goes down-town."

More activity with the spoon but none in the way of locomotion.

"Are you coming, sir?" inquired papa, beginning to feel a trifle vexed, "or shall I come out there after you?"

Lewis had evidently no preference; at least he indicated none. He had scooped up a pile of earth and grass about the size of a wash-basin and dabbled in it with the spoon.

"You'd better come in, Lewis, dear," Mrs. Stillinlove chimed in. "Papa really wants you. Be mamma's nice boy now and come right in."

"I guess you'd better let me manage him alone, Amy," suggested Mr. Stillinlove, pleasantly. "You see, there should be some system about it. If we both attempt to govern him at the same time he gets confused and does n't know what to do. Lewis!" he commanded sternly, "you come in here this minute or I'll come out there and spank you so you will remember it."

"I would n't lose my temper, dear," said Mrs. Stillinlove, mildly. "What you want is firmness but not anger. He is only a child, remember, and you must n't expect as much as you would of an older person."

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE, UNIVERSITY BUILDING, 32 WAVERLY PLACE, NEW YORK CITY

"I won't lose my temper, Amy," responded Mr. Stillinlove, not quite so pleasantly this time, "but I'll surprise that young man with a warming such as he has n't had in the five years of his existence, and in about ten seconds, too."

Mr. Stillinlove's hand fairly itched with surprises for little Lewis, who dug and dug, heedless of the animated conversation at the doorway. Stepping hastily down the walk, Stillinlove reached out and grasped Lewis's collar with his left hand, yanked him out of the grass, lifted him by one ear partly off his feet, and boxed the other ear smartly.

Mrs. Stillinlove winced. "I would n't box his ears, Henry," she protested. "Just a good shaking, that's all he needs."

Stillinlove's blood was up. "I guess I know what he needs, Amy," he declared. "He needs an everlasting good thrashing, that's what he needs, and that's what he's going to get. You bring me a shingle from the shed."

Little Lewis emitted a succession of shrieks that only whetted Stillinlove's disciplinary ardor. "Why don't you get that shingle?" he inquired, seeing that Mrs. Stillinlove made no move.

"I would n't punish him any more now, Henry," she said, her lip beginning to quiver a little as she noted Lewis's convulsive sobbings. "He'll be all right now, I know he will. Mamma's boy is sorry he was naughty, is n't he?" she cooed, kneeling down and seeking to nestle the curly head to her bosom.

For answer Lewis kicked Stillinlove's shins savagely. Stillinlove countered with a smart box on Lewis's ear that nearly took his breath away.

"Oh, Henry!" shrieked Mrs. Stillinlove, in tears now; "you'll injure him—you'll do him real harm in your dreadful anger."

You must n't—you must n't strike him that way again."

"Amy, you go into the house!" commanded Stillinlove, angrily. "This is my boy and he's going to obey if I break his neck!"

"I won't go into the house," declared Mrs. Stillinlove, "and you sha'n't strike him again, either. Just because he is your boy is no reason you should be brutal. You ought to be ashamed, a great, big man like you, to strike a little boy like that!"

Stillinlove gasped, and released little Lewis, who ran to his mother, where he was promptly enfolded, hugged, cuddled, nestled, stroked, caressed, and cooed to till he stopped crying.

"Amy," said Stillinlove, smoothing his rumpled garments, "I desire to forswear now and forever any attempts at discipline. If that boy grows up an incorrigible and brings your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, remember that my hands are washed of the responsibility."

Saying which, he went down-town.

Five minutes later little Lewis was again exploring the substrata of the lawn with the iron spoon.



"Mamma's boy is sorry"

Our New Prize Offers

SUCCESS MAGAZINE herewith launches three new prize contests. We want our readers to reply to one or all of the three questions we ask below. These questions represent matters of timely importance, and we are willing to pay for the best opinions regarding them.

1. Is it honest for young men to use government positions as stepping stones for their own elevation?
2. Has a rich man the right to spend his money as he chooses?
3. How have you made up, late in life, for the lack of an early education?

There will be three prizes awarded, ranging in sums of \$25, \$15 and \$5, for the three best replies to each question.

You can enter the contest for one prize or for three.

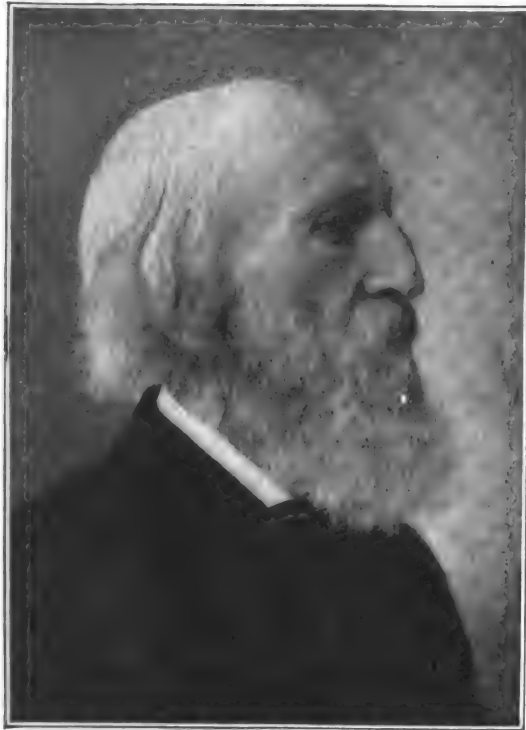
No article over 800 words will be considered. Write in ink or with a typewriter on one side of the paper only. All manuscripts should be in this office not later than April 10, 1907.

Address Prize Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York.

How to Live a Century

By William Mathews

Copyrighted by Peadar Boston



WILLIAM MATHEWS

(89 years old on July 28, 1907)

[Prof. William Mathews has retained his health and vigor largely because of his high ideals of life, his temperate living, and his constant mental exercise. He is a good exemplar of the possibility of carrying youth into old age by the constant practice of plain living and high thinking. He started out in youth with a determination to make a long life race, and not to let worry, anxiety, or unnecessary friction whittle away any of the precious years possible to him. He did not allow an inordinate, corroding ambition to eat into his happiness. He did not put the emphasis on the wrong things, or false values upon things which were of only passing importance and did not affect life as a whole.—THE EDITOR.]

WHAT is the secret of longevity? We answer: the surest guarantee is a genius for it, a bodily and mental predisposition to a long life. There are persons who are "prefigured unto a long duration." Those who have this gift, which is inherited from long-lived ancestors, will generally reach old age, even though they trample on the laws of health, because, although they draw more largely on their vitality than careful livers, they begin life with a vast capital.

For the man of ordinary stamina, the chief conditions of long life, that are not involuntary, are constant occupation in an honorable calling, regular hours, bodily exercise, plenty of sleep, a temperate gratification of all the natural appetites, a sunny disposition, and a clear conscience. The deadliest foes to longevity are excitement, hurry, and worry.

Even in a machine, no evolution of force can take place with excessive rapidity, without doing it damage.

Express railway stock is worn out far sooner than that used for slower traffic. The law is universal, that intensity and duration of action are inversely proportional, and it holds as rigorously true of the human machine as of any other. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which he may squander or husband, as he deems best. Within certain limits he may live slow or fast, — extensively or intensively. He may spread his little stock of life over a large surface, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted, he can count on no more. He who lives extensively, who avoids all unhealthy stimulants, takes light and agreeable exercise, avoids overtasking himself, has no exhausting passions or debilitating pleasures, abstains from worry, and "keeps his accounts with God and man squared up daily," is sure, if he has a natural constitution and barring accidents, to spin out his life to a long limit. On the other hand, he who lives intensely, who feeds on highly seasoned food, material and mental, subjects his body or brain to excessive labor, lives in continual excitement, keeps late hours, frets and fumes at every trouble, is burning the candle at both ends, and will almost inevitably be short-lived.

Strictly speaking, it is not overwork,—that is, in the aggregate, that kills; it is too much work done in too little time, that causes so many breakdowns to-day. Work, pure and simple, however hard or constant, seldom impairs the health, if only ordinary hygienic precautions are observed. Mental and bodily labor within reasonable limits tend rather to prolong life than to fray its thread. Even overwork may do less injury than underwork—"that rare and obscure calamity from which nobody is supposed to suffer." It is the *vivida vis animi* that is the best preservative against

Warm it in a Pan before Serving

THE coming of Egg-O-See causes enthusiasm in the family. It's a food that appeals to the appetite, satisfies and delights it, and then goes about its work of giving strength to the entire system.



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Cold Days Demand Energy

and Egg-O-See supplies it generously to old and young. Children grow rugged and healthy on Egg-O-See, and grown-ups find it gives them steady nerve and clear heads. Don't think of Egg-O-See as A DIET; it is a natural, delicious, energy-giving food which puts one in touch with nature and brings such gratifying results and overflowing life that it soon proves the mistake one makes in eating too much indigestible meat and pastry. Be natural by eating nature's food. No one can be natural with an appetite which has been falsely educated. Back to nature via Egg-O-See and outdoors.

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ISRAEL UNBOUND—the masterful story by James Creelman—**PORTRAYING** the moral genius and spiritual side of the great Jewish people—and **REVIEWING** the sterling story of the diplomatic service of Oscar Straus, appears in the March Pearson's.

ISRAEL UNBOUND contains so much of human interest that it was found necessary to publish the article in two parts. The opening chapter appeared in the February issue of Pearson's. If your newsdealer cannot supply you with a copy, we will send it direct upon receipt of the price, 15 cents, as long as our supply lasts.

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the worm, better than all the artifices of the tanner. At the same time it is true that they live longest whose actions are deliberate, who never embark in an enterprise without sleeping over it, and who are never in a fret or a fume. It is the pace that kills; straining the strength and worrying the will, to catch up with work long neglected, or with a railway train. It should be deeply impressed on the mind that all such acts as running up stairs, or to catch up with an electric car, or a ferryboat, are extremely injurious to every age, sex, and condition in life. It ought to be only the most pressing necessity that impels a person over fifty years old to run more than twelve or fifteen yards.

Far deadlier in its effects on health and life than excessive work is worry, which is sapping the vitality of so many strong men to-day. Nothing did more to prolong the life of Gladstone amid his herculean toils than his ability, when he entered his study or bedroom, to leave politics and business cares outside. He had a rare faculty of closing at will one chamber of the mind and opening another, of recreating himself, not by absolute idleness, but by a change of occupation. Like Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's great minister,—who, as Fuller tells us, used at night, when he had put off his official gown, to say, "Lie there, lord treasurer," Gladstone could throw off the political harness, and "be merry, jocund, and pleasant" with his family, or entertain visitors, or enjoy the silent companionship of his books. Another secret of Gladstone's octogenarian endurance and versatility is that by long habit he had acquired complete control over his inclinations, and never worried. There is a physician in the city of New York, Dr. John B. Rich, who regards himself as younger than many men who have lived forty years fewer. He is in his ninety-fifth year, yet is writing a big book on the muscular structure of the human body. Happy to-day, he is looking forward to still greater happiness. What are his secrets? Cheerfulness, optimism, and companionableness. "Whenever I speak to people of how to grow old gracefully," he says, "the chief lesson I try to teach them is the necessity of cultivating companionableness. 'Cultivate the companionship of others, especially of the young,' I tell them, 'for, so long as a man is companionable to the young, he can never be old himself.'"

Persons who are chained to mental labor and unable to give the brain repose, should try, at least, to vary their labors, which is another form of repose. Intense and prolonged application to one subject is the explanation of many breakdowns like that of Secretary Windom. "As your body," says a wise writer, "may be in activity during the whole of the day, if you vary the actions sufficiently, so may the brain work all day at varied occupations. Hold out a stick at arm's length for five minutes and the muscles will be more fatigued than by an hour's rowing. The same principle holds good with the mind." Worry springs mainly from nervous exhaustion. As one grows old, cares which sat lightly on the spirit in youth become an intolerable burden. The best antidote to this is an abundance of sleep, which knits up the raveled sleeve of care, and reinvigorates the wasted nerves. It is in the night—especially in its early hours,—that the reaccumulation of muscular energy and bodily strength takes place, as well as of that vigor and excitability of the brain which are required for the working hours. Open air exercise is another antidote to worry, as well as to low spirits and ennui,—those fiends that are prowling night and day to waylay and torment the rich and indolent. "Throw but a stone, the giant dies."

Persons who would live long should court the sunshine. They should work in a sunny room, and sleep in a room facing the sun. The magical effects of sunlight upon human health and spirits, and the depressing effects of its absence, are felt by thousands who hardly dream of the cause. Contrast the pallid faces, flaccid muscles, and nerveless movements of those persons who live in dark, damp rooms, with the rosy looks and bounding energy of those who pass their days in the sunshine and open air. The owl loves the twilight and the night; the eagle delights in the sunshine. What a mope is the one; how strong and exultant is the other!

We close with two minor secrets of longevity,—one of which is talk, which is a wonderfully cheering and invigorating exercise, from the glow in which it keeps body and mind. The old man who talks, and thus keeps in sympathy with his fellow beings, is far more likely to reach five score than he who, like the "dull weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf," dozes away his last days in the chimney-corner. The other secret is keeping a hobby, which as a means of prolonging life is commended by Dr. Robson Roose, in the "Fortnightly Review," as "a good possession, keeping the mind fresh when the muscles have lost their power."

Men who fill unaccustomed positions, exacting severe mental toil, are almost sure to be short-lived. Persons whose callings subject them to a heavy nervous strain ought occasionally to spend a day or two in bed. Even an afternoon nap is a tonic, and may do much to lessen the wear and tear of nervous, anxious days. One of the ablest statesmen of modern times, when once reproached in early life for indolence, retorted, "I am storing energy."

How To Be Popular

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"Can't 'elp Likin' 'im"

IN the Black Hills of South Dakota there lives a humble, ignorant miner, who has won the love and good will of everyone who knows him. "You can't 'elp likin' 'im," said an English miner, and when asked why the miners and the people in the town can't help liking him, he answered, "Because he has a 'eart in 'im; he's a man. He always 'elps the boys when in trouble. You never go to 'im for nothin'."

Bright, handsome young men, graduates of Eastern colleges, are there seeking their fortune; a great many able, strong men have been drawn there from different parts of the country by the gold fever; but none of them holds the public confidence as does this poor man. He can scarcely write his name, and knows nothing of the usages of polite society, yet he has so intrenched himself in the hearts of those in his community that no other man, however educated or cultured, has the slightest chance of being elected to any office of prominence while "Ike" is around.

He has been elected mayor of his town, and has been sent to the legislature, although he can not speak a grammatical sentence, just because he has a heart in him; he is a man.

The Art of Approaching People

THERE is just as much of an art in approaching people properly as in approaching a landscape to get the best possible effect. We are all more or less animals, and we do not like to have the fur rubbed the wrong way. It is a great art to know how to approach people so as to make the best possible impression, and not arouse their antagonism, or prejudice them against us at the very outset. One needs to be a good judge of human nature, and to have a great deal of tact, in order to approach a person through the right avenue.

One should cultivate the art of reading character at first sight. Some people know at a glance what road to take to get into a stranger's confidence. They walk right in without hindrance, while others, without this tact, art, or knowledge of human nature, can not enter at all, or only with great difficulty.

There is nothing else which will create such a good impression upon a stranger as a sunny face, a cheerful, gracious manner. All doors fly open, all barriers disappear before the sunny soul. He does not need to use a crowbar to make a way for himself. The doors open for him, and he is as welcome everywhere as the sunshine. He does not need an introduction. His face and his manner are introduction enough, and as for confidence, such people carry a letter of credit in their faces. You can not help believing in them and trusting them implicitly the first time you see them.

The Social Side versus Success

YOUNG men who are ambitious to amass money often make a great mistake in thinking that it is a waste of time to cultivate their social faculties, that society has nothing to do with money making. They think that spending time in society is a hindrance; that it will keep them back.

The result is there are multitudes of well-to-do men in this country who can scarcely say their souls are their own in a drawing-room or elsewhere in society. They are simply dummies. They can talk only about their business. They are dumb upon other subjects. They taboo what is called society. It is a bore to them simply because they have never developed their social qualities. They do not like the drawing-room because they do not feel at home there. It is a stupid place for them. They do not know what to do or to say. They are strong in their little business rut. They are at home there. If you call on them in their offices they are strong, resourceful; but the moment they put on a dress suit and go into a drawing-room they are mere sticks, weaklings, not the giants they were yesterday in their offices or factories or stores. They feel restricted, shackled, out of place, just as one feels when trying to be natural before the camera.

They are, in a way paralyzed, because faculties of an entirely different kind from those used in their business are called upon to act, and they are unused to it; those particular faculties are untrained, not ready to respond to the demand upon them. Men with a tinge of their ability far outshine them in the social circle, put them entirely in the shade, make them feel very uncomfortable, indeed, and as if they were "nobodies."

Many college men think it is a waste of time to go into society. They think they must spend the precious hours grinding away at their books. The result is, that these men often gain a great deal of learning, but, as they have never cultivated their conversational powers, or their social side, their knowledge is largely unavailable.

If you are cold, self-centered and uninteresting, if your greatest wealth is not in shape to give to others through your conversation, your social intercourse, what does the world care about your position? In fact, the more you know, and the more money you have, the more conspicuous will your boorishness and your unsocial qualities become.

Buy the New Edison Records for March for Your Phonograph

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- 9485 Memories of Home.....Edison Venetian Trio
- 9486 We Have No One To Care For Us Now,
Byron G. Harlan
- 9487 Pedro, the Hand Organ Man.....Spencer
- 9488 I've Got a Vacant Room for You.....Roberts
- 9489 High School Cadets March, Edison Military Band
- 9490 In a Chimney Corner.....MacDonough
- 9491 Will There Be Any Stars In My Crown?
Anthony & Harrison
- 9492 All In, Down and Out.....Collins
- 9493 Not Because Your Hair is Curly (Medley)
Albert Benzler
- 9494 Good Bye, Nellie Darling.....Thompson
- 9495 Flanagan's Troubles in a Restaurant.....Porter
- 9496 Waiting for a Certain Girl...Murray and Chorus
- 9497 Lu Lu, Me Lubly Queen.....Edison Concert Band
- 9498 We'll Be Sweethearts to the End.....Myers
- 9499 Bake Dat Chicken Pie.....Collins and Harlan
- 9500 I Miss You in a Thousand Different Ways,
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- 9501 The Guardmount Patrol
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- 9502 Merry Whistling Darkey.....Dudley
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The Golden Thread

By PATTERSON DU BOIS.

[Concluded from page 169]

often develop into persons of power. Inordinate sensitiveness or an excessively retiring nature may easily pass with an unsympathetic teacher for its very antipode—dullness and stupidity.

One thing more. It is worthy of note that, when I scanned that old roll book, a large majority of the names stood for nobody that I could remember. Those that brought back a living boy to my memory brought not a scholar, good or bad, but a felt character—dimly delineated though it might be. The two boys who form the subject of the current narrative were among those most vividly recalled, and the significant thing about it is that one name stood instantly for something I liked and admired, the other for something that I disliked and dreaded. These were conditions of feeling and these have remained to middle life.

The message out of a simple story like this ought to be obvious to every adult who passes judgment, professionally or otherwise, on a child. It is easy to misname traits, qualifications, powers, and characteristics. It is not easy always to separate the physical from the mental or the moral, nor the intellectual from the emotional. Shyness may pass for dullness, gentleness for sluggishness, amiability for weakness, thoughtfulness for stupidity or even laziness, fieriness for mental brilliancy, quick temper for courage and daring, recklessness for good heartedness and generosity. The boy who suffers from volcanic temper and uncontrolled passion may so arouse our sympathies as to lead to an overestimate of his abilities and virtues: while the boy who suffers yet more intensely from sensitiveness, shyness, and intrusively vivid imaginings, loses our sympathies and carries our slighting label of dullard, and perhaps coward. Had "child-study" recording and syllabus-making been in vogue in the days of these children, how far astray would the teacher have been? If this narrative is a bit of child-study, of which child is it principally a study—or is it equally a study of three?

Readers, can we not compare notes a little, and out of our multitudinous experiences discover some principles that will be of use to us and maybe to the larger world, if not to science? What do you think of the cases already cited? What became of the farmer spirit? When Grant came out great as a military leader and as a master of literary phrasing—as critics think—did he begin a new thread, or were these achievements only the gold thread of efficiency that might have been seen, as principle at least, in childhood?

But of greater importance still will be your own experiences. We might divide ourselves into three classes:

1.—Young parents who are sure they see signs of the coming man in their children, perhaps hoping or fearing. On what signs are you building? Why?

2.—Parents in or beyond middle life. How many of your early predictions failed? How many came true? What proportion of your hopes and fears were vain? What outcome in your children do you attribute to any specific method in your training? What do you think the most potent factor in successful parenthood? In what were you right, in what wrong?

3.—Parents with grown children, who now think they can see in their children's childhood things which they could not then see—by knowing now what they have developed into. In this class we might also place ourselves.

4.—Teachers and observers not themselves parents. Send in your observations, comments, opinions, experiences, predictions, and anything bearing on our question—Does a child or youth ever give a credible foreshadowing of his maturity? Let us sit down to a Round-table, compare experiences, and evolve something worth while. Make your replies as brief as possible. Names of correspondents will not be revealed in print, but all letters must be genuinely signed in good faith. Address your post-cards or letters to the writer, in care of The Editor's Cabinet, SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

A Good Provider

FRANK GILLMORE, the actor, tells an amusing story of a colored cook employed in his family when he was living in Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. Gillmore are the proud parents of two pretty girls who became very much attached to their "colored mammy." One day, coming home from a matinée, Mr. Gillmore found his little daughters weeping. Upon inquiring, he was surprised to learn that Aunt Sue had left to marry. A few months after her wedding, she returned to pay a visit to the children, and Mr. Gillmore, thinking it no more than right to inquire into her present condition, said:

"And so you're married now. I hope your husband is a good provider."

"Deed he is, master," replied Aunt Sue, "he got me three new places to wash at last week."

By sparing ourselves the daily task we dig the grave of our higher possibilities.

Fools and Their Money

By FRANK FAYANT

[Continued from page 150]

its "guaranteed fifteen per cent. stock" as the "safest and most promising investment of the new century." "Secure a fortune," said the promoters, "by investing in oil." This company is moribund. The Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia Oil and Gas Company truthfully said that "within a short time its stock can not be bought at any price," for it forfeited its charter.

Oscar Bamberger, a broker, now in Wall Street, New York, sold the stock of the Wyoming Oil Company, capital \$1,000,000, at fifty cents a share, with this recommendation: "You can make one of the luckiest investments of a lifetime by buying this stock." Mr. Bamberger is no longer interested in the stock, but I am in receipt of a circular letter from Colonel Henry Hastings, of Boston, the president of the company, offering "a limited amount of the treasury stock at twenty-five cents." The investment, I take it from this circular, is yet to turn out the "luckiest investment of a lifetime." The Union Oil and Gas Company, of Lima, Ohio, offered its dollar stock at fifteen cents, although it was paying forty per cent. on the investment, with the promise of eighty. It was afterwards re-organized as the Union Oil, Gas, and Refining Company, which got into litigation. The company is now struggling along trying to meet its expenses. The president reports that the price of oil is so low that it scarcely pays the cost of production. The New York-California Oil Company, operating in the Kern River District, presented the "best opportunity for investment now in the market," but the last report on the company was that it was in a dying condition.

There are a few more mining companies. William A. Mears, of Philadelphia, an active promoter in the last boom, put out the Boston Gold-Copper Company, of Colorado, capital \$2,000,000. Mr. Stevens, in his "Copper Handbook," that I have found invaluable in this investigation, makes this *staccato* comment on this company: "Dead. No complaint. Re-organized as Growler Copper Company." The Growler is still in need of money. The Durango Boy Mining Company, of King County, Washington, capital \$1,000,000, had a "mountain of gold, with millions of tons of ore in sight—one of the richest properties in the world." The Government's mail carriers have searched around King County, trying to find this "mountain of gold" for me, but have failed to discover it.

The Great Republic Gold Mines Company, of Seattle, Washington, was offered as "the greatest opportunity for highly profitable investment placed before the American people in the last twenty years." This was probably the company of this name that went into receiver's hands three years ago. The Idaho Gold Mining and Development Company was a Thunder Mountain bubble, that was going to pay a dividend the first year as large as the entire capital. "One of those large, safe, dividend earning enterprises, to continue for many years to come" was the Kendrick and Gelder Smelting Company's characterization of its San Juan County, Colorado, venture. About all the property has done since then has been to "continue." Its assets were computed to be \$2,145,032.24. A little while later, it was merged into the San Juan Smelting and Refining Company, the stock of which is largely held in Albany, New York, and neighboring towns. The stockholders are still busily engaged in putting more money into the enterprise, and they may strike it rich some day. With the promise that it would earn "a profit of twenty per cent." August Roesler, of New York, offered the \$2,500,000 stock of the New State Smelting and Refining Company, of Utah. The promoter later went bankrupt, and his company disappeared. The Oregon and California Gold Fields never paid its promised eighteen per cent.



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The Oro Blanco Mining Company, of San Diego, California, offered some of its \$1,000,000 capital stock "for the purpose of erecting a stamp mill." This money, the promoters figured out, would give the property "an earning capacity of \$1,000 daily and enable it to pay five per cent. monthly." This undoubtedly appealed to Eastern investors, who are lucky to get five per cent. a year. That was six years ago. A recent letter from the secretary of the company informs me that they are still "driving the tunnel," and that the stock can be bought "in large quantities at a reduced figure."

J. L. Rice, of Boston, who is still in business in Milk Street, and styles himself "a promoter of high class mining and industrial enterprises," offered the Rio Hondo Copper Company stock, "believing that the earnings will enable it to pay ten per cent. in dividends the first year, and, on the completion of the five hundred ton plant, twenty to thirty per cent." The Rio Hondo properties in Taos County, New Mexico, failed to prove as profitable as Mr. Rice expected, and some of the claims were sold to the San Cristobal Copper Company for much stock and a little money. The Upper Ten Consolidated Gold Mining Company, of Colorado Springs, "an investment sure to prove highly profitable," can not be found.

Seven of the companies in our list were promoted by a firm of brokers in Broadway, that have been carrying on a promotion business for some years, under the name of Douglas, Lacey and Company. It will suffice to quote the following paragraph from Mr. Stevens's "Copper Hand Book" concerning this firm: "Stock in worthless companies was exchanged for stock in equally worthless companies, whenever investors grew tired, and the victims of the conspiracy were tolled along on the dividends paid out of the money they themselves had furnished. Cash dividends have been suspended for several years, being replaced by script dividends. As far as can be learned, this firm has bilked about 20,000 small investors, including many widows and orphans, in the United States and Canada, out of several millions of dollars. It is understood that the firm is endeavoring to include England in its operations. There seems to be no reason to think that the English officials will be less complacent than those of the United States, as the firm has money. By virtue of advertising in the financial and mining press of the United States, criticism has been forestalled, as there are comparatively few publications of this class that are not edited from the business office."

Some of the most notorious swindles have used former preachers as their chief "pullers-in." The International Exhibition Company of America, that proposed to reproduce the Jewish Tabernacle, had at its head Rev. Warren F. Low. The post office has been unable to find him for me. The full-page poster advertisements of this company were as attractive as Barnum and Bailey's bills. Mr. Low described his Tabernacle in this manner: "Our plan is to erect a steel building, 340 feet long and 220 feet wide, in which we shall construct the Tabernacle. The splendor and magnificence of this ancient place of worship are almost beyond the power of description. (But Low was equal to the task.) Its pillars of brass, silver, and gold, with capitals cunningly carved, set in sockets of brass; its outer curtains of dazzling white linen, its blue, purple and scarlet hangings, marvelously wrought; its boards of acacia wood overlaid with gold; its Altar of Sacrifices, golden candlesticks, and Table of Shew Bread, with the Ark of the Covenant, upon which stand the Cherubim, all richly overlaid with gold, keeping guard, as it were of the Shechinah, will be an inspiring sight." Mr. Low expected to open the exhibition in New York in the following May, and later in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, London, Paris, and Berlin. I suppose he intended to open the exhibition in Oshkosh and Singapore, and all the other towns in the gazetteer, but with advertising space at forty cents a line, he may have concluded that re-printing the gazetteer was too costly. He offered \$300,000 preferred stock at \$25 a share, with a bonus in common stock. He figured the profits of the Tabernacle down to a fine point. The first year's receipts, before opening in Paris, Berlin, and other foreign towns, would be \$1,007,325, while the expenses would only amount to \$160,000, leaving a net profit of \$847,325. Mr. Low never built the Tabernacle. It may have been that Mr. Low had difficulty in finding enough acacia wood, or perhaps he had difficulty in finding enough "investors" to buy the acacia wood.

The name of former Senator Joseph Wagner, of Brooklyn, was used to dignify the directory of the Powhattan Company, that would "probably pay 90 per cent. a year" on its \$500,000 capital. It was going to mine coal. Senator Wagner does not remember that there ever was such a company. The New Brunswick Cannel Coal Company, Ltd., was going to earn 60 per cent. a year on its \$2,000,000 capital. It can not be found. The Joseph Stokes Rubber Company offered half a million dollars of its stock, estimating that it would "earn fifteen per cent. the first year." None of the members of the Stokes family to whom I have addressed inquiries cares to tell me what became of this attempt to interest the public in their business.

[In the next issue, Mr. Fayant will tell about the various wireless telegraph swindles, how they were organized and how they are operated, and the extent and results of their bogus operations.—The Editors.]

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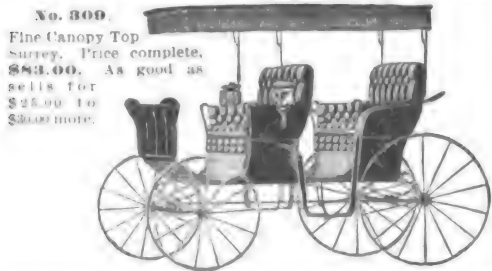
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My Life—So Far

By JOSIAH FLYNT

[Continued from page 167]

Ibsen. He spoke also of his native language, of literature in general, and of men in "Minnesot" who were trying to make a new Norwegian literature.

Ibsen was much on the boards at the time, and "Nora" was the talk of the town. It had become almost an affair of state whether Nora did right in leaving her home, and decidedly a matter of etiquette whether a husband should, or should not, offer a disappearing wife an umbrella on a rainy night. (The "Doll's House," as I saw it, presumed a storm outside.) Ibsen was living in Munich in those days.

Our friend, the Norwegian, wrote to Ibsen, and asked him whether he would receive two Americans anxious to pay their respects to him. It had been decided that the Norwegian and I should make the circuit together, and Munich was included in our itinerary. Ibsen replied to the Norwegian's letter, in very neat handwriting, that he was usually at home in the Maximilianstrasse at eleven o'clock, and that callers usually looked in on him at that hour. There was no conventional etiquette about the note; we were not even told that we should be welcome. The small missive might have been a dentist's "time card" so far as it expressed any sentiment. But scrupulously to the point it certainly was. Later Ibsen told us that so many people wrote to him that he had been compelled to boil his correspondence down as much as possible.

On leaving Berlin, we resolved to go as far as our allowance would permit, into the Tyrol if possible, and we thought that our mileage could be prodigiously increased if we drank water with our meals, and "looked the other way" when more than five Pfennige was wanted as *Trinkgeld*. The Norwegian never once swerved in living up to this programme, but I fell from grace at times. The looks and "faces" that we got from guides, palace lackeys, and waiters were specimens that, could we have drawn them, would have made a very interesting gallery to look over to-day. But, alas! neither one of us could sketch, and all that we have now is the remembrance. During the six weeks or more that we traveled, we saw disappointment, distrust, hatred, and pugnaciousness in all the different shades and colorings which the German countenance is equal to. The Norwegian said that he enjoyed such sights, but there were moments when I begged off, and tipped as I saw fit. It made no difference to the Norwegian, however, whether the service rendered was a two hour chaperoning through a great castle, or a mere response to a question. Five Pfennige remained his limit in the tipping line to the end, and I doubt whether his entire bill on this score came to over three marks. His non-alcoholic regime nearly got us into serious trouble in Nürnberg. As had been our custom in other towns, we had selected a modest restaurant at the noon hour, and called for the regular meal. Although we did not order beer, it was served to us, but left untouched. When we came to pay our reckoning we called the waiter's attention to the beer item, saying that we would not pay it as the beer had not been asked for. The proprietor came, the other waiters also, and even some of the guests labored with us in the matter.

"But it is the custom, *Meine Herren*," the landlord kept saying, to all of which the Norwegian returned a determined "No." It might or might not be the custom, and whether it was or not, did not make a particle of difference; he was not going to pay for something that he had neither wanted nor asked for.

The upshot of the arguing was that we picked up our grips and started to leave. The burly proprietor snatched my bag away from me in the hallway. The Norwegian sprang at him



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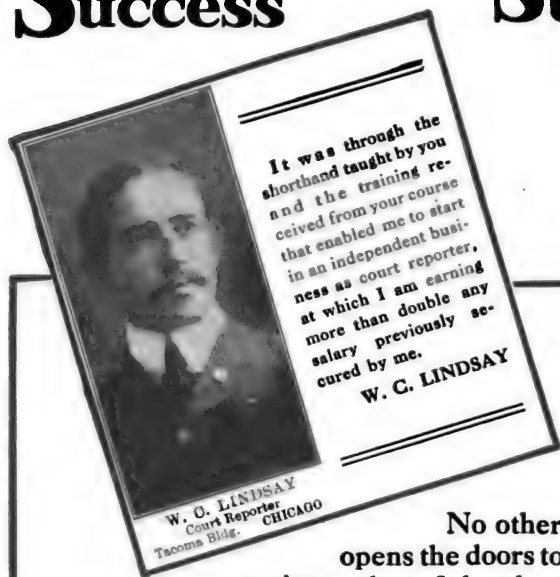
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G. H. Harden

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with an oath—the first and last I ever heard him use. "D— you!" he hissed through his teeth. "I'll break every bone in your body," and I think he would have fulfilled the contract had the proprietor given him a chance. The latter dropped my bag, and fled back into the restaurant for reinforcements. But, by the time he was ready for war again, we were in the street, and the landlord contented himself with calling us swindlers and pigs. I have no doubt that later there was a protracted discussion in the restaurant about the matter, and that for many a day afterwards the *Stammgäste*, who had witnessed the affair, made beery conjectures as to our nationality and up-bringing. Whatever their final decision may have been, the Norwegian had carried his point. Alone, I doubt whether my independence would have been so assertive, but I was glad at the time to have witnessed a successful revolt against the tyrannical German *Getränkewang*.

What Ibsen, whom we saw in his home, a few days later, would have said to this episode, is hard to conjecture. Very possibly he might have told us that we were in the wrong in going to such a place, that we should have sought out a vegetarian eating place—the teetotaler's refuge, when the *Bierwang* is to be avoided. He very frankly told us, however, what he thought of prohibition as a cure-all for the liquor traffic problem. The Norwegian had asked his opinion in the matter and he got it. This is about what Ibsen said:

"You can't make people good by law. Only that which a man does of his own free will and because he knows that it is the right thing to do, counts in this world. Legislating about morals is at best a sorry makeshift. Men will have to learn to legislate for themselves without any State interference, before human conduct is on a right basis."

This deliverance on the part of Ibsen came in its turn with a number of others which he permitted himself during our interview with him. We had called at his home at the suggested hour—eleven—and had been immediately shown into the parlor, I think it was. Pretty soon Ibsen strolled in. I should have recognized him without trouble anywhere. The long, defiant hair pushed back from his forehead, the silky side-whiskers, the inevitable spectacles, the tightly closed lips, the long coat—these things had all been brought out prominently in his photographs, and were unmistakable. At the time he was the most famous literary man I had ever met, and he was easily the most talked about dramatist in Europe. I was much impressed by this fact, and for the moment probably looked at him as if it was the last chance to see a great public character that I was to have. The Norwegian took the event more calmly, walking up to Ibsen, with his great hand outstretched as if to an older brother. The two men looked each other well in the eyes—their eyes were strikingly similar in color and shape—passed greetings in Norwegian, and then I was introduced.

"And what is it that you want?" Ibsen asked bluntly enough, motioning to the sofa, and himself taking a chair. From his manner and curtness of speech he might have been taken for a doctor during calling hours. He was friendly after a fashion, but the fashion was as if he had long since finished with making intimate acquaintances, and henceforth meant to hold the world at a distance. He looked "business" to the last degree.

As the conversation progressed he thawed a little, and was not quite so reserved. But throughout our two visits with him—there was a second call on the next day—he at least answered questions as if he were on the witness stand, as it were, and had been cautioned by counsel not to overstate things. When questioning us as well as when volunteering an opinion which was not in direct reply to a query, he was not so painfully cautious.

The Norwegian had prepared a list of questions to put to the old gentleman threateningly long, but he religiously went through it from beginning to end. He quizzed him about everything and everybody, it seemed, from prohibition, the Kaiser, Bismarck, Scandinavia, Russia, and general European politics, to family matters, his manner of writing, his forthcoming play, and about numberless obscure passages in his earlier dramas. Ibsen took the blows as they fell, dodging, as I have said, when he felt like it, but receiving them in the main quite stolidly. Many of the questions were killed almost before they were delivered, by a frown or a gesture. Speaking about the alleged obscure passages in his books, he said: "They may be there, but I did not mean them to be obscure. For a time I used to answer letters from persons who wanted me to explain this or that sentence, but I had to give the job up, it got so enervating. I make my words as plain as I know how to. Most of my readers comprehend me, I trust."

Ibsen used Norwegian when fencing with my companion, but with me he very kindly resorted to German, asking me in quite a fatherly way about my family, my travels and studies, and my opinion of Germany. Occasionally he would smile, and then we saw the man at his best. Crabbed and curt he might be at times, but behind that genial smile there was without doubt a very kind nature, and I was sure of it then and have been ever since. In the years that are to come much will be written about Ibsen, the writer, the pessimist, the sociological surgeon, and what not, but nothing that has been or is still to be written about him will ever succeed in revealing to me the man, as did that

friendly chat in his home in Munich—an experience, by the way, which may possibly prove that my friend, Mr. Arthur Symons, was correct in an argument we had some years ago in London, about personal interviews or “sittings,” with famous people, particularly writers. At the time I advanced the opinion that writers, if they were worth while at all, proved their worth best in what they wrote, and not in what they said, that their books, and not their physical presence were what ought to interest. Symons held that he had never read an author who would not have been more interesting to him (Symons) had he been able to meet and talk with him. I shall say more about Symons later on. His books and personal friendship are both valuable to me, but for very different reasons. I seldom think of Symons, the man, when I read his essays and verses, and I only infrequently think of his books, or of him as a literary man at all, when we are together.

In describing, as I now do, my visit to Tolstoi in Russia, I am anticipating a little chronologically. But the experience seems to come naturally after that with Ibsen, and both, after all, came during my university life. It was in 1890 or 1891, I think, that the Norwegian assisted me in making Ibsen's acquaintance. In the midsummer of 1896 I learned to know Tolstoi.

It was at the time of the National Exhibition at Nijni Novgorod. Cheap excursion tickets on the railroads and river boats were to be had throughout the summer, while correspondents for foreign newspapers were given first class passes for three months over every rod of railroad trackage in the country. It was an opportunity for exercising *Wanderlust* in style such as had never before come my way. Baedeker's little book on the Russian language was bought, introductions to friends in St. Petersburg were secured, and away I went to spend a preliminary week or so as a field hand, or in any other capacity that I was equal to, on Tolstoi's farm, at Yasnaya Polyana, an estate about one hundred and fifty miles south of Moscow. At that time I was not sure about the railroad pass. In St. Petersburg, friends kindly put me in the way of getting it, and on I went to Moscow, and, before the summer was over, to hundreds of other towns and villages in different parts of the Empire. On two hundred and fifty Russian words, or thereabouts, my passport, free railroad transportation, and perhaps seventy-five dollars, I traveled, before I got back to Berlin about twenty-five thousand miles. I kept my hotel expenses down by living on trains. First class railroad accommodations include a bed. So when night came I calmly took my berth in a train bound in any direction long enough to secure me a good rest. In the morning I got out and looked about me, or rode on as I liked. This proceeding also saved me passport dues at hotels, an item of considerable expense in Russia, if one does much traveling. My meals were found at the stations, which provide the best railroad restaurant service found anywhere. With all the saving, sight-seeing, and riding, however, my vacation over, I was heartily glad to return to Germany, and for months afterwards my *Wanderlust* was delightfully under control.

By all odds the most interesting national feature that Russia allowed me to see, was Count Tolstoi. The Czar, the museums, the palaces, the large estates, the great unworked *Ningbik*—these men and things were entertaining, but they did not take my fancy as did the novelist and would-be philanthropist. And yet I had never read any of Tolstoi's novels before meeting him, and my notions of his altruism were vague, indeed,—about what the ideas are of people who have never been in Russia or seen Tolstoi, and who, on learning that you have been there and met him ask immediately: “Say, on the level, is he a fakir or not?”

Once and for all, so far as my simple intercourse with him is concerned, it may be most boldly declared that he never was a fakir—no more of one when he was sampling all the vices he could hear of, than he is now in urging others not to follow his example as an explorer of Vicedom.

The man at Yasnaya Polyana, in 1896, was a fairly well preserved old gentleman, with white beard, sunken gray eyes, overhanging bushy eyebrows, and a slight stoop in the shoulders, which were carrying, I think, pretty close to seventy years of age. He wore the simple peasant clothes about which there has been so much nonsensical talk. Every man who lives in the country in Russia puts on, when summer comes, garments very similar in cut and shape to those worn by the *Ningbik*. The main difference during the warm months between the *Ningbik*'s outfit and that of his employer's is that the latter's is clean and the *Ningbik*'s is n't.

All told, I was in and about Yasnaya Polyana for ten days, seeing Tolstoi and his family practically every day. Even when I did not stop in the house overnight I divided my time between Yasnaya Polyana and the home of a neighbor of the Tolstoi's. When staying at Yasnaya Polyana I slept in what was called the count's library, but it was evidently a bedroom as well. At the neighbor's home I had a cot in the barn where two young Russians, friends of the count, also slept. They were helping Tolstoi “re-edit” the Four Gospels, omitting in their edition such verses as Tolstoi found confusing or nonessential. The place looked neglected and unkempt in many respects, but the two remaining wings of the old mansion were roomy and comfortable. Eight children of the original sixteen were living at the time of my visit, ranging in years from thirty and over

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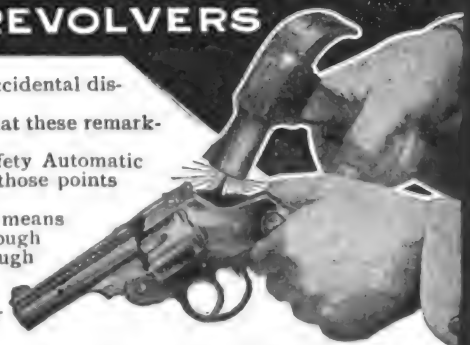
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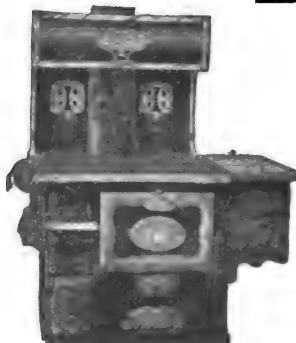
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to fourteen. The countess was the "boss" of the establishment in and out of the house. What she said of a morning constituted the law for the day, so far as work was concerned. She had assistants, and I think a superintendent, to help her, but she was the final authority in matters of management.

The count did not appear to take any active part in the direction of affairs. He spent his time writing, riding, walking, and visiting with the guests, of whom there were a goodly number. At one time he may have worked in the fields with the peasants, but in July of 1896 he did not share any of their toil—at least I personally did not see him at work among them. His second daughter, Maria Lvovna, however, the one child that in those days was trying to put her father's theories to a practical test, was a field worker of no mean importance certainly to the peasants, if not to her mother. Trained as a nurse she was also the neighborhood physician, having a little pharmacy in the straggling, dirty village outside the lodge gates. It was through her kindness that I was permitted to join the peasants in the hayfield, and to get acquainted with them in their dingy cabins. Although it was pleasanter to gather with the other children on the tennis court, the haying experience was at any rate healthy and, to some extent, instructive. I noticed, however, that my presence caused considerable merriment among the peasants. They had grown accustomed to Maria Lvovna, indeed she had grown up among them, whereas I was a stranger of whom they knew nothing beyond the little that Maria had told them. Some of them no doubt thought it very foolish of me to prefer haying to tennis and refreshments, while others probably doubted the sincerity of my purpose,—viz: to get acquainted with their conditions and to see what effect Maria Lvovna's would-be altruism was having upon them. I might as well state immediately that at no time did I succeed in finding out satisfactorily what this effect was, if it existed at all. That she was a very welcome companion in the fields and cabins there could be no doubt, but was this due to the peasant's correct interpretation of her intentions or to her commercial value to them as a voluntary, wageless helper? Maria herself thought that some of the peasants understood her position as well as her father's teachings. Not being able to converse with the peasants privately I can not say whether she was deceived or not.

Some years previous she had also tried to conduct a village school independent of the priest's, but she was finally forced to give it up on account of clerical opposition. As neighborhood physician and nurse, however, she had ample opportunity to teach the peasants what she believed, and to reason with them about following the dictates of their own consciences rather than the behests of the clergy and the orders of the military. At the time of my visit I think she had made most headway among the men, unwilling taxpayers in Russia at all times. To be told that the priests and military should support themselves without assistance from the peasantry was sweet music indeed. "Think how much more money we can have for vodka!" many an Ivan must have whispered when Maria was exhorting them not to be soldiers, and to refuse their financial support of the church.

In one cabin we visited together Maria noticed several colored portraits of the Imperial family hanging on the wall. They were set in metal frames.

"How comes it," Maria exclaimed, "that I see so many emperors this morning?"

The big, burly peasant looked sheepishly at her, and then, mumbling that his wife was to blame, swept the pictures into his hands and threw them into a cupboard.

"The woman likes such things," the man explained. "I put them away, but she gets them out again."

Maria thought that the peasant was sincere in his renunciation of czar worship, and perhaps he was. I think, however, that, like many of the other peasants on the estate, he found it financially profitable rather than spiritually consoling, to have Maria think him one of her converts.

Only two days before our call at his cabin, for instance, he had stolen some wood from the countess. I believe that it was a log which he "thought the countess would not need." The superintendent had discovered the theft, and the peasant had been, or was to be reported.

"But, Maria," he said, when begging Maria to intercede for him with her mother, "tell the countess how much more I could have taken. Just a log like that—that is no crime, is it?" Maria told him that she would do what she could, and we left the man happy, Maria's promise of intercession seeming to be as good to him as the forgiveness of the countess. Nothing was said about the return of the log.

In this, as in many other cases, Maria was doubtless exploited by the cunning peasants—the *Ningbik* can be uncommonly cunning in small things—but she said in reply to my suspicion in this regard: "Even so. Who could expect such people to be upright in everything? Besides the man confessed his offense. He is a good fellow, in his way, seldom beats his wife, and does not drink overmuch. I believe in building all that one can on such good qualities as he shows, and if I intercede for him it may increase my influence for good in his family."

"It may also confirm him in his pilfering habits," I interposed. "He will learn to expect friendly interference on your part on such occasions."

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"Perhaps so, but I prefer to think not," and that ended Maria's argument in the matter, as it did in many other talks I had with her, the count and those neighbors who could be called his "disciples."

Their principles and religious beliefs were never given prominence in general conversation unless they were directly asked about them. They chose by preference to live them as best they could, rather than polemicize about them. Only on two or three occasions did Maria, for instance, advance any of the ideas about how the world was to be made better, and then only because I had quizzed her point blank. Day after day, she went her quiet way, haying, nursing, doctoring, and, when she could spare the time, enjoying herself on the tennis court.

Her oldest sister, Totyana, was by no means so active in her acceptance of her father's teachings. Indeed, in 1896 she was still very undecided about them. She told me, one day, laughingly, that for the present she was only half won over: "Perhaps when I am as old as my father I shall be wholly won over." In her way she seemed quite as happy as Maria; all of the children, in fact, saw life on its brighter side, even to one of the older boys who was a soldier, and put much store on multi-colored uniforms and ornamented cigarette cases. What the countess really thought about the whole business I never found out. We had one short conversation about the count and his work, during which she delivered herself of these remarks: "You will hear many things here that I do not agree with—I believe it is better to be and do than to preach." I judged from these sentiments that Tolstoisism as a cult had not captured her. But that she thought much of the count as a man and husband was evident from her solicitous care of him.

[To be continued in April]

"I SHALL GO TO HIM"

By Alfred J. Waterhouse

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—2 Samuel; xii., 23.

I SHALL go to him. Yes, I shall go.
Oh, prophet-singer of the long dead years,
For that the one I loved is lying low,
Nor heeds my arms outreached, nor rain of tears;
And that thy word triumphant comes to me
Through all the years, through eons gray and dim,
Look down from summits, wheresoe'er thou be,
And hear my thanks for faith, inspired by thee,
That I shall go to him.

Aye, he shall not return to me. I know—
I know. Long has he slept; he sleepeth still.
The seasons come, and yet the seasons go;
No more my pulses to his laughter thrill.
But I shall go to him. Black is the veil
That hides the Heaven-country's earthward rim,
And angel visitants have left no trail
That man may follow; yet doth faith prevail—
And I shall go to him.

Yea, I shall go to him. Oh, bard of old,
Love is not vain, nor is thy word a lie;
Each bud of hope that our small lives have held
Shall blossom in a wondrous by and by;
The friend we loved, who walked with us a way,
And then lay down to rest, with eyes grown dim;
The one we miss through every lonely day,
Now, God be praised! that we, with thee, may say:
I—I shall go to him.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Pray for a short memory as to all unkindnesses.

Anxiety never yet successfully bridged over any chasm.

Genius has a twin brother whose name is patience.

"If you have but a word of cheer
Speak it while I am alive to hear."

Let us have the faith that right makes might, and
in that faith let us do our duty as we understand it.
—Lincoln.

Some one asked Thomas A. Edison, "Don't you believe that genius is inspiration?" "No," he replied: "genius is perspiration."

Do not dare to live without some clear intention
toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to
be something with all your might. —Phillips
Brooks.



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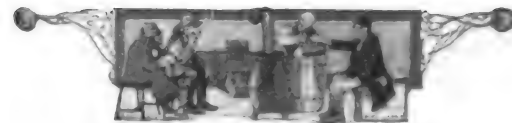
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Avoid Substitutes—Get What You Ask For



SPINNING YARNS

Gave His Name

THE principal trolley line in a city of Northern New York is crossed by a number of consecutive streets that bear masculine names. One day an Irishman entered one of the cars. Four or five other men comprised the load of passengers. As the car swung around a corner toward the junction of two streets, the conductor shouted:

"James!"

Whereupon a passenger signaled to him, the car stopped, and the man alighted.

A moment later the car neared another cross street. "William!" announced the conductor; and another man got out. The Irishman's eyes grew wider as he observed the proceedings.

"Alexander!" yelled the conductor, and the third man left the car.

Then, as the car started on its journey again, the Irishman left his corner and approaching the conductor said in a confidential tone:

"I want to git off at Rush Avenue. Me name's Michael"

Home Work

A LITTLE fellow in Altoona, Pennsylvania, not long ago hustled into a grocery with a memorandum in his hand.

"Mr. Jones," said he, "I want fourteen pounds of tea at twenty-five cents."

"All right," said the grocer, noting down the sale and instructing a clerk to put up the purchase. "Anything else, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir. I want thirty pounds of sugar at nine cents."

"Loaf sugar? All right. What else?"

"Seven and a half pounds of bacon at twenty cents."

"Anything more?"

"Five pounds of coffee at thirty-two cents; eleven and a half quarts of molasses at eight cents a pint; two nine pound hams at twenty-one and a quarter cents, and five dozen jars of pickled walnuts at twenty-four cents a jar."

"That's a big order," observed the grocer, as he made out the bill. "Your mother wants it charged, or do you pay for it now?"

The boy pocketed the bill. "Mother has n't a thing to do with this transaction," said he. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."

Getting Her Legal Rights

AN OLD colored woman, arrayed in a rusty black dress and a gorgeous purple "picture" hat, over which was a black crêpe veil, appeared at the courthouse of a Carolina town not long ago.

"Am' yo' de jedge ob reprobates, sah?" she asked, cautiously opening a crack of the office door.

"Yes, I am the judge of probate, aunty; what can I do for you?" was the smiling reply.

"Yassah! T'anky, sah! I'se hah 'cause mah ole man done died detested an' lef' fo' lil' infidels, an' Ah wanter be 'pinted ter be dere executioner, ef yo' please, sah!"

The Part He Liked

REPRESENTATIVE CLAYTON, of Alabama, tells of a negro in Montgomery who, by reason of his non-attendance at divine service, came to be regarded by his neighbors as "a hard case."

On one occasion, however, he was induced by a friend to hear a sermon preached by a dusky divine imported from Mississippi. After service, to the great surprise of the friend, the "hard case" exclaimed in tones of enthusiasm:

"I shore did enj'y dat sermon."

"I am glad to hear you say that, Tom," replied the friend, gratified. "And what part of the sermon did you enjoy most?"

"De part where I dreamed I had a millyun dollars," said the "hard case."

Which Half Is Speaking?

WINSTON CHURCHILL, the youthful British statesman, is the son of an American lady, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly of New York.

Mr. Churchill is proud of his American strain, as is shown by a speech he made when he referred to it as "an emblem of the union of the two great English-speaking nations." In this same speech, alluding to the wisdom of the principle of international arbitration, Mr. Churchill cited the award in the Alaskan boundary dispute, adding that it was "a beautiful illustration of the blessedness of arbitration."

Whereupon one of his auditors asked:

"Will you, sir, kindly tell us which half of you is now speaking?"

Serena's Homesickness

[Concluded from page 153]

John," she concluded. John only grunted, but I knew that he realized the wisdom of the advice and injunction.

We could find no fault, under the circumstances, with the amount of milk or the quality. Marcia was delighted.

"We must get a churn at once," she announced. I had, however, already ordered one, quite the latest cry in churns, and told her so, and, with John ahead carrying the milk for supper, we trooped back to the house, vainly striving to drown with our conversation the heart-broken bellows emanating from the cow house. Once just before supper time I stole back to Serena and spent at least ten minutes rubbing her between the eyes and speaking kind and soothing words to her. But her sorrow was still fresh and beyond any words of mine.

It had been agreed that when the cow came both Clarice and The Boy were to drink milk for breakfast and supper, whole glasses of milk, all the milk they could stand. To that end a huge pitcher of it was placed on the supper table. As I said grace my words were punctuated at regular intervals by the lowing of Serena. For a while we maintained an artificial cheerfulness. We spoke brightly of what a difference Serena's advent was bound to make; of the fine rich cream we would have for our coffee and berries; of the golden butter for our morning rolls; and we discussed animatedly the subject of cow diet. But after awhile the conversation dwindled. It became only too evident that we were all oppressed by the sounds that stole across from the cow house. I noticed that the pitcher of milk remained untouched and that Marcia drank her tea just as it came from the pot. As for me, I care very little for tea, and that evening I decided not to take any.

Later we went out and saw Serena bedded down for the night. As we returned to the house through the moonlit dusk Serena's lowing pursued us remorselessly. We went early to bed. Unfortunately our room is on the side of the house nearest to the stable and neither Marcia nor I could get far enough under the bedclothes to completely escape the pathetic evidence of Serena's unhappiness. I am not certain, but I think there was a lull at about half-past twelve. I went to sleep at about that time; and awoke unrefreshed to the spring sunshine and a heart-rending "mo-o-o-oo!"

Contrary to the expectations of all, Serena's nostalgia seemed rather to increase than subside as the day passed. It was not that she mourned more frequently nor in louder tones, but an added note of affliction seemed to have crept into her moos, a hopelessness and despair that wrung our hearts.

Phil Browne came over just before noon. Browne is one of those smug, self-satisfied little men that are so hard to stand in time of trouble. He found me on the porch. Let me say in the first place, in extenuation, that I was feeling nervous and depressed. I had slept poorly, Serena's unhappiness was rapidly becoming mine and I missed my coffee terribly. None of us had been able that morning to so much as look the cream pitcher in the face, and we were too proud to return to tin. Browne had a grin on his countenance, although he was doing his best to hide it. He planked himself down on the top step and lighted a cigarette. I object to cigarettes on principle and I object to Browne's especially.

"I hear you've got a cow," he remarked. There was unnecessary emphasis on the word "hear." I acknowledged that we had. It would have been idle to have denied it, although I was in a mood to go to almost any length in order to contradict him.

"What kind did you get?" asked Browne.

"Jersey."

"Hm, you'd ought to have got a Guernsey."

It is one of the bitterest regrets of my life that I was not at that moment aware that the Guernsey and the Jersey were the same. As it was, I controlled my irritation and took refuge in lying.

"We had considered the Guernsey," I replied, "but its milk is rather deficient in proteids."

Browne hung fire for a moment. I could see that I had impressed him. His next remark exhibited a new respect.

"Darned if you're not coming on, Warner," he said. "Where is she?"

Politeness necessitated conducting him to Serena. We found her gazing with sad, dull eyes at the white-enameled lavatory and emitting her dismal bellows. Browne looked her over.

"I say, Warner," he finally asked, "what's the matter with her?"

"Matter?" I echoed indignantly. "Nothing's the matter. Why?"

"Well, what's she making such an infernal racket for? Give you my word, old man, I could n't get to sleep until almost midnight! You know, I'm not one of the fussy kind, but Mrs. Browne—well, she's a bit nervous, and—er—she got sort of fidgety. Is—she in pain?"

"Do you mean the cow?" I asked. He looked perplexed.

"Of course; yes; the cow. What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing, except that she is still a little bit homesick."

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"Homesick. Why, who ever heard of a cow—"

"Well, that's what she is, homesick!"

"Oh!" Browne scratched his chin and smiled. "Well, you know your business best, Warner," he said as he went out, "but if I were you, now, I'd send for the vet."

"Nonsense!" I answered irritably. "You can't doctor homesickness."

"N-no, but it might be colic or—or something, might n't it?"

Although I indignantly denied the possibility, yet Browne's idiotic suggestion returned after he had taken his departure and I went to the library and got down "Somebody-or-other on the Cow." Armed with the bulky volume I returned to the cow house and before half an hour had passed I saw that Serena was suffering from four separate and totally distinct maladies. I was delighted, however, to find that colic was not one of them. Browne, as usual, was mistaken. I called John and consulted with him, and, although he scouted the notion of physical illness, I insisted on his fetching the veterinary. Then I went in to dinner.

Viewed in retrospect, our unanimous disinclination for milk seems childish and absurd, but at the time, with Serena's disconsolate plaint punctuating our speech, it was different. We steered clear of tea and returned Ellen's custard pudding untasted to the kitchen. And, strangely enough, with one accord we avoided the subject of Cow.

The veterinary came a little after two, examined Serena thoroughly and disrespectfully, hemmed and hawed, and then gave it as his opinion that the cow needed outdoor life, gentle treatment, and plenty of green food. He could not, he declared, discover any physical ailment. So John procured an iron stake, drove it into the middle of the lawn and we tethered Serena thereto. I paid the veterinary and he took his departure, speeded by Serena with lugubrious bawls. All the rest of the afternoon Serena made day hideous, only pausing at occasional intervals to crop the young grass. John returned her to the cow house at five and milked her. She yielded bountifully. As I walked discouragedly back to the house I came across the five dogs making their suppers of custard pudding.

After the evening meal, at which I again omitted tea, and at which Clarice and The Boy drank only water, I repaired to the library as being farthest from the stable and took down Warburton's "Animal Psychology." In the middle of the first chapter I was interrupted by Marcia.

"I don't know what we're going to do with it all," she announced dolefully, dropping into a chair.

"Do with what?" I asked.

"The milk. Everything's full up already, and John says Serena *must* be milked again in the morning."

"Of course she must," I agreed.

"But what are we to do with it? Every pan and bowl and pitcher is filled to the brim. We'll have to buy more pans."

"Er—how about the servants? Could n't we—"

"They won't touch it. And Ellen gave the dogs all they could drink, and the cats, too, and it does n't seem to have made any difference. I never thought I'd be worried by too much milk!"

"How about—er—making a little butter?"

"Who would eat it?" asked Marcia. I winced. I knew I would n't.

"Then throw it away," I suggested. "Or—wait! I have it! Give the milk away! Send it around to the neighbors."

Marcia brightened.

"I never thought of that," she said. "I'll do it."

It was done. We disposed of several gallons in that manner, and it was not until months later that we learned that none of the recipients of our bounty used a drop of it. It seemed that it had got out that the cow was dying. Under the circumstances it was kind of them to accept the gift.

That night Serena's doleful fugue kept us awake until almost one o'clock. It was a peculiarity of Serena's lamentations that instead of growing accustomed to them we became each day more intolerant.

The next forenoon events came rapidly. Morse dropped over to protest politely but firmly against the noise; Ffolke sent a note by his gardener saying that none of his family had been able to sleep for two nights; Martindale offered me the address of the best veterinary in the country; and a man in Winthrop Terrace, a total stranger, sent word that I was maintaining a public nuisance and that if the noise was n't stopped at once he would summons me. After dinner Ellen, the cook, came to me with a distressed countenance. She was leaving, she said.

"I've been with you for six years, Mr. Warner, and I done my duty as I seen it. And I ain't got any fault to find with you, sir, nor with Mrs. Warner, sir, who is as kind a mistress as any one could ask, sir, but—but I just can't stand it any longer, sir!"

"Stand what, Ellen?" I asked. "What are you talking about?"

"Serena, sir, the cow. I can't stand it, Mr. Warner. I've got a soft heart, sir, and the misery of that cow is too much, sir, the poor creature!"

With that she threw her apron over her head and burst into tears. I was naturally distressed.

"Have you—er—said anything of this to Mrs. Warner?" I asked.

"N-no, sir," sobbed Ellen. "I—I did n't have the heart, sir."



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"Very well, then don't. Leave it with me, Ellen, and I'll see what can be done."

Ellen agreed to remain pending a solution of the question, and another crisis was passed. By that time I was buzzing like a top and could n't have told my name the first time of trying for the life of me. I shut myself up in the library and thought. When the supper bell rang my mind was made up. That evening we had oyster stew. It was really very good, and we all enjoyed it until The Boy laid down his spoon and asked:

"Mother, is this made of cow's milk?"

After that we made out the best way we could with cold meat and bread and butter. Plainly, something had to be done, and done quickly. Otherwise we would be in danger of starving to death under our own roof. That night Serena's lamentations pursued me even after sleep had come, and all through the early morning hours I was dimly aware of them. My dreams were something frightful. As soon as breakfast was over, a breakfast of uncreamed coffee and milk-toast which quite took our appetites away, I summoned John. Twenty minutes later, Serena, having been milked for the last time in the model cow house, was led out at the end of a ten-foot rope and secured to the rear axle of the cut-under. With none of the ceremony which had attended her arrival, watched furtively by eyes peering from behind lowered window shades, Serena, her outcry now having, as it seemed, taken on a note of defiance, paced readily down the drive and forever out of "The Hedges." Browne was just shutting his gate as we turned into the road.

"Hello!" he called. "What are you going to do with Bossy?"

"Take her for a walk," I replied savagely. "She needs exercise."

We made slow progress, for although Serena showed entire willingness to accompany us, her steps were deliberate and she showed an irritating interest in the landscape. Soon after we had passed the railroad track, John, who was sitting on the rear seat with a pan of pea-pods between his feet in case Serena should require coaxing, broke the silence.

"Thank God, sir," he said devoutly.

"Eh?" I asked. "What?"

"She's stopped at last, sir!"

"Who?"

"The dom cow, sir. She has n't said a moo for two miles!"

We never heard her moo again.

We found Farmer Fayerweather at home. As we headed up the lane he came to meet us, looking surprised. But at the time it came to me that the surprise was partly simulated. I stated the facts and ended by proposing that he buy her back. To my annoyance he was loath to do so.

"You see, I've got more cows now than I need," he said.

"But she's a good cow," I urged. "Never saw a better milker."

"Oh, yes, she's a fine cow, but when you've got too many cows the best of 'em ain't much use to you."

"But surely she's worth something!"

"Well, maybe. What do you want for her?"

"Well, I paid you thirty-eight. I'll take thirty." The farmer shook his head.

"I could n't afford it, sir, I really could n't."

"Well, twenty-five, then."

"I could n't do it, sir. It would n't pay me."

"Hang it all! Take her for twenty!"

He shook his head dismally. I was angry.

"All right," I said. "I can get that much, I guess, from the butcher." Turn around, John.

Of course I would never have had the heart to take Serena to the butcher, but the farmer did n't know that and I did n't tell him.

"I tell you what I will do," he said. "I'll give you a ton of hay for her."

"How much is hay now, John?" I asked.

"We paid twelve for the last, sir."

"It's nigher twenty now, though," said the farmer.

"And mine's the best around here."

"All right," I agreed. "Here's the cow. Bring the hay to-morrow."

We drove off. Serena watched us go. So did the farmer. He was smiling. So, I thought, was Serena. A mile down the road we passed a farmer returning from the railroad with a load of empty milk-cans. He stopped as we approached and I also pulled up.

"Take her back, did you?" he asked. There was no reason for asking to whom he referred. I nodded. He smiled broadly.

"That's the fourth time," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Fourth time she's been sold and brought back again," he explained. "I guess Fayerweather makes a pretty good thing out of her."

I digested that for a moment in silence. Then,—

"What's the matter with that cow?" I asked.

"Well, I don't rightly know," he answered thoughtfully. "But I guess it's chronic homesickness. Get ap!"

The next day I wrote a note at Marcia's request. It was brief, but I strove to make it sound as ingratiating as possible. It was addressed to the milkman. "Dear Sir," I wrote, "Will you kindly begin serving us again with milk, commencing Monday morning? Yours respectfully, Henry Warner."

It was then Thursday. Four days seemed none too many in which to forget Serena.

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The Third House

By GILSON GARDNER

[Concluded from page 156]

activities (although this time the association could not boast of entirely defeating the legislation.) Mr. Hough secured a change in the wording of the section of the law defining blended whiskies. The law reads: "That the term blend, as used herein, shall be construed to mean a mixture of like substances;"—(to which Mr. Hough had added,) "not excluding harmless coloring or flavoring ingredients used for the purpose of coloring and flavoring only."

The purpose of this amendment is to make it possible (as according to the experts of the Agricultural Department it would not have been possible,) to doctor the cheap raw spirit so that it will look like whisky and faintly resemble it in taste, and sell it as a blend.

Mr. Hough's employers evidently give him wide discretion in the matter of expending money, and his advent to town is customarily celebrated by large paid advertisements in the local newspapers—a tactful way of securing favorable publicity. In Washington, Mr. Hough has also at times employed other means of publicity, and he stands charged by Dr. Wiley, Chief Chemist of the Agricultural Department, with procuring the publication, through a former member of the corps of Washington correspondents, of a "fake" interview in which he was represented as saying things diametrically opposed to the doctor's well-known and very positive views on rectified whiskies and the gentlemen who lobby for them. The offense was so raw that it created no little stir at the time.

Incidentally it is the testimony of the Secretary of Agriculture that Mr. Hough and the interests which he represents have given more trouble to the Government in its efforts to secure pure food and drink, than has any other single industry in the country.

But the whisky interests and their lobby are but a sample. There are things the people ought to know about the Beef Trust's special representatives; likewise about the lobbies of the railroads, the Proprietary Medicine Association, the organized shippers, the special union labor interests, the farmers, and even the churches.

But these must wait for another installment.

[Mr. Gardner's next article on The Third House will appear in the April issue.]

In Adam's Day

AT A BOSTON Sunday school the teacher asked a boy:

"What commandment, my son, did Adam break when he ate the apple?"

"I do not understand, sir," was the logical response, "that there were any commandments at that time."

Two Reasons Why

A GOVERNMENT officer recently returned to Washington after an absence of some years abroad. He met an old friend who had been interested in flying machines, and asked:

"Well, Professor how are you getting along with your aerial machine?"

"It is not yet a complete success," the professor said, with a sad smile. "I have two things to accomplish before I can say that it is."

"What are they?"

"I must discover how to get my machine in the air, and then how to keep it there."

A Bonanza

A CERTAIN western Congressman has had disastrous experience in gold-mine speculations. One day a number of colleagues were discussing the subject of speculation, when one of them said to the Western member:

"Tom, as an expert, give us a definition of the term 'bonanza.'"

"A 'bonanza,'" replied the Western man, with emphasis, "is a hole in the ground owned by a champion liar!"

The Dreyfus Affair

By VANCE THOMPSON

[Concluded from page 159]

He had pictured his return as a triumphal *fête* of justice; see now the reality. He had pictured the "Sfax" coming up to the crowded dock—his wife and children waiting to receive him, behind them his comrades, with open arms and tear-stained eyes; that was not the way it happened. The "Sfax" stopped a league from shore and lay there all the day. At dusk there came a tempest of wind and rain, which lasted all night. This was a wild part of Brittany. On the rocky shore a few inhabitants of Port-Haliguen, who had learned from the fishermen that the "Sfax" had come, stood and stared seaward; soldiers from a near-by fort joined them, and agents of the *Sur té* and police. At length a tender put out; but the sea was so high it could not approach the cruiser. At nine o'clock a yawl, with ten rowers, managed to get alongside the "Sfax." Dreyfus was lowered down a rope ladder into the tossing boat. In this perilous descent he fell—fortunately into the small boat. His legs were badly bruised; one of them bled from a deep gash. For hours the little yawl fought its way through storm and darkness to the little tender; it was not until two o'clock in the morning that he was landed on the rocky coast—his poor emaciated body shaken with fever, drenched with rain and spray, bleeding, too, from his fall. He glanced about at the soldiers, half-seen in the flickering lantern lights. He was in France; but where? No one spoke to him. He was placed in a carriage with three *gendarmes* and driven, between lines of mounted soldiers, to the station of Quiberon, and thrust into a special train. When day came the train stopped at an obscure sleeping suburb. Thence another carriage, surrounded by a squadron of mounted police, carried him into an unknown city. It stopped in front of a gray wall, where a few journalists and detectives stood in the rain. Then it entered a stone courtyard. The gate closed behind him with the clang of iron bars. Dreyfus had entered another prison.

Oh, that poor dream of the wife who should meet him with outstretched arms. She was there, indeed, in that somber old city, Rennes; but as he suffered, she, too, was to suffer. If, among all the personages of this tragic drama, one was worthy of all respect, that one was Lucie Dreyfus. During five years she had borne her suffering with noble dignity; her faith had never wavered; she had hidden from her children all knowledge of the awful tragedy; you had thought there could go out to her only pity and admiration. Ah, you do not know how fierce a hatred burned in France, in those days. Madame Dreyfus was turned away from every hotel in Rennes. Not one would take this poor wife in—her name was Dreyfus. The old woman who finally gave her house-room was stoned and hooted in the streets. And all this night of the "traitor's" return a mob hung round her doors or drank in a tavern over the way, shouting the while a song of "Death to the Jews!" Thus it ran:

*A bas les Juifs!
Il faut les pendre,
Sans plus attendre—"*

and its chorus was death to the "Youtre," death to the traitor, death to Judas; heard, over and over again, as she crouched by her bed, too terrified for weeping. When day came she went to the prison—with a necessary guard of stanch Dreyfusards. It was not until nine o'clock that she was permitted to see her husband. Then he was led out of his cell to her. And she saw that he was old, old; his hair was white; there was no flesh on him; he tottered with weakness and fever; oh, he was a haggard and broken man—and, with a great cry of pity, she got him in her arms. And Dreyfus wept; for the first time

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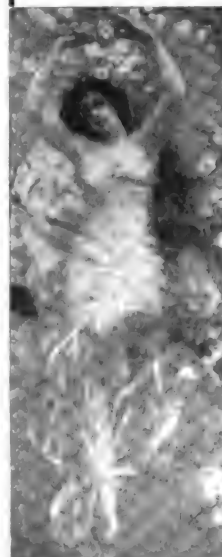
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in all those years he wept—as a child might have wept on a mother's breast. A long, long time she held him close; and neither of them found a word.

At length she said: "Hope, dear one, you must have hope!"

"Hope?" he repeated, "what do you mean, Lucie? Why they know my innocence now. The rest is only a formality."

"Oh, my poor one," she said, "listen."

Even through the prison walls the clamor of the mob reached them, menacing and dull; Syveton's cohort of "patriots," two-thousand strong, was gathering; and now their cries rose sullen and loud; what they shouted was: "Down with Judas! Death to the traitor!"


That was his welcome home; and his wife whispered: "Now do you understand? Oh, my poor one, my martyr!"

(To be continued in April)

The World Won't Seem All Wrong

By William J. Lampton

BRACE UP!
Brace up there,
Men and women everywhere,
In lowly or in lordly state,
Whose means are little or are great;
What right have you
To paint the whole world blue
When God's own light
Is white?
Quite true
There's blue
In it,
But just a little bit;
Only enough to make
The other colors take
A gentler radiance.
Yet you
Would have the whole thing blue.
Go to,
You are not
What
You should be
If you will not see
The great white
Light
Of might
That in you lies
To win the prize,
Or make so good a fight for it
That loss
Will be no cross,
But rather crown of glory
Lifting you
Above the blue.
Brace up there;
Breathe the air
Of hope and faith and courage
To make you resolute and strong
To hustle right along
Despite all drawbacks,
And the whacks
You get from Fortune in the scrap.
Mayhap
You need the tonic touch of strife
To make your life
Worth living. Don't squeal
When you feel
The lick;
But stick
To it. What's the use
Of letting loose
When, if you hold on tight
And fight
Day and Night
With your whole might,
You'll be all right?
Say,
Is there any way
To anything, worth a pinch of snuff,
That is n't more or less rough?
Did you ever know
Anyone to go
Straight to the top
Without a single drop
Anywhere,
Getting there?
Since Adam's fall
Have n't wormwood and gall
Grown by the path
Of wrath?
There are roses, too;
White ones, and red and yellow,
But no blue.
Gee whiz!
What a rose garden the world is,
If you'll only see it so
As you go
Trudging hopefully through
The blue.
Smile at the little worries,
Tackle the greater, strong,
With a hip hooray
For the better way,
And the world won't seem all wrong.



AMONG THE CHAPTERS

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The Home - Coming

[Concluded from page 162]

and no wise a lady. I know that's jist exac'ly corric't 'cause the 'Fashionable Lady's Book of Ittikit' says so. Which book of ittikit do you use, Len?"

"Well,—er—several," writhed Norton.

"Wall, anyway," his mother went on, "I got two, un I'm goin' to mail 'tother one to your gal, Len. It's a lovely one, un I jist know she'll love to have it from Len's mother."

Norton swept his eyes around the room in a mechanical hunt to escape—to where, and from what he dare not admit to himself—when with the clip of a steel spring the cold gray light that ruled men and millions flashed from under his gathering brows—then died out in frozen horror. Smiling at him from a remote corner of the room—in rustic garb—was a pair of eyes that he knew, and had known of old: "Gove, of the 'Dispatch,' the most merciless bloodhound of a newspaper man in New York," Norton had often characterized him when he occasionally spread some of the New York and Pacific's most sacred secrets all over the front page in red ink. Scenting a story, Gove had trailed Norton on the Limited, had dropped off on the far side of the train and dodged out of sight—in short, Gove "had the whole story," Gove, the newspaper nightmare of Paul Norton, Gove of the "Dispatch" given to pictures, red ink, and private details.


And Margo! Her picture, her pride, her sensitive soul bared to grinning barroom and smiling *boudoir* because of him. And her father—Margo, the one darling of the grim old Cræsus's heart—Paul Norton's world was crumbling; and both men knew it as they smiled at each other, not in hatred but worse—business, across the supper table. "Len" had disappeared: Paul Norton arose to his feet.

"Ladies and Gentlemen:"—the cool courtesy of the courtier temporarily stills the unpolished—"I must beg you to excuse me—" It was a matter of ingrown second nature, the habit of cold command for fifteen years—then, with a wave of self-contempt, he knew not why, and with a glance of apology and defiance mingled at Gove—not for what he was himself but for what he represented—Paul Norton genially thanked the people of his boyhood, collectively and each by name, then asked to be alone, asked them to feast and to make merry, to dance and to laugh to their hearts fill, but that the day and the night had been a little too much for him, a city man, as he was now—they were stronger. What the rustic lacks in head he has in heart, and Paul Norton spoke directly and honestly to that heart—and won: won more than he knew. As he stepped from the room out into the midnight moonlight Gove met him.

They went down behind the wood-pile and sat down on the chopping log together. Paul Norton, who had known a legislature to be considered cheap for its weight in silver—and had once seen a United States Senator bought for ten times his weight in gold—looked at the newspaper man. He could not buy him—and he did not have to.

"Gove has no fight against Paul Norton," began the reporter. "The fight rests between the 'Dispatch' and the railroad. That is business, this is personal. My paper is fighting your railroad, I'm not fighting you. We're friends. By the way—Here are your old love letters, dated fifteen years back I noticed, to 'Sallie darling.' I bought them of her small brother to-night for the price of a new shotgun while you were leading the gambols. Plain bribery, of course. If you were a married man and they were to another woman I'd spread them all over America. Being what they are—they're yours. You'd have to buy 'em from her sooner or later, anyway; glad I saved you the trouble. I've got to catch that two-forty-five back. Good night—"

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WARM POCKET
INTO THE
COLD AIR**



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Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
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Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman	

"Wait," said the other. "I'll go with you." Suddenly, faintly through the night came the far distant whistle of an engine—the Limited—making ninety miles an hour east bound to New York. Gove would be held till the accommodation. Norton dashed into the house, kissed his mother, wrung his father's hand, grabbed the kitchen lantern, and away. Two minutes he and Gove had to jump the stone wall and race, plunging and stumbling through the growing hay by the old swimming hole, to the tracks through the meadow. Breathless, but ever cool, Gove felt for a match, lit the lantern Norton held just as the headlight blazed round the bend half a mile—twenty seconds—away. Norton gave the danger signal, and was answered by the whistle's roar and the iron screech of brakes. The train stopped: they stepped aboard. That stop ruined every wheel under the train, but Norton was master here.

Paul Norton swung back from his desk and moodily faced the girl.

"Margo, listen. A man's friends are but the mileposts that mark his trail up or down the hills of life. Some he leaves behind, some leave him behind; some he overtakes, others overtake him. Only a few stay abreast. Their life back there in the old home was once mine, but mine is no longer theirs. They would be as miserable here as I was there. They are happier than I am, in a way—but the Call of the Race for its best, its cry for leaders, has forced us apart—apart forever. I love them, yes: love them more dearly now than I did yesterday—but they are gone from me forever. In this great changing country of ours, families are broken to-day, and hearts are broken, too, just as they were during the Civil War. The call of duty drowns all else. In Europe, where the son treads in the deep worn footprints of his father and his fathers before him for generations, the ties of friends and family bind happily. Here in America, with our shifting, changing life, the father eats in his shirtsleeves, while his daughter rules on a throne, a regal slave to centuries of form. One brother from the saddle of the general, he alone capable among millions, commands the army that saves his nation, the other trudges in the ranks and dies of fever in the mud. The son of the preacher becomes the stock gambler, and the son of the stock gambler becomes a poet. The son of a great scientist is a mental cipher. Washington, Lincoln, Stanley, Edison rise out of nothing—and their breed dies with them. Over our land to-day this iron has entered the soul of thousands, has wrung their hearts with helpless self-reproach—'t is the father in gray and the son in blue as it was in '61. Their houses are open to each other, but not their homes. Their hearts meet, but nothing else. Different in habit, language, thoughts, and ideals they live, yet are dead to each other. Margo, am I right or wrong? And, if wrong, where?"

The head that controlled the highway of a nation, the lives and destinies of half a million people, sank dazed on the shoulder of the girl. The strongest man in his extremity, when reason needs seek something higher, turns instinctively to the woman.

"Paul," she said, gently, "I can not tell you. I only know that you are right. Consider yourself last; suffer you must; your work, your life, and your heart belong not to you, nor to yours; but where they will do the greater good. Thanks you will not get. You will be misunderstood, and even cursed by those you help the most. The weak man sways under it and falls: the strong keeps on. There is Something larger, greater than ourselves, from which we must draw, not our reward but our peace. If Life were merely a question between right and wrong it would be easy. The followers have their path cut out for them, the leaders must ever choose between two evils. 'T is the greatest task of the great. I do not know—but I understand."

And through her Paul Norton came to understand.

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What the World Owes to Dreamers

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[Concluded from page 163]

away his time and money on the "Clermont" was little better than an idiot, and that he ought to be in an insane asylum. But the "Clermont" did sail up the Hudson, and Fulton was hailed as a benefactor of the human race.

What does the world not owe to Morse, who gave it its first telegraph? When the inventor asked for an appropriation of a few thousand dollars for the first experimental line from Washington to Baltimore, he was sneered at by congressmen. After discouragements which would have disheartened most men, this experimental line was completed, and some congressmen were waiting for the message, which they did not believe would ever come, when one of them asked the inventor how large a package he expected to be able to send over the wire. But very quickly the message did come, and derision was changed to praise.

The dream of Cyrus W. Field, which tied two continents together by the ocean cable, was denounced as worse than folly. How long would it take to get the world's day-by-day news but for such dreamers as Field?

When William Murdock, at the close of the eighteenth century, dreamed of lighting London by means of coal gas, conveyed to buildings in pipes, even Sir Humphry Davy sneeringly asked, "Do you intend taking the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer?" Sir Walter Scott, too, ridiculed the idea of lighting London by "smoke," but he lived to use this same "smoke" dream to light his castle at Abbotsford. "What!" said wise scientists, "a light without a wick? Impossible!"

How people laughed at the dreamer, Charles Good-year, buried in poverty and struggling with hardships for eleven long years to make India rubber of practical use! See him in prison for debt, still dreaming, while pawning his clothes and his wife's jewelry to get a little money to keep his children from starving! Note his sublime courage and devotion to his vision even when without money to bury a dead child, while his five other children were near starvation, and his neighbors were denouncing him as insane!

Women called Elias Howe a fool and "crank" and condemned him for neglecting his family to dream of a machine which has emancipated millions from drudgery.

The great masters are always idealists, seers of visions. The sculptor is a dreamer who sees the statue in the rough block, before he strikes a blow with his chisel. The artist sees in his imagination the painting in all its perfection and beauty of coloring and form before he touches a brush to the canvas.

Every palace, every beautiful structure is first the dream of the architect. It had no previous existence in reality. The building came out of his ideal before it was made real. Sir Christopher Wren saw Saint Paul's Cathedral in all its magnificent beauty before the foundations were laid. It was his dream which revolutionized the architecture of London.

It was the dreaming Baron Haussmann who made Paris the most beautiful city in the world.

Think what we owe the beauty dreamers for making our homes and our parks so attractive! There are thousands of practical men in New York to-day who, if they could have their way, would cut Central Park up into lots and cover it with business blocks.

The achievement of every successful man is but the realized vision of his youth, his dreams of bettering his condition, of enlarging his power.

Our homes are the dreams that began with lovers and their efforts to better their condition, the dreams of those who once lived in huts and in log cabins.

The modern luxurious railway train is the dream of those who rode in the old stagecoach.

Not more than ten years ago the horseless carriage, the manufacture of which now promises to make one of the largest businesses in the world, was considered by most people in the same light as is the airship to-day. But there has recently been an exhibition of these "dreams" in Madison Square Garden, New York, on a scale so vast in the suggestiveness of its possibilities as to stagger credulity.

Half a dozen years since, this invention was looked upon as a mere toy, a fad for a few millionaires. Ten years ago there was not a single factory in America making cars for the market. Twelve years ago there were only five horseless vehicles in this country, and they had been imported at extravagant prices. To-day there are over a hundred thousand in actual use, and it is estimated that not less than fifty thousand automobiles will be sold during the present year. Instead of being a toy for millionaires, the automobile is now being used in place of horses by thousands of people with ordinary incomes.

This "dream" is already helping us to solve the problem of crowded streets. It is proving a great educator, as well as a health giver, by tempting people into the country. The average man will ultimately, through its full realization, practically travel in his own private car. In fact this "dream" is becoming one of the greatest joys and blessings that has ever come to humanity.



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What do we not owe to our poet dreamers, like Shakespeare, who have taught us to see the uncommon in the common, the extraordinary in the ordinary?

The child lives in dreamland. It creates a world of its own, and plays with the castles it builds. It traces pictures which are very real to it; it enjoys that which was never on sea or land, but which has a powerful shaping influence upon his future life and character.

Do not stop dreaming. Encourage your visions: believe in them. Cherish your dreams and try to make them real. This thing in us that aspires, that bids us to look up, that beckons us higher, is God-given. Aspiration is the hand that points us to the road that runs heavenward. As your vision is, so will your life be. Your better dream is the prophecy of what your life may be, ought to be.

The great thing is to try to fashion the life after the pattern shown us in the mount of our highest inspiration, to make our highest moment permanent.

We are all conscious that the best we do is but a sorry apology for what we ought to do, might do. The average man is but a burlesque of the sublime man God intended him to be. We certainly were made for something larger, grander, and more beautiful than we are. We have a feeling that what we are is out of keeping with, does not fit the larger, greater life-plan which the Creator patterned for us; that it is mean, sordid, stingy, and pinched compared with the pattern of that divine man shown us in the mount of our highest vision.

The divinest heritage of the poor is the capacity to dream. Their bodies may live in poverty and squalor while their minds live in marble palaces. No matter how much we have to suffer to-day, if we believe there is a better to-morrow. Even "stone walls do not a prison make" to those who can dream.

Who would rob the poor of this dreaming power, that takes the drudgery out of their dry, dreary occupations? Who would deprive them of the luxuries which they enjoy in their dreaming of a better and brighter future, of better education, more comforts for those dear to them, for their hopes of something brighter to come?

There is no medicine like hope, no incentive so great and no tonic so powerful as expectation of something better to-morrow.

Dreaming is especially characteristic of the typical American. No matter how poor, or what his misfortune, he is confident, self-reliant, defiant, because he believes better days are coming. The clerk can live in a store of his own which his imagination builds. The poorest factory girl dreams of a beautiful home of her own. The humblest dream of power.

The ability to lift oneself instantly out of all perplexities, trials, troubles, and discordant environment, into an atmosphere of harmony and beauty and truth, is beyond price. How many of us would have heart enough, hope enough, and courage enough, to continue the struggle of life with enthusiasm, if our power of dreaming were taken away from us?

It is this dreaming, this hoping, this constant expectancy of better things to come, that keeps up our courage, lightens the burden, and lights up the way.

This dreaming capacity is not a mere phantasy of the brain. It is the prophesying ability. It is the faculty of seeing possibilities, a forecast of things to come. This ability to image the future is often the most real thing in our lives.

This dreaming power was given to us for a divine purpose. What would become of the poor wretches whose lives are so bleak and blank, those who but for it would live a hell upon earth? Those who suffer the pangs of poverty, of failure, of mortification, of disgrace, people who are chained for life to partners, who do not understand them or love them, were it not for their ability to rise into dreamland, and live for the time at least in a land of harmony, of beauty, of truth, of loveliness, of joy of their own creation, what would become of them? There are millions of people on the earth who could not endure existence but for this ability to live in dreamland.

What would become of the poor wretches in our prisons, but for their ability to live outside the prison walls in their dreams, to relive the scenes of their childhood, in their old homes and with those who love them, while their bodies are locked behind the prison bars?

I know a lady who has gone through the most trying and heartrending experiences for many years, and yet everybody who knows her marvels at her sweetness of temper, her balance of mind, and beauty of character. She says that she owes everything to this ability to dream, and that she can at will lift herself out of the most discordant and trying conditions into a calm of absolute harmony and beauty, and that she comes back to her work with a freshened mind and invigorated body.

The dreamers are the advance guard of humanity, the toilers who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut smooth roads, over which man marches forward from generation to generation.

The dreaming faculty, like every other faculty, may be abused; a great many people do nothing else but dream. They spend all their energies in dreaming, in building air castles which they never try to make real; living in an unnatural, delusive, theoretical atmosphere until the faculties become paralyzed from inaction.

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It's the greatest offer ever made. A big line also of higher and lower priced materials in plain blacks and fancy weaves. Samples, Spring 1907 Fashion Guide, tape-line, measurement chart, all entirely FREE. Better write for samples right now, while it's fresh in your mind. Don't delay. Address

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The ability to arise out of discord, squalor, and misery, and live with God, in a land of harmony, beauty and truth, was given man for a divine purpose,—to enable him to fly away from the disagreeable, from pain, and suffering, and from the things which vex, nag, worry, and harass, to enable him to fly from poverty and to live, temporarily, at least, the sweet and simple life of the immortals.

During a discussion on the proportions of the human body, someone asked Lincoln how long he thought the legs of a man of a certain height ought to be. "Well," he said, "a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach the ground, anyhow." The dreamer must keep his feet on the ground, or his dreams will be impractical.

It is a splendid thing to dream when you have the grit and tenacity of purpose and the resolution to match your dreams with realities, but dreaming without effort, wishing without putting forth exertion to realize the wish, undermines the character. It is only practical dreaming that counts,—dreaming coupled with hard work and persistent endeavor.

The power to dream, to forecast possibilities, is an essential quality of a great mind.

We are not mocked with this wonderful faculty of dreaming without a possibility of making the dreams real. These mental visions, these ideals, are given us to buoy up hope, and to encourage us to persist in our endeavor until we can work the dream out into its matching reality.

A sacred thing is this faculty of visioning the future, of forecasting what is to come, if we are only equal to putting the reality under the dream, the foundations under the air castles.

Just in proportion as we make our dreams realities, will we become strong and effective. Dreams that are realized become an inspiration for new endeavor.

It is in this faculty of dreaming, and in the power to make the dream good that we find the hope of this world.

Dreaming and making good, this was what John Harvard did when with his few hundred dollars he made Harvard College possible. The founding of Yale College with a handful of books was but a dream made good.

President Roosevelt owes everything to his dreams of better conditions for humanity, higher ideals, his dream of a larger, finer type of manhood, his dream of better government, of a finer citizenship, of a larger and cleaner manhood and womanhood.

It is the creative power of the imagination that will break down the barriers of caste, race, and creed, and make real the poet's vision of the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

"The Golden Age lies onward, not behind.
The pathway through the past has led us up:
The pathway through the future will lead on,
And higher."

Beautiful Women in Portraiture

[Concluded from page 148]

The other miniature, which was painted but a few months ago by Mrs. Coudert, is of Mrs. E. R. Thomas, the wife of the financier and horseman.

DeWitt Lockman is one of the younger portrait painters, whose work is growing in strength and recognition every year. The portrait of Mrs. Ned Tinker, of New York, is an excellent type of Mr. Lockman's work. This artist is a splendid painter of animals, as well. The dog painted with Mrs. Tinker is "Bistri," who, at the time the painting was made, a year ago, was the champion Russian wolfhound.

William Thorne is one of the newer portrait men. The painting by him which is reproduced here is of the Countess de Rougemont, who was formerly Miss Edith Devereux Clapp of New York.

A. Muller Ury is a Swiss who for several years has been a citizen of America. His portrait of Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew was painted about two years ago at her Washington home.

Thomas R. Manley is a miniature artist of ability. A very good example of his work is the painting of Mrs. William Ordway Partridge, the wife of the sculptor. Mrs. Partridge was formerly Margaret Ridgley Schott.

Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, the Russian-American painter, is one of the younger artists of talent who is especially interesting in his portrayal of women and children. His canvas of Mrs. John Jacob Astor is one of his best. Mrs. Astor is exquisitely slender, has a delicately tinted complexion, regular features, and large hazel eyes that have a very wistful, girlish expression. In this portrait, which was painted in the drawing-room of her New York home, she is gowned in black velvet and white chiffon, with rich furs thrown about her shoulders.

Another painting—and a recent one—by Prince Troubetzkoy, is that of his wife, Amélie Rives, the poet and novelist. It is a splendid portrait and although she has more than once been portrayed on canvas, this is the first painting that has ever been reproduced. The picture, which was painted out of doors at their villa on Lago Maggiore, Italy, is the embodiment of pure air and sunlight.

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WHITE LIMOUSINES

IN addition to touring car and runabout bodies, the wonderful New Model "G" and Model "H" White Steam Cars are provided with limousine bodies of the most luxurious type. The White limousines are by far the most desirable cars of their class because the quality of absolute noiselessness of operation is particularly desirable in a limousine, for the reason that in any car with a closed body the noise made by the mechanism is much more noticeable and annoying than in an open vehicle.

Another desirable feature of the White limousine is that its speed responds instantly to the throttle, making it by far the easiest to guide safely and speedily through the crowded city streets.

Literature descriptive of the new models will be mailed on request.

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is guaranteed to go twice as far as paste or liquid polishes. It gives a quick, brilliant lustre and

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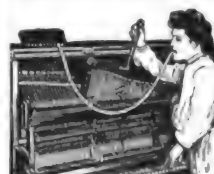
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POST CARD COLLECTORS. JOIN THE UNION. 2 Enables you to exchange cards all over the world. List of exchangers, your name in POST CARD UNION OF AMERICA, 1041 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA

“WASTE NOT – WANT NOT”

WASTE!



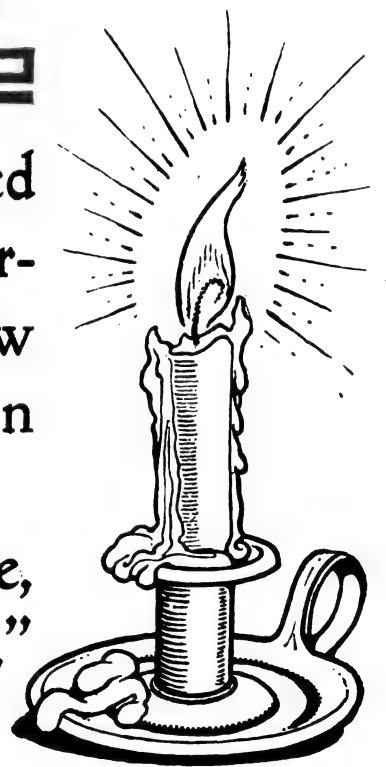
There is no waste for the purse where the housekeeper uses SAPOLIO. It has succeeded grandly although one cake goes as far as several cakes or packages of the quickly-wasting articles often substituted by dealers or manufacturers who seek a double profit.

Powders, Sifters, Soft Soaps, or Soaps that are cheaply made,

WASTE

All powder forms of soap are easily wasted by the motion of your elbow. Many scouring Soaps are so ill-made that if left a few minutes in the water they can only be taken out with a spoon.

A well-made, solid cake, that does not waste, but wears down “to the thinness of a wafer,” is the original and universally esteemed



SAPOLIO

“WASTE NOT – WANT NOT”

7 % Preferred Stock Regal Shoe Company.

FOR the purpose of increasing its working capital, enlarging its facilities, operating new stores and agencies, and to meet the demand for its goods which has already been created, the Regal Shoe Company offers for public subscription \$1,500,000 of its 7 per cent. Preferred Stock.

The Regal Shoe Company has an authorized capital stock of \$5,000,000, of which \$2,500,000 is 7 per cent. Preferred and \$2,500,000 is common, par value of each share \$100, full paid and non-assessable. Only \$1,500,000 of the Preferred Stock is offered for public subscription.

This Preferred Stock is preferred both as to assets and dividends, the dividends being payable quarterly on the first day of January, April, July and October of each year.

This stock is not issued to liquidate any indebtedness. The present owners—the founders—are not selling out the business. **Every dollar received from this sale of 15,000 shares of 7 per cent. Preferred Stock, at the par value of \$100 a share, will be turned into the Treasury of the Corporation, and used for the immediate extension of its factory capacity, and for taking care of the business which is already assured.**

In September, 1893, the Regal Shoe Company was started by a young man whose sole capital consisted of \$1,500, a practical knowledge of the shoe business, indefatigable energy, and an idea. The original investment of \$1,500 has grown into a business, the tangible assets and good-will of which are worth more than \$5,000,000.

The Regal Shoe Company up to the present time has located its chain of stores in the most difficult places—as far as competition is concerned—in the large cities of the country. Yet, in spite of this fact, it has achieved an unparalleled success.

In New York City, where retail shoe competition is keenest, \$32,000 worth of Regal Shoes have been sold to individual purchasers in one day for cash at the standard retail prices—a record never equaled by any other shoe retailer. Across the continent, in San Francisco, far from its base of supplies, one retail store of the Regal Shoe Company sells \$250,000 worth each year, which is the largest specialty shoe business in San Francisco.

The net earnings of the business for the last eleven years have been more than enough to pay above seven per cent. on the total issue of Preferred Stock, \$2,500,000, for the entire period, and it's estimated that the new capital will double the present net earnings.

The Regal business has shown an annual average increase of 49 1-2 per cent. each year of its existence, selling only through its own exclusive stores and a few established agencies. And yet, today, with our 122 stores and agencies, we are reaching only one-fifth of the population of the United States.

The few exclusive agencies we have been able to supply show an increase in volume of business for the year 1906 over 1905 of 129 per cent. On December 31, 1906, we had on file 7,369 applications for agencies, but up to the present time, on account of manufacturing limitations, only forty could be accepted.

By increasing the capital so that the manufacturing and selling facilities can be enlarged adequately and immediately, Regal stores and agencies will be located in every city and important town in the United States, and thus the already-created demand for Regal Shoes in the vast territory outside that now reached by the existing chain of Regal Stores will be supplied.

An Exceptional Investment Opportunity

A better opportunity to share in the profits of a thoroughly established business has never before been offered to the public, because never before have there existed conditions similar to those which make this offer of stock desirable.

The exceptional security of an investment in Regal Preferred is proven by tangible assets—property in plain sight that can be seen and felt and counted. The Corporation owns and operates at Whitman, Mass., the largest and most completely equipped factory devoted exclusively to the making of fine shoes. All cash on hand, buildings, box factory, shoe dressing laboratories, power, heat and light plant, all real and personal property, machinery and equipment; all shoes and leather; supplies; all the Regal chain of retail stores from London to San Francisco; are owned by the Regal Shoe Company, free and unencumbered; no mortgages, no bonds. All these assets, together with a large surplus and depreciation fund already accumulated, positively secure the holders of Preferred Stock.

The holders of Preferred Stock are further protected by the provision of the charter: "No mortgage or other lien shall be placed upon any of the

property of the company without the consent of holders of a majority in interest of the Preferred Stock of the Company."

The Preferred Stock is further secured by the good-will of the Regal business, foreign and domestic patents, and the trade mark "Regal" having a value in the open market equal to more than the full amount of the total issue of Preferred Stock.

A statement by the Treasurer and Managing Director, E. J. Bliss, certified to by disinterested chartered public accountants and appraisers of recognized authority, will be furnished to each purchaser of Preferred Stock to the effect that the corporation owns free and unencumbered, real, tangible assets of more than \$100 for each and every share of Preferred Stock sold, not including the value of good-will, foreign and domestic trade marks, patents and other similar assets owned by the Corporation.

The net earnings for the past 11 years have been in excess of the amount necessary to pay 7 per cent. dividends on the total issue of Preferred Stock, \$2,500,000, for the entire period. The latest years are the best. The current earnings are the largest in the history of the business.

Present Owners—the Founders—Not Selling Out

Up to the present time the Regal Shoe Company has been a close corporation, its ownership being vested exclusively in its founders, and each one has a keen interest in perpetuating the great success achieved.

The men actively engaged in the present management are young men in the prime of their powers, which fact eliminates for a long time the possibility of loss of prestige and earning capacity through the loss of the genius that created the business. They will continue to work on the same principles, and according to the same methods, which have been responsible for the rapid and profitable development of the business up to this date.

The present owners are not selling out the business. The interest which is held by them, represented by the Common Stock, cannot receive one cent of dividend until the full dividend has been paid quarterly at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on all the Preferred Stock outstanding.

The Regal Shoe Company is recognized by the shoe trade, by leading newspapers and by other periodicals, like World's Work, System, National and McClure's as being the leading shoe concern in the world, founded on most successful and practical principles. It is frequently referred to by well-known writers on business system as having the most efficient and systematic organization for the handling and perpetuation of its business.

All who are interested in this offer are cordially invited to inspect the factory at Whitman, Mass., and to make a thorough investigation of the books, files and records of the Regal Company. *Every facility will be afforded to all prospective purchasers of stock, or their representatives, who may come to the general offices of the Company to satisfy themselves of the soundness of the investment.*

Fifty-three Leading Banks in Largest Cities

from Boston to San Francisco, from St. Paul to New Orleans, have consented to act as depositories for the receiving of subscriptions and the delivering of stock certificates. A complete list of these banks will be mailed free on request. Or subscribers may remit direct to E. J. Bliss, Treasurer, Regal Shoe Company, 409 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Remittances should be made by express or money order, or certified check. Subscriptions will be filled in order of their receipt. Money will draw interest from the date the subscription is received by us. The Regal Shoe Company reserves the right to reject any application or to award a smaller amount than is applied for.

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- How to ginger up a sales force.
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- How to win the dealer's cooperation and support.
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- How to analyze your proposition and pick out its selling points.
- How to make the consumer influence dealers to buy your goods.
- How to get out of the ranks of the "clerks" and become a real salesman.

And hundreds of other vital pointers and plans for clerks, city salesmen, traveling salesmen, retailers, wholesalers, manufacturers, mail order houses and advertising men.

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- How to trap a lying salesman.
- How to close big transactions.
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- How to keep in touch with your market and take advantage of special opportunities.
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- How to devise a simple system which will bring you notice, automatically, all data, prices, etc., about a given article.
- How to formulate a complete purchasing and record system for a mail order house, a factory, or a retail, wholesale, or department store.

And other priceless pointers, beyond description, that every business man, big or little, employer or employee, ought to have constantly at his finger ends.

How to Collect Money

- How to judge credits.
- How to collect by mail.
- How to handle "touchy" customers.
- How to be a good collector—and how to hire one.
- How to organize a credit and collections department.
- How to weed out dishonest buyers from the safe risks.
- How to know every day the state of your accounts receivable.
- How to get quick, accurate inside information about a customer's ability to pay.
- How to write smooth, diplomatic letters that bring in the money without giving offense.
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- How to judge of foreign credits, and how to collect money promptly from foreign countries.
- How to devise a simple and effective system of insuring prompt and periodical collections of all your accounts.

And valuable information, obtainable in no other way, for credit men, collectors, accountants, and every business man interested in this vital department.

Men have sweat blood and spent fortunes to learn the very business secrets which now you may read at your leisure and master at ease.

The six-volume, 1,263-page Business Man's Library, described below, places at your instant disposal the crystallized experience of the whole world of business. Are you content to plod and blunder along—to spoil opportunities and waste chances through business ignorance, when practical help such as this is yours for only six cents a day?

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And page upon page of practical working detail—not only for mail order firms, but particularly helpful to those not making a specialty of doing a mail order business.

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And chapter after chapter of priceless plans for practically every kind of business in which an accurate cost system is essential to money making success.

"An Eye Opener on Money Matters"

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The book tells:

- (1) How you can surely make a lot of money through good investments even if you start with as little as one dollar or a few dollars a month.
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The President of a big Boston Corporation says: "Your book struck me as being by far ahead of anything I had ever seen."

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Our clients, everywhere, say the book has been wonderfully helpful to them.

This copyrighted book is not like any other book ever published. It can be had from no other source. It is a very small book (only 24 pages), but it contains a lot of practical, "boiled down" money-making information which will appeal to the common sense of every reader. This book is not an advertisement of any particular investment but we are distributing it free for the purpose of advertising our general investment business. The book is entitled "Common Sense on Money Matters." To every one who writes for this free book, we will also send (free) some interesting information about one of the best investments we have ever been able to offer to the public. Write us a postal now, saying simply: "Send Common Sense on Money Matters as advertised in SUCCESS MAGAZINE."

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Foremost in Public Usefulness, Security and Public Confidence

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT, January 1, 1907, shows:

ASSETS, over	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	127 Million Dollars
LIABILITIES (including Reserve over \$103,000,000) nearly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	107 Million Dollars
CAPITAL STOCK,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 Million Dollars
SURPLUS (largely for ultimate payment of dividends to Policyholders), over	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN ASSETS, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20 Million Dollars
PAID POLICYHOLDERS DURING 1906, over	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	16 Million Dollars
INCREASE IN AMOUNT PAID POLICYHOLDERS 1906 over 1905, over	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 Million Dollars
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS to Dec. 31, 1906, over	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	123 Million Dollars
CASH DIVIDENDS AND OTHER CONCESSIONS Not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7½ Million Dollars
LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS ON SECURITY OF THEIR POLICIES, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5 Million Dollars
NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7 Million
NET INCREASE IN INSURANCE IN FORCE, over	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	82 Million Dollars

Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to over

One Billion, Two Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars.

The Year's Record Shows:

Efficient, Economical Administration.

Increased Payments to Policyholders for Death Claims and Dividends.

Large Saving in Expenses.

Lower Expense Rate than Ever Before.

Reduction of Expense Rate in Industrial Department nearly 3½% of Premium Income.

Favorable Mortality Experience

The business operations of The Prudential are confined to the United States and strictly limited to selected lives.



Dividends to Policyholders during 1906, over	-	-	-	-	-	\$1,250,000
Dividends payable to Policyholders during 1907, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	\$1,700,000

Many letters from Policyholders receiving Dividends demonstrate that the results more than meet the expectations of the Insured.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Write for Information of Policies, Dept. 33.

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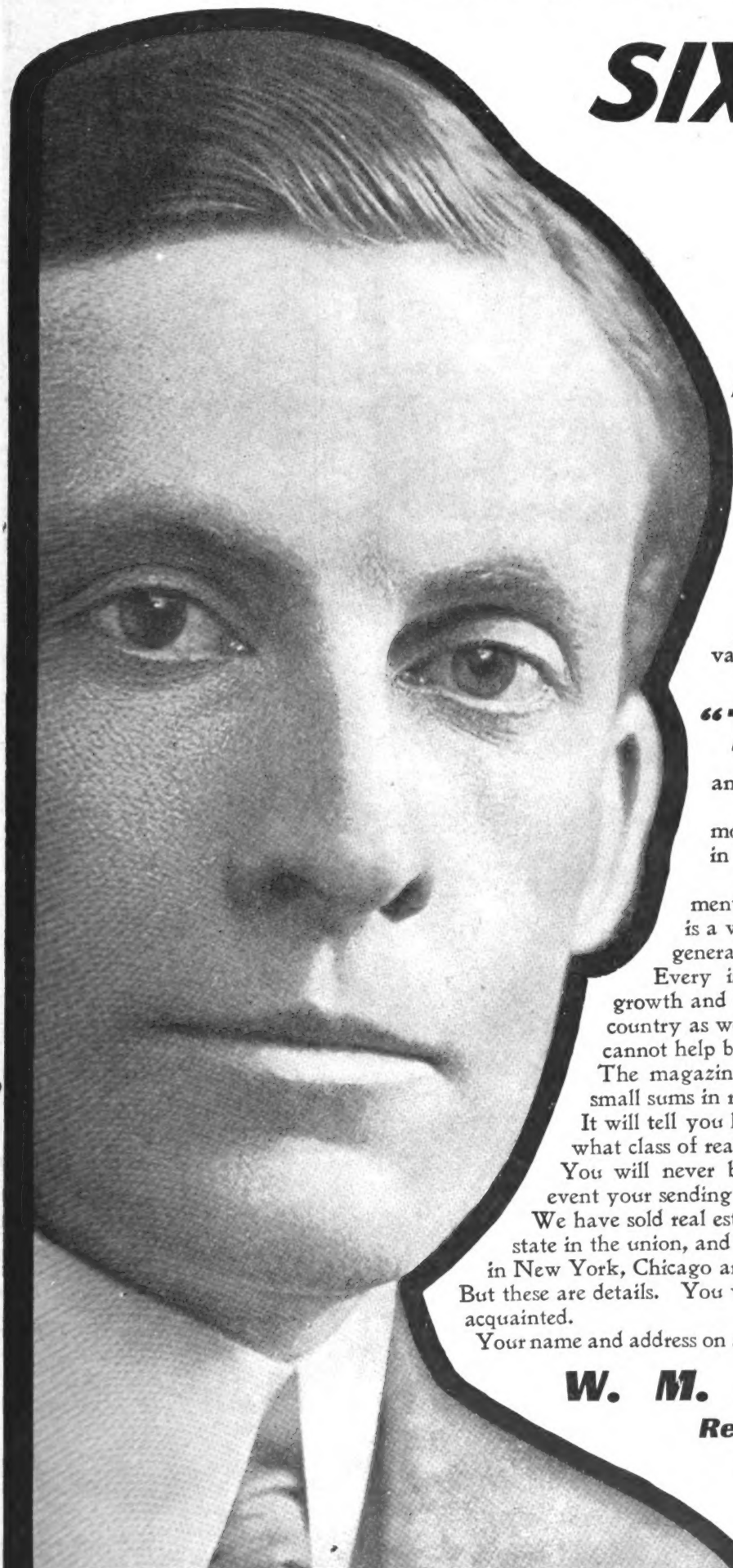
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Pompeian Massage Cream



This is the jar
the druggist sells

True Cleanliness and Natural Beauty

¶ The woman on the left is not "making up" with rouge, powder or cosmetics. She is not trying to take nature's work out of nature's hands or substituting artificial for natural beauty. She is simply aiding nature in nature's own way with the natural beautifier—Pompeian Massage Cream.

¶ Nature will give skin beauty to a woman just as she gives it to a baby if the woman will simply provide enough assistance to overcome the unnatural conditions induced by modern sedentary, indoor living and pore-clogging soaps and powders. Massage with Pompeian Massage Cream cleans out the pores, sets the blood coursing freely, flexes the muscles and softens the skin. Then rosy cheeks, a clear complexion and firm, smooth flesh follow as a matter of course.

¶ The man on the right uses Pompeian Massage Cream after his shave to get the smarting soap and other foreign matter out of the pores, to strengthen the skin against razor rash, and to keep his face well groomed. It gives him the healthy, ruddy, athletic appearance that every man desires.

¶ Barbers give massage with Pompeian Massage Cream by hand and with massage machines. In asking for a massage at your barber's, however, always make sure to specify that Pompeian Massage Cream *must* be used. There are many inefficacious, and some harmful, substitutes.

Test It With Our Free Sample

¶ Simply write us you want to try it, and we will send you a generous-sized sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, which is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

¶ Pompeian Massage Cream is sold for home use in two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Barbers buy it in the style of jar

shown above on the right. All sizes and styles of bottles bear same label and trade-mark. Under any circumstances do not accept a substitute—none of them have the properties of the genuine Pompeian, while some are positively harmful. We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. However, if he does not have Pompeian, we will send a 50c. or \$1.00 jar of cream, postpaid, on receipt of price.



This is the jar
the barber buys

POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

40 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

¶ Pompeian Massage Soap is pure—and more. It contains the same medicinal properties as Pompeian Massage Cream.

¶ It is sold by all dealers—everywhere that Pompeian Massage Cream is sold. 25c. a cake; 60c. box of three cakes.